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To Mr: Hunter
with the authors
kind regards

July 27. 1854

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THE THIRD CRUSADE.

RICHARD I.,

CŒUR DE LION, KING OF ENGLAND.

WITH THE AFFAIRS OF HENRY II.
AND THOMAS BECKET.

BY THE
REV. WILLIAM H. RULE,
AUTHOR OF "THE BRAND OF DOMINIC,"
"CELEBRATED JESUITS," &c.

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THE THIRD CRUSADE.

KING RICHARD I..

THE KING'S FATHER.

ELEANOR, Queen of Henry II. of England, gave birth to her third child at Oxford, in the third year of her husband's reign, and named him Richard. This was in September, 1157. His father was then in France, pursuing the usual vocation of barbaric Princes in petty warfare, and after taking some castles returned to the English part of his dominions. Making no haste to revisit Eleanor, whom he loved but little, he landed in the north, there to negotiate with the King of Scotland. After taking possession of Carlisle, Bamborough Castle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and some other portions of territory ceded by King Malcolm, he came home to prepare for the ceremony of coronation.

Instead of passing lightly over the events that occurred during Richard's infancy and childhood, I must narrate a few of them at some length, considering that they influenced his conduct through life, and impressed a character on his reign, and on the history of our country.

Neither this history nor the fame of King Richard owes much to his mother Eleanor. She had been divorced by Louis VII. of France, for reasons which he chose rather to disguise than publish; and when set free from that marriage, and enjoying by hereditary right the duchy of Aquitaine and county of Poitou, the lady was pleased to let Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Normandy, understand that an alliance with him would not be disagreeable to herself. For his part, he was well pleased to

join her provinces to his own, and overlooked blemishes in her character that would have made most men shrink from such an overture. Aquitaine and Poitou, however, were wedded to Normandy; and when we come to some passages in the subsequent history of Henry, as King of England, and of this lady, we shall not fail to recollect their antecedents. She must have been ill qualified to discharge the duties of a mother, and utterly unfit to teach her children how to pay honour and allegiance to their father.

As for this father, he was constantly busied in war or depredation. Not wanting in bravery, he obeyed ambition, an impulsive passion that kept him always in action; but it is also certain, that, in the spirit of William the Conqueror, he contributed much to the consolidation and extension of regal power and of British greatness, originating institutions that flourish to this day. When he ascended the English throne on the death of Stephen, he was in correspondence with Pope Adrian IV. on a very important subject,—the annexation of Ireland to England,—as a letter from that Pontiff tells. It is to the effect following:—

“The servant of the servants of God” bids health and apostolic benediction to his dearest son in Christ, the King of England. Most laudably and gloriously did his magnificence devise schemes for enlarging the bounds of the Church, and for declaring to unlearned and rude peoples the verity of Christian faith, and extirpating bad plants out of the Lord’s field; and in order to do this in the most convenient manner, he had solicited counsel from the Apostolic See. And undoubtedly success in this undertaking would be proportioned to the wisdom employed in its prosecution. “Now there is no doubt that Ireland, and all the islands whereon Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, has thrown his beams, and which have received the documents of Christian faith, belong to the jurisdiction of St. Peter and the most holy Roman Church, as also your nobleness acknowledges. Therefore, we so much the more freely insert a faithful plantation, and a scion pleasing to God, as we have ascertained by an intimate and very close examination that this is needed.”

In other words, and as we learn from other sources,

certain ambitious ecclesiastics of Ireland, anxious to exalt their order, as they fancied, had been in communication with Rome. Not satisfied with the existing dignity of their own Bishops and Archbishops, they had begged for *palls*, as badges of union with that Church, or, as we should rather say, of dependence on it.

Henry had asked the Pope to sanction his project of conquering Ireland, and promised in return two things. He would extirpate heresy; for the Irish Church widely differed from the Roman in doctrine, in worship, and in discipline. He would pay—nay, he promised that every house in Ireland should pay—one penny to blessed Peter every year. *He engaged to preserve the rights of the Church of Rome entire and untouched in Ireland.* He did not mean to resign a tittle of his own rights; but he ventured to bargain for pilfering the rights of others. Yet, before he could cross the Channel to carry the “pious and laudable desire” into execution, he was involved in a fearful conflict for the preservation of English independence with the very Church whose bonds he offered to impose on Ireland. The Pope hastened to accept the proposal, bade him go over to that island, restrain vice, correct morals, and establish “the Christian religion” there. He furthermore commanded the Irish to receive Henry honourably, to reverence him as their Lord, and to pay blessed Peter and the most holy Roman Church the yearly tribute of a penny from every hearth.* Under these *auspices*—to borrow an appropriate heathen word—Henry Plantagenet began his reign in England.

Henry proposed to divide power in Ireland with the Pope, it is true, and would force the Irish, so far as in him lay, to pay the Peter-pence; but we must not infer from this negotiation that he loved the Church, or had any confidence in the priesthood. It suited him to make use of Roman venality; but he hated Roman pretensions when made within his own dominions.

And it is not a little remarkable, that in the very year of his correspondence with the Pope for the subjugation of Ireland, the Priests in England were crying out against his

* *Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores X.* (Curâ Rogeri Twysden,) Lond., 1652. *Ymagines Historiarum, Autore Rodulfo Diceto,* p. 529.

disaffection to their order. "At that time," says the Monk Roger of Pontigny, "that is to say, in the year one thousand one hundred and fifty-four from the incarnation of the Lord, Henry, son of Geoffrey, Earl of Anjou, and the Empress Matilda, succeeding to the kingdom of his ancestors, various tumults arose in England; and attempts at innovation; and there was no little trepidation in the Church of that kingdom, as well on account of the suspected age of the King, as because of the known ill will towards the Church of those who surrounded him." *

To counteract the effects of this disaffection, which was really an English and patriotic jealousy, Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, set his heart upon sending some trusty friend of the Church into the King's closet. And he fixed upon a man who had been strongly recommended to his notice by one of his officials in London. The official had found hospitable entertainment in the house of Gilbert Becket, a tradesman of some kind, and had known a son of this man from his childhood. The child was intelligent. The boy was fond of study. The young man at length turned out to be a good scholar for those days; while a fine countenance and modest yet confident demeanour indicated strength of character, combined with many qualities that might be made available in the service of his patrons. This was Thomas Becket.† The official brought him to the Pri-

* Vita Sancti Thomæ Cantuarensis, &c. Auct. Roger. de Pontiniaco. Edita ab I. A. Giles, LL.D.

† Becket, not à *Becket*. The preposition indicates nobility, which did not belong to this person. The sober truth, as to his descent, is probably stated by one of the four biographers collated by Lupus in his "Epistolæ et Vita Divi Thomæ, &c. Bruxellis, 1682," p. 4. It is there said that he was a native of London, "parentum mediocrium proles illustris," "the illustrious offspring of humble parents, as if a cedar had grown up from tamarisks, and put forth branches greater than its root." John of Brompton, on the contrary, adorns his Chronicle with a romantic love-tale concerning the parents of Thomas. The substance is, that Gilbert, the father, when a young man on crusade in Palestine, was taken prisoner by a certain pagan "Admiral," whose only daughter, a fair and courtly damsel, fell in love with him, volunteered herself to be a convert to Christianity for his sake, and proposed marriage. Gilbert stood stoically against her blandishments, and at length made his escape from bondage. The lady disappeared soon after from

THOMAS BECKET, CHANCELLOR.

mate of all England, who took the youth into his palace, attached him to his person, and instructed him in the principles that were to be made the law of his life. From being an accountant, or clerk, Becket "entered the Church," transferred his habits of business into a new service, received the tonsure and lesser orders, was ordained Deacon, and gradually put into possession of several benefices.

THOMAS BECKET, CHANCELLOR.

At Worcester, in the fourth year of his reign, Henry II. received the kingly crown from the hands of Theobald, and then took it off, and laid it on the altar. Not that he entertained the least intention of surrendering his regalities to the Church, but because it was one of those symbolic actions which have great significancy in the eyes of a Priest, but not necessarily so in the eyes of a King. Theobald knew that Henry would not voluntarily make such an oblation as that action shadowed, and therefore took the best means he could to make sure of royalty itself, by placing one near the King who might control his will. They say that he did not take it off again; but that only means that he refrained from following, after his predecessors, the custom of being recrowned at intervals of about three years.

Thomas Becket, soon after the consecration of the King, being now Archdeacon of Canterbury, was recommended to His Majesty as fit to be his Chancellor. The proposal of so humble a person for so high an office may

her father's house, came to England with a party of return pilgrims, and being only able to pronounce one word, cried, "London, London," until she reached the city; and Gilbert one day saw her, followed by a crowd of uncivil children. His heart yielded. He ran to St. Paul's and asked counsel of six Bishops, there assembled on affairs of state. They advised him to honour the lady's perseverance, and forthwith baptized her with great solemnity, Gilbert acting as interpreter. "Wilt thou be baptized?" they asked. "For this cause," she answered, "I came hither from a far country, since Gilbert wished to marry me." This pretty invention is the only patent of nobility that can be produced for the young Londoner, to make him out as fruit of a marriage between a gentleman of high descent and a daughter of a Chief. But it is only an invention: with it must be dropped the preposition *à*, and we write plain *Thomas Becket*.

seem preposterous; but the barbarism of those times did not forbid, and it was no sooner made than accepted. Becket was in the vigour of manhood, clever, agreeable, jovial, accommodating, all that Henry, himself only twenty-seven, and fond of juvenile amusements, could wish. Accordingly, he became the King's right hand, and gladly received a larger share of responsibility than even a Chancellor could safely carry.

The sagacious Primate had foreseen peril to his Church from the opposition of the English nobility, and from the dissatisfaction of the people, and could conceive of no better method for averting it than to make his Archdeacon Collateral of the King. This personage might both restrain the youthful Sovereign from venting his indignation on the Clergy when they aroused it, and repress the daring of the King's officers. Already the Archdeacon had given proof of sobriety, diligence, discretion in counsel, and indomitable energy in execution. Cautious in doubtful matters and courageous under opposition, fond of magnificence in public, liberal in gifts, prompt in rendering obedience, unwearied in service, and in his whole conduct provident and circumspect, he was eminently qualified to execute a scheme that would require the utmost delicacy and firmness. Such, at least, was his early reputation.

Not yet a Priest, this chosen instrument might assume a very secular exterior without causing any scandal; and therefore he no sooner found himself at court, than "he put off the Levite for the time, and put on the Chancellor." Conforming to the manners of the King, he abandoned himself to trifles, or he applied to business in earnest. At the banquet facetious, or in the chase expert, merry amidst the dissoluteness of the courtiers, or grave when surrounded by crowds of clients, he pursued with equal diligence the smiles of majesty, the good will of the nobility, and the applauses of the people.

His first contrivance to promote ecclesiastical interests in England was to advise a matrimonial alliance with France; and as quickly as could be, Henry and Queen Eleanor, accompanied by Becket, were in Paris, and received by King Louis with great pomp. Becket, who already exercised an absolute control over his unsuspecting

master, was intrusted with the care of Prince Henry, when a child three years of age; and this child he persuaded the father to affiance to little Margaret, daughter of Louis, and also an infant. Margaret was left with her parents, and little Henry was confided to the care of Becket. But the betrothals intended by the royal parents to be a bond of amity became an occasion of discord; and before two years had elapsed they were at open war again.

Richard, as yet in his cradle, an infant unconscious of such matters, was environed with preparatives for future fame. In Spain, when a rumour came to the ears of the Templars, who garrisoned the city of Calatrava, recently won from the Moors, that a large Moorish force was on the way to retake it, they prudently fled; and the King and the Archbishop of Toledo, unable to persuade any one to volunteer in defence of the abandoned city, trembled for the fate of Spain. Two Cistercian Monks, Fray Raymundo de Fitero and Fray Diego de Velazquez, being then at Toledo with the court, volunteered to take up arms in defence of Calatrava. The offer was accepted, the city and territory made over to them and their successors by royal charter, and the order of the Knights of Calatrava instituted.

This contributed not a little to revive the spirit of crusade, and prepare southern Europe for a third grand expedition soon to be proposed.

“In this year,” says Gervase, “there was the shock of an earthquake in many parts of England, and the river Thames at London was dried up, so that the people could cross it dryshod.”

Another notable event, and one more certainly made manifest to after-ages, was a schism of the Papacy, which took place in the same year, 1158, when the English and French Kings held a conference to agree as to whom they should acknowledge, and awarded the honours of infallibility to Alexander III., who took up his abode at Avignon, a place too near for the tranquillity of England. Still anxious to preserve peace, yet incapable of anything pacific, Henry saw his child married to the infant Princess, November 2d, 1160.

An affecting illustration of the ferocious temper of that age, and a presage, too, of persecutions to be suffered by

the few confessors of Christ that should arise amidst the general corruption, now occurred in our own country, and we must not pass it by without a notice.

A party of Germans, in number upwards of thirty, found their way into England. It is probable that they fled hither from persecution on the Continent; and even the bigoted chronicler who relates the fact says that they entered peacefully. But he alleges that they came "to propagate their pestilence." As a band of emigrants, they were conducted by a leader, named Gerard: or, speaking of them as a Christian congregation, Gerard must be called their Pastor. He alone possessed some learning. They were unlettered persons, rustic, but blameless in their demeanour, and could only speak German. They met together for prayer, in the manner of the Waldenses, but were not joined by any others, until, after a time, one Englishwoman began to attend their meetings.

At length it was rumoured that the strangers were members of some foreign sect, and they were all seized and thrown into a common jail. "The King, unwilling either to dismiss or punish them without examination, commanded a council of Bishops to be held at Oxford, where, when they were solemnly assembled on the matter of religion, Gerard, who was found to be an educated man, undertaking the cause of all the rest, and speaking for them all, they answered that they were Christians, and revered the doctrine of the Apostles.

"Being interrogated in order concerning the articles of sacred faith, they answered rightly concerning the substance of the heavenly Physician; but of his remedies, by which he condescends to heal human infirmity, that is to say, the divine sacraments, they spoke perversely." Another historian makes this clear by stating, that they denied transubstantiation and baptismal regeneration, a denial that must have sounded to their examiners excessively perverse. "And when they were plied with passages of Scripture to show the contrary, they answered that they believed as they had been taught, and did not wish to dispute concerning their faith. Being then admonished to do penance and be united to the body of the Church, they rejected all healthful counsel. At threatenings, too,—for it was hoped they might repent

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHANCELLOR.

through fear,—they only smiled, quoting the Lord's words: 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

"The Bishops, to guard against the further spreading of this heretical poison, when they had publicly pronounced them heretics, gave them over to the Catholic Prince, to be subdued by corporal punishment. King Henry then commanded the mark of heretical infamy to be burnt into their foreheads, and them, the people looking on, to be beaten out of the city; strictly forbidding every one to presume to take them into his house, or to cherish them with any consolation. The sentence was pronounced. They were led away to undergo that most righteous penalty, and went with no lingering steps. Their teacher walked before them, and sang as he went, 'Beati estis cum vos oderint homines,' 'Blessed are ye when men hate you.'.....The woman whom they had led astray in England left them, confessed her error, and obtained reconciliation with the Church. Then that hateful company, having their foreheads branded, were subjected to a just severity: he who held the first place among them as their teacher, had the burning iron applied to him on the forehead and on the chin also, sustaining disgrace twofold. Tearing off their garments down to the waist, they flogged them publicly; and thus, driven out of the city with heavy-sounding stripes, these persons perished through excessive cold,—for it was winter,—no one showing them the least pity." *

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHANCELLOR.

A friendly hand † delineates Chancellor Becket, and his description may prepare the reader to peruse what is to follow.

A tall person, handsome, with a countenance of peculiar serenity, the nose slightly aquiline. Vigorous and well-shaped limbs; a remarkable flow of language, with great acuteness and high spirit. Kind to all; towards the

* William of Newbury.

† Vita Sancti Thomæ Cant. Abp. et Mart., auct. Wilhelmo Filio Stephani. Given by Dr. Giles in the Patres Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, tom. xxxvi.

KING RICHARD I.

poor and the oppressed, patient; unyielding towards the haughty. Intent on the promotion of his friends, and courting the respect of all good men. Munificent and facetious. Frank, but not easily to be deceived. At present he is a prudent man of the world; but, says his eulogist, he is to be a child of light. He is an industrious man, pondering in his mind great things, and attempting things great and many, insomuch that it is uncertain whether there is another more noble, or more magnificent, or more useful to the King in affairs of peace, or in affairs of war.

It was the dignity of the Chancellor of England to rank next to the King within the kingdom.* With the reverse of the King's seal, which was in his keeping, he sealed his own mandates. The chapel-royal was under his care, and at his disposal. When vacant archbishoprics, bishoprics, abbacies, and baronies fell into the King's hands, he received and kept them. He was present in all the King's councils, whether called or not. All documents bearing the royal seal received the signature of the Chancellor. All affairs were ordered by his counsel. His office, only, was above being sold. Other offices went to the highest bidders.

Chancellor Thomas began by making good use of his authority. He cleared the country of thieves, put down military feuds, drove out the Flemings who had infested the coast of Kent, and carried on their depredations even in the interior of the island. Within three months after the coronation of the King, William of Ypres, a pirate that had long kept the people of Kent in terror, took to flight. Castles that had served the enemy were demolished, and the crown of England regained the lustre it had lost. Persons unjustly disinherited recovered their patrimonial estates. Agriculture and mechanic arts revived. Peace prevailed. Swords were beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks. The realm, says my authority, began to grow rich; the horn of plenty overflowed; the hills were planted, the vales abounded in corn, the pastures with cattle, the folds with flocks.

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that this honour now belongs to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, after peers of the blood royal, takes precedence of the Lord Chancellor.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHANCELLOR.

Chancellor Thomas caused the King's palace in London, that had fallen into ruin, to be repaired. With wonderful celerity, between Easter and Whitsuntide, carpenters and other workmen wrought away with hammering and noise so perfect, that one could not hear another speak. Clerks, soldiers, and clowns agreed in honouring the Chancellor; and all applicants found vacant offices or livings ready for them in his hand.

He loved sport withal, and snatched intervals for hawking, or for hunting, or for play; and on the board,

“*Insidiosorum ludebat bella latronum,*”

enjoyed the shadow of uncertain war. For all needy persons who resorted to the King's palace, being honest, or seeming to be honest, he kept an open table. At his own table he never sat without the company of Earls and Barons, whom he had himself invited. Every winter day clean straw covered his floors, and every summer day fresh rushes or green twigs, that the multitude of military men, for whom benches could not be provided, might find clean and comfortable accommodation, while their precious vests and clean white shirts contracted no spot from the dust beneath. The house glittered with gold and silver vessels, and abounded with the choicest meats and drinks, lavished by the master without fear of cost. Yet, amidst all this luxury, his abstemiousness was notable; and although the King laid snares for him, by day and night, it is said that he could never be betrayed into excess.

And, after making some allowance for the high colouring of his friend, we may venture to believe that such a man, under so heavy responsibilities, would not allow himself to be enervated by sensual indulgence. He was not indifferent to the morals of his household; and it is related, that, when one of his clerks, a person of noble family, had dishonoured the wife of a friend, he not only turned off the delinquent, but sent him to the Tower of London, and had him put in irons.

Great men of England, and also of neighbouring kingdoms, sent their sons to serve the Chancellor, and receive, under his direction, education suitable to their rank. The King himself, as we have seen, placed his son Henry

in his charge, not disdaining to see the heir-apparent to the crown, associated with noble youths, in the train of Becket, and not suspecting that any influence would be exerted to the injury of his child. Sometimes, this Deacon-Chancellor retired into his chamber, and stripping his back bare lashed it for mortification; and sometimes, seated in state, he received the sworn homage of noblemen and soldiers, saving fealty to their lord the King, and all these he protected as his own men.

He might have gathered abundant laurels as a soldier. At the siege of Toulouse, where England, Normandy, Aquitaine, Anjou, Bretagne, and even Scotland, were combined in war, the Chancellor led a choice band of seven hundred Knights, taken from among his own dependents. Louis of France, lord of Henry as Duke of Normandy, had thrown himself into the city, and these forces might have taken it by storm; but his liege, being himself a King, chose rather to raise the siege, than seem to violate the reverence due to the King his lord, and hazard the consequences of such a precedent to himself. The Chancellor burned for glory, and it was not *his* fault that Louis did not bite the dust.

On the approach of the French army, the besiegers withdrew. Henry took some small towns, and left the Chancellor and his band, with the Earl of Essex, in charge of them. The future martyr, unable to repress his martial ardour, put on mail and helmet, led out the seven hundred Knights, and took three castles thought to be impregnable until his prowess burst the gates. Thence he led his band throughout the province, which he made to tremble, and returned crowned with honour to receive the thanks of his royal master. Shortly afterwards, he not only brought the same Knights into the field, but also a stipendiary corps of twelve hundred footmen. His Knights received three shillings a day each, and messed at his cost besides.

And, although he was a cleric, being in Deacon's orders, he gave an example of bravery by fighting in single combat with a renowned French Knight. Encased in steel, with couched lance, he set spurs to his charger, dismounted the Frenchman, and led back the horse as a trophy. He was reputed the first officer in Henry's

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHANCELLOR.

army, and his Knights and stipendiaries the best disciplined and most valiant in the camp.

Sometimes, when he crossed the Channel into Normandy, he filled six ships or more with his own servants and retainers, and gave passage free to all who wished it. Scarcely a day passed wherein he did not gratify some one with splendid gifts of horses, birds, dresses, articles of gold or silver, or money; and so famous was his munificence, that he was reputed to be the delight and love of all the Latin world. At the usual seasons, he performed acts of penance, and so saved his reputation as a nominee of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The King and the Chancellor were on terms of unbounded familiarity. They played together like boys—"tanquam coetanei pueruli"—in the palace, in the church, at table, and on the ride.

It is said that, as they were riding together through London one day, a heavy storm came on; and just at the moment the King saw a poor old man in the street, shrugging his shoulders under a ragged coat too small to cover him. "Do you see that man?" said he to Becket. "Yes." "How poor he looks! How tottering! The poor man is half naked. Would it not be a great charity to give him a thick, warm cloak?" "Indeed it would, a great charity indeed; and Your Majesty should have an eye to such poor creatures as this." Meanwhile, the man was at their side, the King pulled up, and the Chancellor with him; and then His Majesty, calling to the poor man very kindly, asked if he would not like to have a good cloak. The man, not knowing the speaker, thought the gentry were making jest of him; but King Henry, turning to the Chancellor, said, "Yes; you shall have this great charity indeed:" and laying hands on the cloak, a new, fine scarlet and grey cloak, insisted on pulling it off; but Becket, not just then willing to bestow the great charity, pulled as hard to keep it on. Sturdily they struggled, and loud they shouted. The grandees and soldiers, who had fallen behind, galloped on to the scene of contest, wondering what could have come to pass to bring their masters to blows so suddenly. There the court gazed, and there the first and second personages in the realm struggled until both of them were nearly dis-

mounted and in the mire. Then Becket suffered himself to be the weaker, and stooped while Henry stripped off the cloak, and threw it over the tattered passenger, who walked away richer than he had dared to hope, and wondering to find himself wrapped in the mantle of the Chancellor of England. On such terms, *at that time*, were the King and his favourite. They ate, drank, played, rode, and hunted together. "Two more unanimous and better friends never were in Christian times."

When chosen to negotiate the French marriage, Becket exhibited himself a complete pattern of a Chancellor. That the person sending might be honoured in the person sent, he made ready to display the opulence of English luxury. About two hundred servants, soldiers, clerics, butlers, knights, and noble youths, an armed and mounted household, rode with him from London to the place of embarkation, each dressed out in his best. For himself, he had twenty-four suits of apparel, very splendid, each to be given away as soon as put off, during the embassy. Dogs and birds of every kind that Kings and rich men fancied. Eight grand waggons, each with its own driver, drawn by five horses of great size and strength, and each tended by a groom of strength and stature, in a new frock, walking beside it. Two other waggons creaked under iron-hooped barrels of beer, "made of the fat of wheat in a decoction of water, to be given to the Frenchmen, who pay great regard to that kind of liquid comfort, a drink truly healthful, defecated, of the colour of wine, but better flavoured." The Chancellor's chapel had its carriage, as had his bedding, and so his wardrobe, and so his cooking utensils. Other vehicles carried meats, and others drinks. Miscellaneous luggage occupied many more. Twelve stewards had charge of the whole, one of them going in advance with the Chancellor's books, the vessels for his chapel, and the ornaments for his altar. Each carriage had a dog attached to it, on the top or underneath, great, strong, and terrible, that seemed able to beat a bear or a lion. And each steward's carriage was distinguished by a monkey or baboon,

"—humani simulator simius oris."

As they entered the French towns, a company of about

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHANCELLOR.

two hundred and fifty boys went before the train, six or ten deep, singing songs. After, there came packs of dogs and hounds, leashed and led by servants; and after a little entered those heavy waggons, rumbling on the stones, and well covered against the weather with tanned hides. The French marvelled at the long procession, and exclaimed: "How wonderful must the King of England be, if this is but his Chancellor!"

The King of England, great as he might seem to be as master of so magnificent a servant, thought himself honoured soon afterwards when he visited Alexander, Pope or anti-Pope, at the abbey of Bourg Dieu. He prostrated himself before the Pontiff, kissed his foot in homage, presented an oblation of gold, and was permitted even to kiss the mouth in sign of peace. And then, as if overwhelmed with awe in presence of the God upon earth, he refused to occupy a seat, and crouched upon the floor in a posture of the lowliest humiliation. Some time afterwards, the Kings of England and France went to meet Alexander at Courci, on the Loire, where they conducted him to his tent, one walking on each side of his horse, and both leading the beast by its bridle.*

If Becket were now the subject of biography, we should recount at large the services he is said to have rendered to the King and to England. Ambitious as he was, he kept his trust so long as the office lasted, if he displayed loyalty to the crown of England no longer. For the time he deserved well, and seemed worthy of unlimited confidence; but the Sovereign, to whom he appeared so faithful a servant, surely did not know that he had come to the Chancellorship a mere agent, under pledge to uphold the privileges of the Church, to sway all public measures in that view, and to counterwork whatever tended to conserve the liberties of England, so far as they limited the pretensions of the clergy. A retrospect of his Chancellorship would show, that even his best actions, his most laudable counsels, if estimated independently, were intended to hasten the accomplishment of that single purpose. One thing is probable, that he succeeded in checking that exercise of the royal prerogative by which the Sovereign kept possession of vacant benefices for the sake of the

* Fleury, Hist. Eccles., livre lxx., sect. 62.

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revenues belonging to them, and conferred the best of them on the most suitable clerics he could find. Thus he weakened the immediate control of the King over the clergy, and placed the latter in a position far more favourable to their own defence.

The degree of credit due to him for this policy, entirely depends on the quality of his motives, which we need not stay to discuss. And if he derogated in any degree from that prerogative which could bring no honour to the King, nor any advantage to the country, it must be acknowledged that he rendered far more than an equivalent to the crown, by restoring a decayed revenue from legitimate sources. When ceasing to be Chancellor, he could leave both Church and State in a far better condition than he found them.

BECKET MADE ARCHBISHOP.

“In those days Thomas, Archdeacon of Canterbury and Chancellor of the King, was most powerful in England. He was glorious in the eyes of all; most eminent in wisdom, admirable to all men for nobility of heart, terrible to his enemies and to his rivals, inasmuch as he was friend of the King, and second in the kingdom, and also like a governor and master to the King.”* And if this account of him sounds too high, let my readers understand that it is but one breath of the adulation that fanned his pride.

In the spring of 1162, Henry, being unable to come over into England, sent Becket in his stead to manage the affairs of this kingdom. Henry intended to have him elected Archbishop of Canterbury, in the room of Theobald, who had been more than a year deceased, and the election was only delayed in consequence of the reluctance of the Bishops, whose consent had to be extorted. But I cannot venture to adopt the statement of Heribertus, that, at their last interview in France, the King took the Chancellor aside and told him his intention, for the first time; and that the Chancellor replied, that if, by the will of God, he came to occupy the see of Canterbury, he should oppose His Majesty, and lose the

* *Chronica Gervasii*, A.D. 1161.

royal favour. What passed between them in private conversation cannot be stated with certainty; but it is recorded, that, in the month of May, messengers came over from the King to promote this election.

The Bishops of Chichester, Exeter, and Rochester, a mitred Abbot, and Richard de Lucy the King's Justiciary, came bearing letters and mandate of the Lord King, commanding the Prior of St. Augustine, with some Monks and the Bishops and Clergy, to assemble in London, to elect an Archbishop and Primate of all England. The assemblage took place without delay, and a debate began.

On one side, Richard de Lucy, a man well gifted in speech, declared the King's pleasure, that the Archdeacon-Chancellor should be chosen; and pointed out the great importance, while they elected an Archbishop of their own free will, of making that free will of theirs agreeable to the Sovereign, lest a schism should follow among themselves, some adhering to the new Archbishop, whoever he might be, and some to the King.* On the other side, Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of Hereford, afterwards translated to London, and described as a Monk who still wore the monkish habit, and professed to abstain from wine and flesh, objected to the election of a secular man, a courtier and a soldier, to be Archbishop of Canterbury. But the royal nomination outweighed every such objection; and the majority of the clergy were made willing to confer the primacy on a man who could exert so great influence on the King, and had not shown himself to be an enemy of the Church during the period of his Chancellorship, although he had sometimes treated ecclesiastics with severity, in order to disarm the King of suspicion. "The King, therefore," as Roger of Pontigny is pleased to say, "believing that his purpose against the Church could be most effectually executed by him whom he had found to be most faithful to him in all things, and most subservient to his pleasure, irrevocably determined that he should be set over the Church of Canterbury."

Becket, being elected in London, set out for Canterbury to take possession of his throne, attended by a few choice counsellors, whose care would be to instruct him

* Vita S. Thomæ, auct. Ed. Grim.

in the ceremonies of the new station. "In a vision of the night," says Gervase, "a venerable man appeared, and gave him ten talents." But this may pass among the dreams. Talents he undoubtedly possessed, and with these furnished he reached the metropolitan city; and on Saturday, June 2d, was ordained Priest, and next day, Trinity Sunday, consecrated Archbishop.

As if portentous of events to follow, a dispute agitated the Episcopate of England as to who should consecrate. The Archbishop of York claimed the exercise of his undoubted privilege; but, having offended the clergy of Canterbury, that could not be suffered. A Welsh Bishop, on the ground of seniority, claimed the right of benediction for his own; but the reason was not thought canonical. Rochester, as Chaplain of the Metropolitan, offered himself to consecrate, but without success. Some pleaded for Winchester, as Chanter to the Primate, but were long resisted. The Canons of London petitioned for the honour: but after all the Chanter prevailed; and Henry of Winchester therefore performed the ceremony on the former Chancellor, now about forty years of age, almost all the suffragans of Canterbury being present and consenting.

In consideration of his having been consecrated on the octave of Pentecost, he appointed that, thenceforth, throughout his province, the principal festival in honour of the Holy Trinity should be celebrated on that day.* We may presume, that the new-made Primate saw no impropriety in associating his own honours with the worship of the Triune God; nor the Pope, some centuries afterwards, when confirming the appointment of St. Thomas. This piece of history, however, is not now thought of, nor need it be remembered, when we direct our thoughts on Trinity Sunday to a fundamental doctrine of Christianity, which the folly and vanity of man has no power to debase.

Becket the Chancellor is lost in Becket the Archbishop. He puts off the apparel of a layman, and clothes himself in the robes and assumes the manners of a most rigid ecclesiastic.

Contrary to the custom of his age, he tells the King

* Chronica Gervasii.

BECKET MADE ARCHBISHOP.

that he cannot retain his former office any longer, and sends the seals to him across the Channel. Many persons report to the disappointed Sovereign that the man whom he raised from a low condition, made the second person in the realm, and has exalted to be second in the Church also, the Pope only being superior, has relinquished all his patriotism, and is so entirely an ecclesiastic, that he begins to regard the interests of his order as opposed to those of his country. Henry is reluctant to believe all that he hears; but, about six months after the consecration, comes over to England, and the Archbishop meets him to pay the usual honours.

Instead of the smart courtier whom he last saw in Normandy, the King found a grave and almost austere Priest, imitating the manners of a Monk, wearing sackcloth, exercising himself with fastings and stripes, and bestowing a portion of his revenues upon the poor. Instead of the hilarity, free even to license, that had prevailed between them, there was a cold and supercilious respect on one side, and a forced affability on the other. Even when they first met, this alienation was apparent to those who observed, that, in receiving the kiss of peace, Henry turned away his face. In short, Becket was become a Churchman, and very pious; but his piety terminated in the notion, that the Church possessed all rights, and the State none, except as a vassal may have certain servile rights. Invested with the *pallium* by Pope Alexander, he thought himself a new creature, and accounted it a virtue to be governed by this fatal misapprehension.

The "Sacred College" rejoiced in the transformation of their agent, and made haste to do him special honour. When Pope Alexander held a council in the church of St. Maurice, at Tours, with seventeen Cardinals, a hundred and twenty-four Bishops, and four hundred and fourteen Abbats, with a great multitude of other persons, Thomas of Canterbury, with a train of suffragans, went from England, and made another stately progress through Normandy to Tours, hailed by admiring multitudes. On his approach to Tours, most of the Prelates met him in procession; and, contrary to their custom, the Cardinals themselves advanced to give him welcome outside the city.

Arnoul, Bishop of Lisieux, preached at the opening of the council, exhorting his brethren to fight bravely for the unity of the Church against all schismatics, and for her liberty against all tyrants who pillaged and oppressed her, and bade them punish all such oppressors with the weapons of their spiritual power.* The exhortation was not lost on Becket; and the Pope, by a profusion of caresses, confirmed him in the zeal that instantly broke out into a flame.

On returning to England, he met a respectful reception from the King; but neither of them could trust the other. Becket had a vocation to subdue the Sovereign whose just regard for his own rights, and those of his people, was tyranny in his eyes. And as the spiritual weapons alluded to by the preacher at Tours were in reality no less material than any others, he proceeded to arm himself for the battle that he intended to provoke. By virtue of his right as Archbishop of Canterbury, he claimed and obtained exclusive occupation of the castles and towers of Rochester, Saltwood, and Hithe; and received homage from the Earl of Clare for Tunbridge Castle. By similar means he mustered a formidable number of adherents,† but concealed his purpose from the vulgar eye, under a very sanctimonious exterior, secretly nursing his ambition for supreme power over England.

BECKET IS CONTENTIOUS.

The passion soon found utterance. Covered with a Benedictine cowl and the coarse robe of an Augustine, he fancied himself a John Baptist, and King Henry a Herod whom it was his privilege to resist, and even to rebuke. And soon he took occasion to exercise this privilege, when, preaching before him to a large and noble congregation, he descanted "on the kingdom of God, which is the church of Christ, and on the temporal kingdom, on the two crowns, priestly and royal, and the two swords, spiritual and material. While, on this occasion, he wonderfully spoke many things concerning the ecclesiastical and the secular power, the King noted his words minutely;

* Fleury, *Hist. Eccles.*, livre lxx., sect. 62, 63.

† *Chronica Gervasii*, an. 1163.

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and, understanding that he preferred ecclesiastical dignity immensely beyond all secular excellence, took offence. For he perceived by his words how far the Archbishop was from holding his own opinion, which was very firm, that the Church could possess nothing except what he might grant it;”* or, in other words, that the temporal possessions of the Church were held by virtue of a royal gift. Nor could this persuasion of the King be far from the truth in a newly conquered country, where, by right of conquest, the King had become sole proprietor of the land.

Next came a dispute on this very subject. “For the better preservation of the kingdom, the King had appointed, according to custom, a Sheriff (*vice comes*) over each county; and the Earls and Barons had been used to raise annually from their men a contribution of two shillings for every hide of land, and received protection in return. The King desired to control this revenue, and apply it,” as Roger of Pontigny complains, “to his own uses.” In an assembly of Bishops and noblemen, therefore, convened at Woodstock, he laid before them his desire; and it does not appear that they objected. But Becket rose and told the King, that it did not become His Excellency to apply other people’s money to his own use, especially considering that those two shillings were not given to his servants by necessity or debt, but as a favour. “For if your Sheriffs,” said he, “were to conduct themselves peaceably and moderately towards our men,” the Priests and Monks, “we would freely give to them.” The King swore that the church-lands should be enrolled for taxation. The Archbishop also swore that they should pay nothing so long as he lived.

Another dispute for clerical immunity arose in the case of a Canon, named Philip de Broc, accused of having killed a soldier. According to the canon law, this ecclesiastic was brought before his Bishop and there tried, but acquitted for want of witnesses, and on the credit of his own oath for canonical purgation. Dissatisfied with the sentence of the Bishop’s court, where the main object could be no other than to hush up the crime, by deterring laymen from coming forward to bear witness against the

* Vita S. Thomæ, auct. Roger de Pontiniaco.

sacred person of de Broc, the King commissioned "a certain Simon, son of Peter," who lived in the same county of Bedford, to try the case over again. But the Priest refused to answer in a civil court, after having been acquitted by a court ecclesiastical, and treated the royal commissioner with contemptuous insolence. Simon, unable to execute his commission, reported the treatment he had received; on hearing which the King, in anger, declared that the violence committed on the person of his Knight he would regard as an offence against himself, holding Philip as guilty, and commanded that he should be tried again without delay. The Archbishop, on the other hand, refused to suffer Philip to stand before any layman to be judged; and insisted that there should be no appeal whatever from the decision of any Church court.

The King, after saying many strong words, feebly submitted, so far as to consent that a new court, consisting of clerks and laymen should be convened at Canterbury on a day appointed by Becket. But Philip, like a great man, and one of high descent, refused to appear, or to be tried again after acquittal by his Bishop. Sharp was the contest; but it ended in a compromise, the parties agreeing that de Broc, whose guilt is apparent from such a decision, should surrender his benefice to the King for the space of two years; and, according to custom, appear naked before a Knight, by way of satisfaction. This compromise did not satisfy the King; who saw not why a clerical murderer should be above the law that made the crime punishable with death when committed by laymen: and the Bishops, on the contrary, clamoured against the severity which would exact from their brother de Broc so severe a penalty as two years' * income and an apology for shedding the blood of a layman. The Archbishop, therefore, withstood the King, who allowed his wrath to be appeased, and the first principles of justice to be set at nought, weakly fearing, lest the execution of justice should endanger the peace of the kingdom.

More than a hundred homicides, it was reported to the King, had been committed by members of the clergy

* One year, says William, son of Stephen, and absence, during that time, from the country.

since the beginning of his reign. The impunity of the murderers was a scandal and a grievance, which the laity of a more advanced age could not have borne.

The two powers had been brought into collision ; and, although it was on all hands acknowledged that certain Priests were no better than devils crowned with the sacerdotal tonsure, all the suffragan Bishops, and all the clergy, agreed that their persons were too sacred to be delivered to the hangman. But when particular cases were no longer in dispute, the dignitaries of the Church could remember that they were Englishmen, and refuse to support the exorbitant pretensions of their Primate.

There were two legal standards existing at the same time ; that of England and of all feudal Europe, and that of the Church : the *ancient customs*,—"consuetudines avitæ,"—and the *canon law*. Henry II., known in English history as the promoter of some of our most valued institutions, set his heart on maintaining the ancient customs. Thomas Becket, set from the first to represent and to contend for the claims of the clergy, abhorred even the shadow of encroachment on canon law, as if it were sacrilege. The opposition of these representatives of the throne and the altar, gave rise to one of the most memorable events in the annals of our country ; that is to say, the settlement of "the constitutions of Clarendon."

"There arose," says the Monk, Roger of Pontigny, "discourse concerning those abuses of the old Kings which the King called 'customs of the kingdom ;' some rivals of the Archbishop, namely, Roger, Archbishop of York, and certain other sons of Belial, whom the ancient enemy stirred up to trouble holy Church, stoutly urging the King himself to this. And the King, having convoked all the Bishops of the kingdom, began to require them to confirm the customs of Henry, his grandfather, for perpetual observance. But the venerable ruler, Thomas, who for some time past had expected that this requisition would take place, answered the King thus :— 'The holy Church, instructed and instituted by holy Apostles and Apostolic Fathers from the beginning of the Christian faith, hath express customs of life and Christian discipline most fully expressed in the canons

and decrees of the said holy Fathers; besides which, my Lord King, it is neither fitting nor lawful for you to require any other, nor for us to grant. For we who, although unworthy, have stood up for the former, are now bound not to credit any new institutions, but to humbly and reverently obey the old."

"Nay," said the King, "I object not to that. I only wish that what was certainly observed in this kingdom in the times of the Kings my predecessors, should be observed in my time also. There were then Archbishops, better and holier than you, who saw and consented to those customs, and raised no difficulty nor controversy with the Kings of their time."

"The Archbishop replied: 'Whatever things have been presumptuously introduced by former Kings against the rule of ecclesiastical institution, and for a time unwillingly observed through fear of the King, are not to be called customs, but abuses; and we are taught by the testimony of Scripture, that a bad custom is rather to be abolished than continued. And as for what you say, that holy Bishops of those times kept silence, and said nothing against them, perhaps theirs was the time to be silent; but their example has no authority for us; and so long as authority is committed to us in the Church by a Divine dispensation, we will not consent that the least thing be done against God and our order and office. But so far as we can agree and consent to your will and pleasure, *saving our own order*, you shall find us ready and obedient.'"

"The King, therefore, in great anger, and swearing 'per oculos Dei,' as his custom was, said, 'There must be no mention of your order; but you shall absolutely and expressly yield to and obey my customs.'"

Let it be observed that it was an ardent adherent of Becket who wrote this compendium of a long and very vehement dispute, and that, even as he represents it, the Archbishop required the customs of England to be made subservient to the canon law: whereas his justly indignant Sovereign contended that those customs were not regal, but national; and that the laws of the clergy ought not to be inconsistent with the laws of the land. As to the merits of this controversy, therefore, there can

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be no question with any Englishman who loves his country, and who understands the duty of Christians towards the temporal authority in every country.

Shortly after this conversation, the King being at Northampton, he sent to invite the Archbishop to meet him there. Becket accepted the invitation, but came with a strong company of armed retainers. At his approach messengers met him, with an intimation that as the King was in the town with a numerous train, it would be impossible to accommodate them both, and that, therefore, he had better stay outside the walls, and the King would come to him. He waited, and the King came; but they had both mounted such high-mettled chargers, that it was impossible to sit steadily; and, therefore, taking humbler steeds, they rode off the field, and held a private conference. If we may depend on a report afterwards communicated by Becket himself, the King reminded him of his very humble origin,* and of his obligation to his Sovereign for elevation to the dignities of Chancellor and Archbishop. All this he acknowledged to be true; but attributed his elevation to God alone, and refused to obey any but God. The conference ended in angry words on both sides: for while he promised to render honour and obedience to the King, he qualified that promise by the words, "saving my order," a limitation which the King would not accept, knowing that it nullified every compact that could be made, and was, in effect, a protest against a fundamental principle of English law.

Then many Bishops and noblemen came to him, entreating that he would retract the obnoxious words, and make an unreserved promise of obedience. He could not be persuaded: from that time the King withheld "his peace" from the refractory ecclesiastic; and because almost every one accused him of obstinacy, he was the more proud to stand alone as champion of holy Church.

Pope Alexander heartily approved his conduct; but the majority of the Cardinals dreaded the resentment of the King of England; and by their advice a brief was addressed to Becket in such terms as might placate the royal indignation, and not chill the ardent zeal of their

* "Nonne tu filius fuisti cujusdam rustici mei?" Roger. de Pontiu.

agent, but induce him to exercise prudence. A clandestine correspondence carried on by means of trusty messengers put him in possession of the mind of the Sacred College, and enabled him to assume, for a little, a sort of Italian cunning, for which, however, he was but indifferently qualified.

Laymen and Priests beset him with entreaties to abstain from that fatal sentence, "salvo ordine nostro;" and, seeing that the Cardinals also advised the dissimulation, he gave way. Again he met King Henry at Woodstock, and, after a blandly religious disquisition on the merits of certain ancient Monarchs, he condescended so far as to say: "But lest it should seem that I lay any stumbling-block in the way of your good-will, if the Lord has been pleased therewith to inspire you, you may know that I will observe the customs of the kingdom in good faith; and will also be submissive to yourself, as it is just and right, in what is good." To this Henry answered: "Every one knows how stubborn you show yourself to be, by this very word, 'ut decet et justum est,' &c.; and how you will wound my honour by your contradiction. Therefore, if you have made up your mind to honour me *as is just*, it is right that you should make this *amende* by an acknowledgment before all, that all may know how much has been detracted from my honour. Send, therefore, and convoke the Bishops, Abbats, and all other dignitaries of the Church; and I, for my part, will assemble all the great men of the kingdom, that, in the presence and hearing of all, this declaration may be taken knowledge of to my honour."

At Clarendon, on a day appointed, the council was assembled, in order to confirm the customs of England; and Becket took his seat as Primate, resolving to run any risk, rather than give up his purpose by keeping his word. "Therefore he dissimulated and evaded, to the utmost of his power, lest he should there make any acknowledgment or concession." The King saw this, and was enraged. The clergy crowded round him with entreaties that he would yield. With a smiling face he bade them be at ease, and act like true Priests of the Church. The Bishops of Salisbury and Norwich, and the Earls of Leicester and Cornwall, used their utmost eloquence to

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bend him to a wiser purpose, but without effect. The Master of the Templars then tried his skill, and so far succeeded that "the Archbishop, moved by their tears and protestations, (that the King would make no use of the customs to the damage of the Church,) and seeing," as he afterwards pretended, "that the King and his adherents were ready to perpetrate some murderous deed, having first consulted with the Bishops concerning what he had heard, together with them approached the King, and spake thus: 'If there were a controversy between us, my Lord King, concerning our own right, you know that, at once, and without any contradiction, nay, sooner than I could speak the word, I would have yielded to your pleasure. But now that there is a grave and perilous dispute between us concerning ecclesiastical affairs committed to me by God, it should not seem to your Excellency strange nor unbecoming if in the cause of God I have been somewhat scrupulous, knowing that I must render an account of my stewardship to Him who does not spare the unfaithful. But now, having better hope of your prudence and gentleness, *I consent freely to your demands, and say that in good faith I will keep to the customs of the kingdom.*'" And he confirmed this promise with a solemn oath.

Instantly the King, raising his voice high, told the assembly that as the Archbishop had made concession, it was right that he should call upon the Bishops to do the same. "'I am willing,' said the Archbishop, 'that they, as well as I, should satisfy your honour.' Then all the Bishops rose to signify assent." One, however, the Bishop of Salisbury, did not rise, until he had asked and received authority from Becket so to do. Becket looked uneasy. The King still suspected that some reservation lurked beneath, and after a few brief sentences, said, "Lest, therefore, contention or contradiction hereafter spring up between us, let the more prudent and aged among the nobles arise, go out of this assembly, collect the laws and customs of Henry my grandfather, and bring them to me as quickly as possible, carefully written down." *

* The statutes of Clarendon cannot be inserted in the text without interrupting the narrative; but the reader should peruse them. They

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This was done. The laws and customs were exhibited the next day in writing, and read aloud by the King's command, who said again, "Behold here what they have

are therefore given in a note, the *few* that Becket and the Pope accepted being marked.

I. If any controversy concerning the advowson and presentation of churches arise between laics, or between clerics and laics, or between clerics only, it is to be tried and determined in the King's court. (*Condemned* by the Church of Rome under Alexander III.)

II. Churches belonging to the King's fee cannot be granted in perpetuity without his assent and consent. (*Allowed*.)

III. Clerics arraigned and accused of any matter whatsoever, being summoned by the King's Justice, shall come into his court, there to answer on whatever point it shall seem proper to the King's court to require an answer: provided alway, that the King's Justice shall send to the court of holy Church to see in what manner the matter is there to be handled. And in case a cleric is found or pleads guilty, he is no longer to be screened by the Church [*i. e.*, have the benefit of Clergy]. (*Condemned*.)

IV. No Archbishops, Bishops, or Parsons [*personæ*] of the kingdom are allowed to depart the same without license of the King; and if they should have permission of the King to go abroad, they shall give security that neither in going or staying they will procure any evil or damage to the King or the kingdom. (*Condemned*.)

V. Excommunicated persons shall not be bound to give security or take oath to remain where they are, but only security and pledge to stand to the judgment of the Church in order to their absolution. (*Condemned*.)

VI. Laics ought not to be accused but by certain specified and legal accusers and witnesses, and that in the Bishop's presence; yet so, that the Archdeacon may not lose his right nor any advantage which he ought to have from thence: and if the accused parties be such that none either will or dare accuse them, the Sheriff, being required thereto by the Bishop, shall cause twelve legally-qualified men of the vicinage or town to be sworn before the Bishop, that they will try out the truth according to their conscience. (*Allowed*.)

VII. No man who holds of the King *in capite*, nor any of his chief Ministers, is to be excommunicated, nor the lands of any such laid under interdict, unless the King (if he be in the land) or (if he be abroad) his Justice be first consulted, that he may see justice done upon him: and so, that whatever shall pertain to the King's court may be determined there, and that which belongs to the ecclesiastical court may be remitted to the same, to be there dispatched. (*Condemned*.)

VIII. Appeals, when they arise, ought to be made from the Archdeacon to the Bishop, and from the Bishop to the Archbishop; and if the Archbishop shall fail to do justice, recourse is to be had lastly to the King, that by his precept the controversy may be determined in the Archbishop's court, with the understanding that it must not proceed further without leave of the Lord King. (*Condemned*.)

BECKET IS CONTENTIOUS.

consented to. Therefore, that no disputation may arise, nor any new opinions be put forth, it is our pleasure that the Archbishop affix his seal to this writing.' To this the

IX. If any difference arise between a cleric and a laic, or between a laic and a cleric, concerning any tenement which the cleric pretendeth is held by *frank-almoigne* (*eleemosyna*), but the laic contends to be a *lay-fee*, it shall be determined by the verdict of twelve legally-qualified men, according to the custom of the King's court and in the presence of his Justice, whether the tenement belongeth to *frank-almoigne* or to the *lay-fee*. And if it be found to belong to *frank-almoigne*, the plea shall be held in the ecclesiastical court; but if to the *lay-fee*, the plea shall be in the King's court, unless both parties claim to hold of the same Bishop or Baron. But if such shall claim to hold of the same Bishop or Baron, the plea shall be in his court; yet, with this further proviso, that he who was first seized of the thing in controversy, shall not lose his seizin pending the trial because of the verdict above-mentioned. (*Condemned.*)

X. Whosoever is an inhabitant of any city, castle, borough, or any demesne lands of the Lord King, if he shall be cited by the Archdeacon or Bishop, concerning any fault about which he ought to answer them, and will not obey their citations, it shall be lawful to put him under an interdict; but he ought not to be excommunicated, before the King's chief officer of that town be made acquainted with the case, so that he may cause him to give satisfaction. And if such officer shall fail therein, he shall be in the mercy of the King, and then the Bishop may coerce the party accused by ecclesiastical process. (*Condemned.*)

XI. Archbishops, Bishops, and all other ecclesiastical persons in the kingdom who hold of the King *in capite*, may enjoy their possessions of our Lord the King as a barony, and, for that reason, are to answer to the King's Justices and Ministers, and to follow and perform all royal rights and customs; and, like other Barons, ought to appear at trials in the King's court, till they come to pronouncing sentence of death or loss of members. (*Allowed.*)

XII. When an archbishopric, bishopric, abbacy, or priory in the gift of the Lord King shall be vacant, it ought to remain in his hands, and he to receive the rents and issues thereof, as of his demesnes. And when he pleases to provide for that church, the Lord King ought to send for the chief persons of that church, and the election ought to be made in the King's chapel, with the assent of the King and with the advice of such persons of his realm as he shall call thereto; and the person elect shall then, before his consecration, do homage and fealty to the King as liege lord of his life and members and earthly honour, saving his order. (*Condemned.*)

XIII. If any of the great men of the kingdom shall refuse to do justice to an Archbishop, or a Bishop, or an Archdeacon, either for him or his tenants, the King is to adjudicate. And if perchance any one shall refuse the Lord King his right, the Archbishop, or Bishops and Archdeacons are to call him to account, that they may make satisfaction to the Lord King. (*Allowed.*)

Archbishop: 'By God Almighty, I will never set my seal to it while I live.' Then the clergy and officials struck on another expedient. A copy was quickly written out, by the King's order, which they cut into two pieces, according to custom, and gave one part to the Archbishop. And the Archbishop then said: 'I accept this, *not consenting, nor approving*, but for caution, and for defence of the Church, that by this document we may know what it is that we must act against.'" *

The assembly instantly dispersed in consternation. Intelligence flew through the country and across the Channel swift as fame could carry; and "the Lord Pope, admiring his constancy and zeal, sent him consolatory letters full of honour and love." Thus did Becket fail to deceive, when he made a promise as false as the lips of mortal could utter, and swore to keep it; thus did the Pope drop the mask of conciliation, when it no longer served his purpose to wear it; and thus was open war waged between the kingdom and the Church.

From this moment the champion of the Church used every contrivance to gain popular sympathy. As if he had committed a great sin in promising to observe the constitutions, he inflicted a heavy penance on himself, with abstinence from his usual kind of food, put on a coarse garb, suspended himself from the service of the altar for forty days, and sent to ask the Pope for absolution. Under date of April 1st, 1164, Alexander sent him a letter commendatory of his constancy in the cause of the Church, but suggesting that so decisive a proceeding might cause scandal, and saying, that he might have resorted to private confession in order to obtain absolution; but

XIV. The chattels of those who are under the King's forfeiture may not be detained in any church or churchyard against the King's justice, because they are the King's own, whether they be found within the church and its precinct or without it. (*Allowed.*)

XV. Pleas concerning debts, which are owing upon troth-pledge (*fide interposita*), or without troth-pledge, are to be within the cognizance of the Lord King. (*Condemned.*)

XVI. The sons of peasants (*rusticorum*) ought not to be ordained without the consent of the lord on whose land they are known to be born. (*Allowed.*)—(*Causa Exilii et Martyrii B. Thomæ Mart. apud Lupum. Tom. i.*)

* Rogerius de Pontiniaco.

BECKET CONDEMNED AND FUGITIVE.

now absolving him, and commanding him not to cease, from that time forward, from celebration of the mass.*

But he had not long put off the garb of a penitent when he pretended to be in fear of death, and fled to the sea-coast with an intention to cross the Channel. Twice he embarked at Romney, but a calm or contrary wind seemed to forbid the passage; and the sailors, thinking that God would not have them to carry the King's enemy, landed him the second time, with a refusal to proceed. His departure without the King's permission was contrary to law; and his temporalities would have been seized if the officers, sent for that purpose, had not found him again at Canterbury.

BECKET CONDEMNED AND FUGITIVE.

Now came royal vengeance. Henry determined to call him to account for his conduct both during the time of his chancellorship and since his promotion to the primacy. A grand council of the nation was therefore convened at Northampton, and the King commanded him to attend.

After some delay, and with extreme reluctance, he did appear before the council (October 11th, 1164). On the first day, the King complained that when one John the Marshal went to the archiepiscopal court with a royal brief to demand justice, it was refused; and that when the Archbishop was cited to appear before him to answer for the refusal, he would not come. Becket denied that he had withheld justice, and said that this person had forfeited his right to a hearing by having attempted to swear on a book of old songs instead of the Gospel, with intent to commit perjury. And as for not coming when summoned by the King, he excused himself by saying that he was sick. The council rejected both pleas, and unanimously condemned him to place all his moveables at the King's mercy. This occupied the first day.

Then the King demanded five hundred pounds in repayment of the like sum which he said he had lent him when Chancellor. The answer to this was, that the money had been given, not lent. But while acknowledg-

* Roger of Wendover.

ing the receipt, he could bring no evidence to prove that it was a gift, and the council gave sentence that it should be repaid. Cash, however, was not forthcoming, and some of his vassals gave security for the amount. With this closed the second day.

On the third day the council required him to render an account of payments of revenue that had come into his hands while Chancellor, and of the proceeds of vacant bishoprics and abbacies of which he then had the keeping for the King. He answered that he could not be bound to render any such account, inasmuch as, on the day of his election to the archbishopric, the church of Canterbury received him free and exempt from all charges. However, he asked time for consultation, which was granted, and he withdrew, together with his Bishops, some of whom gave him their opinion.

Gilbert of London reminded him of the low condition whence the King had raised him, of the great bounty afterwards bestowed, and of the difficulty of the present position of affairs, threatening ruin to the Church and clergy if the King were exasperated by resistance. He thought that it would become him to abandon the see of Canterbury, and lose its value ten times over, rather than run so great a risk; and he thought that by making timely submission he might move the King to reinstate him, in reward of his humility. Becket sarcastically observed that it was evident he spoke advisedly; meaning to say, that the King had instructed him so to speak.

Henry of Winchester deprecated concession to such a council as the one then assembled, thinking that the precedent would be ruinous to the Catholic Church. "If our Archbishop, and the Primate of all England, leaves us the example that at the nod and menace of a Prince a Bishop gives up the care of souls confided to him, what will be the condition of the Church? From that time nothing will be done in justice, all will be thrown into confusion, and then, 'like Priest, like people.'" He forgot that it was not a spiritual question; and that Chancellor Becket, although afterwards transformed into an Archbishop, was not as a spiritual person intrusted with public revenue.

Hilary of Chichester thought that, for the safety of the

clergy, it would be better to temporise and submit to the King's pleasure.

Robert of Lincoln thought that if the Primate did not submit, he would lose his head, in which case the revenues of Canterbury would be of no use to him.

Bartholomew of Exeter considered that, as it was a personal question, the Bishops ought to keep clear of it, and leave Becket to suffer alone, rather than that all the Church of England should be exposed to peril.

Roger of Winchester, being called on to speak, pronounced a sort of oracle that no one could interpret. And the whole company, being perplexed, sat silent for some minutes. Murmurs only broke the silence.

William of Norwich, being called on, refused to give any opinion; but whispered to one of his brethren that he envied the Bishop of Ely, whom a stroke of paralysis detained at home, and would rather be a paralytic himself than have come to that place.

When Becket found himself deserted by the Bishops, whose confidence he never had, nor ever merited, he expressed a wish to speak with the Earls of Leicester and Cornwall that were in attendance on the King. The door being thrown open, they entered, and he begged them to ask for grace until the next day, "when we will answer," said he, "as it may please God to inspire us." The request was granted, and the business deferred until the next day, Monday. But, after passing a sleepless night, he excused himself from appearing, on the plea of indisposition. The two Earls came to see him, and having reported that he seemed unable to attend, another day was granted. On that day, very early in the morning, several of the Bishops came and implored him to cast himself on the King's mercy, to mitigate the severity of the King's indignation, and save the Church from scandal. They assured him that if he did not, he would be condemned that day for perjury and treason: for perjury, because, having sworn to the statutes of Clarendon, he now refused to keep them; and for treason, because he withheld temporal obedience from his temporal sovereign. He answered:—

"I confess, my brethren, that I am inexcusable before God for having taken an oath against God. But it is better to repent than perish. I do not admit a law that

is repugnant to the law of God. David swore a bad oath, but he repented. Herod stood to his oath, but he perished. Therefore I command you to reject what I reject, and to smother that which smothers the Church. It is detestable that you have not only left me alone in this struggle, but that you who ought to stand by me have now joined, these two days, with courtiers in condemning me. And I forbid you by your obedience to do so any longer; and I appeal to our mother, the Roman Church. And if, as rumour threatens, violent hands be laid upon me, I command you by your obedience, and under pain of excommunication, to avenge the injury that is inflicted on the Church."

Gilbert of London remonstrated firmly, and left his presence. So did the others, and reported his conduct to the court.*

Finding the Bishops would not forswear themselves, and that contumacy did not help him, he resolved to move the superstition or disaffection of the populace, put on his pontificals, and prepared thus to walk barefoot into court, expecting to be attended by the wailings of the people, who began to think him a very holy person, so successfully had he played the part of an ascetic. But first he said a mass of St. Stephen the protomartyr, in the chapel of the monastery of St. Andrew, beginning with the words, "Princes sat and spake against me, and the wicked persecuted me." His clergy, however, dissuaded him from so open a defiance, as to go in his robes, and at length he put them off. With a stole only thrown over his shoulders, he mounted on horseback, and, taking in his right hand the silver cross which, by privilege of his order, was usually carried before him, proceeded towards the castle. Forty Priests followed; but his Chaplains and the Monks did not venture. The inhabitants came out to see the Primate of all England, this day summoned to undergo a trial before the great council of the kingdom; and, as they were variously affected, gave correspondent expression to their feeling; for whether he should be regarded as guilty or unfortunate, even the common people were not agreed to say. On his reaching the castle the gates were thrown open, and as soon as he and the

* *Chronica Gervasii.*

clerks had entered, they were shut close and barred again. Dismounting in the court, and attended by a single Priest, he walked into one of the principal apartments, and stood there, cross in hand, in a posture of dignity, as one who deigned not to own the authority of any such tribunal.

Hearing of this, some of the Bishops came from the hall where they were assembled, and, on their part, Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, expostulated.

L.—"My Lord Archbishop, you have been ill advised that you dare to come into the King's presence with a naked sword. No doubt you know that the King has taken the sword from you, and that now he turns it with great indignation against yourself; and so long as you thus contend with one another, there can be no hope of peace. Take my advice, and lay aside that cross."

C.—"The cross is a strong protection. It is a sign of peace, and I will not let it go."

L.—"I am your Deacon, and it is my duty to wait upon you. Allow me, then, to carry it before you."

C.—"I will not let it go: it gives me no trouble to carry it."

Then London took hold of the cross, but the Archbishop held it fast. They struggled for a moment, but London gave up the attempt. Winchester, no friend of Becket, interfered angrily, and warm words were passing, when the Archbishop of York advanced and addressed his brother Primate less roughly.

Y.—"That my Lord the King be not grievously enraged with you, I advise you to lay aside your sword,—your cross, I mean, for that is indeed your sword. But the King's sword is much sharper than this of yours."

C.—"The sword of the King is carnal, and has a sharp edge; but mine is spiritual. And the King ought not to be angry at seeing in my hand the cross of my Lord and his, but rather pleased."

So Canterbury kept his cross of state in his own hand, in signal of the defiance he intended. The trial proceeded notwithstanding; and it is enough to say that, after long debate, sentence was given that, for malversation of money confided to his trust, all his property should be confiscated. He had pleaded that as on elevation to the archbishopric he had been declared by the King's justiciary

free from all secular demands on account of what might have happened while he was Chancellor, he ought to be exempt. But it is a strong presumption of his guilt that all the Bishops were against him. The sentence, therefore, was pronounced. He appealed not to Cæsar, but to the Pope against Cæsar; and, holding his cross aloft with both hands, left the court. The Bishops remained there, and asked the King's permission to accuse him of perjury before the Pope, because he had broken his oath of fealty.

The castle-gate was locked; but some one of his people found a key, opened the gate, and let him pass. Most of the clergy forsook him; and on returning to the monastery he found scarcely ten Monks there, but a crowd of poor people filled the refectory instead of them, and took supper with the Archbishop at their head. In feasting the poor he would say that he imitated the Saviour, which was but a customary piece of profanity; but here the profanity was made use of to cloak treason. He courted the mob in order to annoy the King, as rebellious Priests have uniformly done. Supper being finished, he desired his Chamberlain to place his bed in the church, behind the high altar, that he might rest there in security after the agitation of the day, and to keep the door, that no one might enter to disturb him. People therefore imagined that he was at the same time taking rest, and providing against a forcible imprisonment by using privilege of sanctuary. But it was not so. Part of the evening he spent in consultation with a few trusty servants. In a very short time four good horses were brought to one of the church-doors, and under cover of an unusually dark night, and while heavy rain and wind drowned the sound of the horses' feet, he and three others well mounted were passing out of Northampton by the north gate.

Speeding their way, while as yet every one thought that Becket was shut up in the church, about day-break they reached the village of Raby, in Lincolnshire, and, after resting for a little, rode off again towards Lincoln, where a man called Jacob, brother of one of the Friars who attended him, received the party, and concealed them for that day. On the day following Becket disguised himself in the coarse habit of a lay Friar, with heavy

shoes, took the name of Derman, left Lincoln, and with his three companions went to Sempringham, dropping down the river in a boat. Here the fugitives lodged in a barn belonging to the Monks of Sempringham, and waiting until night again should favour them, (for Becket was known in this part of the country,) they made their way to the sea-side, where, after they had lurked for a few days, a Priest hired a vessel for them; they embarked at night, crossed the Channel, landed on the Flemish coast, not at any town, but on the open beach, again at night, and, leaving the ship, roamed along shore until the day.

Then the Primate of all England, worn with fatigue and fear, with difficulty obtained the use of a horse without saddle, and in that sad plight began his journey towards the court of Pope Alexander, himself no better than a fugitive, but, after a short experiment, quitted the ungainly quadruped, and resigned himself to a pedestrian pilgrimage. The companions of his travel recorded some incidents between ludicrous and pathetic. They say that the peasants read in his countenance traces of primatial dignity, and, still ignorant of his rank, paid him reverence as he passed along the roads. An old woman, noting his weariness, brought him a staff whereon to lean, a greasy and smutty wooden spit, which he accepted humbly and thankfully, and used accordingly. At length persons began to recognise his features, and he was forced to seek shelter in an abbey until several of his followers joined him. Richard de Lucy, when the direction of his flight was ascertained, came to demand him from the Count of Flanders, who tried to persuade him to return to England; and when persuasion failed began to threaten. But the indomitable Prelate assumed an air of great dignity, and called that Prince his *man*, bound to do him homage. The Count, however, regarded King Henry as a personage of much greater consequence, and advised the Archbishop to refrain from pretensions that could not be sustained. The curtain of night again covered him; again he fled, and passed the frontier into France, to solicit the protection of King Louis, and to prosecute his appeal at the court of Pope Alexander, who was then at Sens.

BECKET AND THE KING'S ENEMIES.

Gilbert, Bishop of London, Richard of Ilchester, one of the royal Chaplains, and William, Earl of Arundel, hastened to the King of France, claiming the fugitive in the name of their royal master. They reminded Louis of an engagement between himself and Henry, that criminals escaped from the territories of one should be arrested and delivered to the other. Louis pretended not to remember the agreement, but told them that nothing should prevent him from giving the Archbishop an honourable welcome if he came into his dominions, since he was not to be counted among the subjects of the King of England, but rather considered as his lord and patron. France, he boasted, was a kingdom of refuge for all the oppressed, and ought not only to possess the name of liberty, but give proof of it in deed.* He had heard how unjustly their master had treated the venerable man, whom, if he knew where he was to be found, he would run to meet with all the honours he deserved. After hearing much contemptuous language, they left his presence, and brought back a report of his insolence to their master.

Henry might have been satisfied with one experiment of the kind, but he tried another yet less creditable to his reputation. To Pope Alexander, although he had forbidden the Bishops to appeal to him, he sent Roger, Archbishop of York, Gilbert of London, and the three Bishops of Worcester, Exeter, and Chichester, Richard of Ilchester again, with another Chaplain, John of Oxford, the Earl of Arundel, and several others. This grand embassy appeared before the Pontiff at Sens, bearing heavy charges against Becket, and asking for two Cardinals to be sent to England with full powers to settle the dispute between the Archbishop and the King, the latter of whom offered to make amends if he had gone too far. Roger of Pontigny asserts that King Henry made this proposal artfully, "knowing that the judgments of Cardinals are not given gratuitously; that he would

* "— ut regnum nostrum libertatem quam sonat in nomine expi-
mere debeat operis attestacione." Roger. de Pontiniaco.

easily obtain by money whatever he desired, and so could act for himself under a judgment of Cardinals."

If Roger divined truly, our King was more cunning than wise; but this general confession as to the venality of Cardinals tells heavily against the Papal court.

"This the Pope was well aware of," he goes on to say, "and therefore he would not consent to any petition of the kind, although the Cardinals very earnestly entreated that the King's prayer might be granted. For William of Pavia, who was one of the chief of them, favoured the King in all things, and had induced the others to do the like, but not for nothing,—*sed non gratis*." Alexander was inexorable, refused to commit his prerogative to Cardinals, and the messengers made the best of their way back to England. They were attended, however, by a Nuncio of the Lord Pope,* who thus provided a loop-hole for any ulterior decision that events might dictate.

Enraged at the rejection of his application for Legates to negotiate a reconciliation with the contumacious Primate, Henry gave the reins to his indignation. A letter to the Sheriff of Kent contains a sentence which went beyond the bounds of justice, and therefore served only to display the impetuosity and imprudence of the writer.

First, the King commanded the Sheriff to arrest, and put in ward until his pleasure should be known, any one, either cleric or layman, who should appeal to the court of Rome. This was quite right.

Also, to seize the temporalities of the Archbishop, and of his Clerks who adhered to his cause. This, too, was quite justifiable.

And also, to arrest the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, of all those persons, and to put them and their chattels in safe pledge, until his pleasure should be known.

About three hundred persons, or more, as some say, were banished. Old and young shared the penalty alike. Women in child-bed, and infants in their cradles, were seized by the King's officers, and sent out of the kingdom without an hour's respite. Persons who cared nothing about Becket, had no sympathy with his principles, and whose only guilt consisted in being related to some one of

* Wil. Fil. Stephani.

his adherents, were pitilessly driven from their homes, and reduced at once to exile and beggary. This was no less unjust than barbarous. The only conceivable extenuation is, that the barbarity was perpetrated in the twelfth century, just as it is an aggravation of like brutalities committed on some classes of offenders on the continent of Europe in our own day, that it is in the nineteenth century that fanaticism thus vents its fury on the unoffending. We pause, then, and ask history to tell us whether it is the spirit of an age or the spirit of a religion that outrages humanity, and revolts against the law of Christ no less amidst the culture of one century than under the barbarism of another. All parties, too, we have constant occasion to observe, were equally ferocious. They had all, a few Alpine confessors excepted, drunk at the same bitter fountain; but those confessors were meekly patient.

Four days after the departure of the King's messengers from Sens, Becket drew near, with a train of more than three hundred horsemen; and at the report of his approach, some of the Cardinals mounted on horseback and rode out to meet him, just as they had done before, when he came to Tours in quality of Chancellor, and conducted him into the Pope's presence. Others received him coldly, the scent of lucre, missed by the failure of the scheme to send a legation into England, yet lingering in their nostrils.*

As he entered the chamber Alexander arose, kissed him, hugged him, wept over him, and then administered words full of paternal consolation. That day was spent in hearing, telling, and consulting. The Archbishop wished to employ some one of the most learned Canonists in his train to represent the case before the Pope; but no one was willing to undertake a service that might provoke the displeasure of King Henry; and therefore Becket, no doubt as clever and as eloquent as any of them, resolved to represent his own case.

Surrounded by the Sacred College, Alexander caused the champion to sit down, and bade them listen to his words. Holding in his hand the copy of those ancient statutes which he had accepted in the Parliament at Clarendon, Becket addressed the consistory in such terms as these:—

* Alanus.

“Although we are not very wise, we are not quite so foolish as to separate from the King of England, from his court, and from his favour, for nothing. For if we had been willing to yield to his pleasure without reserve, there was not a man under his power, or in his kingdom, who would not have rendered us unlimited obedience. And while, on those terms, we fought for him, what was there that did not come to pass according to our wish? But ever since we have entered on another course, mindful of the profession and obedience which we undertook for God, the affection which he had hitherto borne towards us grew cold. Yet, if we would have wavered from our purpose, there would have been no need to seek the mediation of another in order to regain his favour. But because the Church of Canterbury used to be the sun of the west, and in our times its glory is overcast, we would gladly suffer any torment, ay, and a thousand deaths, if it were possible, rather than by our dissimulation it should suffer the evils which oppress it now. However, that I may not seem to have spoken my first words idly, for ostentation or vain glory, I must show proof of this.”

Quitting his place, he threw himself at the Pope's feet, presented the parchment, and, looking round on the less friendly Cardinals, exclaimed: “If this can be passed over without peril to our souls, you will see.” Then, turning to the Pope:—

“Behold, Holy Father, these customs of the King of England, contrary to the canons and decrees, and even to the laws of earthly Princes. By these we are compelled to suffer exile. That we may exhibit them to your paternity, and take advice upon them, we have come hither. Will your Holiness, then, be pleased to command them to be read and heard? For whoever hears them, it will be a marvel if both his ears do not tingle at finding how Christians act against the law of Christianity, how the venerable institutions of our holy fathers are condemned, and unheard of and presumptuous abuses of tyrants are introduced in their stead into the church of God.” This said, the Pope bade him rise, and covered him with kisses and embraces. Then he stood in the midst while some one read the statutes of Clarendon. The reader paused after each, that he might

explain, as he was pleased to say, the occasion of its enactment.

Let my reader peruse them also,* and judge for himself whether those that were most offensive to the clergy do not express the very first principles of social right; and whether any body of men, refusing to abide by those principles, in whatever law they be embodied, is worthy to be citizen or subject in a free state. Let him compare them with the law of God in regard to the church on the one hand, and to the temporal power on the other, and judge, again, whether canons and decrees contrary to the spirit of civil freedom, speaking in many of these statutes, are adapted to the government of any Christian state.

But how did the Pope and his consistory receive the statutes of Clarendon?

The answer to this question cannot be given intelligibly until another question be answered. Did they see and hear them now for the first time? *Assuredly not.*

A letter addressed to Becket by a confidential messenger, one Master Henry, whom he had accredited to certain Cardinals and Prelates, written at some time between the Council, or Parliament, of Clarendon and that of Northampton, proves that the Pope and those around him were fully informed of all that took place at Clarendon. I must quote some passages of that letter.†

“I did not find the Count of Flanders, [through whose territory this messenger most probably passed,] and I thought that to waste time in seeking him would be dangerous for myself, and of no service to you. The King of France received me at Soissons with great joy, took what was sent to him by me, and instantly dispatched the Prior of St. Medard, a man of great authority and prudence, with a letter to our Lord the Pope. He also gave him some oral instructions, relating to our affairs, which it would not have been safe to commit to writing. And when I left him, holding my hand in his, he promised me on his royal word, that if you came into these parts, he would not receive you as Bishop or Archbishop, but as if you were his companion in the kingdom.” After an encouraging interview with the Count of Soissons, the messenger

* See page 27, *note*.

† *Epistolæ et Vita S. Thomæ. Epistolarum liber primus. Epist. xxiii.*

went to the Papal court, and thus describes his reception:—

“During two days, while as yet I did not appear in the presence of our Lord the Pope, [the Prior of Medard] presented the King’s letter, and *conversed thoroughly on the matters which had been verbally confided to him*. Then, when I also came into his presence, I was received by our Lord the Pope with sighs and even with tears. For, even before I came, *he and all the court had heard all that took place in the Council*,—of the persecution of the Church, of your constancy, what Bishops were on your side, how one went out from among you that was not of you, of the judgment that was given in the case of the clerk, [de Broc?] *and almost everything that took place in secret*. All this was even talked of in the streets. Then we [the Pope and I] went aside, and *I diligently explained to him all the chapters as they were contained in our memorial*. He, for his part, incessantly magnified God who had given such a pastor to the Church. And the whole court commends the courage that is in you, such as is altogether wanting in themselves.”

Every particular, therefore, was well known before Becket came to Sens; and the scene which took place in the consistory was merely got up for effect, and to disguise the Pope’s complicity in the perjury of his champion. Alan, of Tewkesbury, furnishes a full description.

“After the reading they were all moved, even to tears. [Tears come at pleasure, whenever they are wanted.] Nor could even they refrain from weeping, who had at first opposed [Becket] with all their might, praising God with one voice, that He had preserved for Himself, at least one, who could dare to stand up for the Church of God in that time of trouble.”

“But our Lord the Pope, after reading over [the statutes] again and again, diligently and attentively hearing and pondering each one of the constitutions, being sorely moved, *suddenly broke out in anger against the Archbishop*, blaming and severely rebuking him, because he himself, by his assent, as he there confessed, to those usurpations,—not customs,—and the other Bishops, had renounced their priesthood, and enslaved the

Church of God; asserting that it would have been far better to submit to any trial, than give assent to articles so subversive of the law of God. 'And,' he added, 'although among these abominations which have here been read and heard, there is nothing good; there are indeed a few things barely tolerable, or which, at least, the Church may tolerate. But the greater part of it is reprobate, and condemned by ancient and authentic Councils, as directly contrary to the sacred sanctions.' And this did the Pope condemn in the hearing of all, and judged that it should be condemned by the Church for ever.

"Turning towards the Archbishop, he then said, 'With thee, brother, although thy misconduct, like that of thy fellow-Bishops, is great and enormous, we must deal sparingly. Thou, although thou didst fall as thou hast confessed, immediately after the fall didst try to rise again, having suffered much and grievously because of that fall, and as soon as thou hadst fallen, while thou wast still in England, didst ask, and obtain from us, the benefit of our absolution. Therefore it is right that we should be indulgent towards thee, that in thy adversity thou mayest the more fully and tenderly feel the comfort and grace of our clemency, as thou hast forsaken greater things, and suffered more grievously for the liberty of the Church through thy faithfulness and devotedness.' And thus did this apostolic man, [Alexander III.,] having first scolded the Archbishop with fatherly severity, by way of reparation, dismiss him with sweetness of motherly comfort." *

Becket received all this as matter of course. He and the court of Alexander had been in constant and intimately confidential communication, and all his conduct had been pre-arranged with their privacy, or at least with that of their master. It was part of the scheme that he alone, at first, should bear the brunt, but that the Pope should follow in a path of political dissimulation. Next day he went into the Papal closet, confessed what every one knew, that he had been intruded by the King of England into the see of Canterbury, and resigned the see

* The narratives of Alan, with those of Grim, Roger of Pontigny, William Fitz Stephen, and others of lesser importance, are to be found in the collection, "*Patres Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*," edited by Dr. J. A. Giles.

A LONG QUARREL.

into the Pope's hands. The resignation was accepted; and then, by an act of Pontifical authority, Becket was replaced, not only against the wish of the Bishops, but in contemptuous opposition to the pleasure of the King. And this was the first step of a reaction that plunged this country into a depth of humiliation not to be thought of without shame.

A LONG QUARREL.

I withhold my pen from a tangled altercation of six years' continuance, except to note a few leading incidents. Hastening towards the reign of Richard I., we can only describe as much as may help us hereafter to appreciate his position as King of England and armed vassal of the Church. That position was in great part determined by the quarrel carried on so vigorously by Becket, and sincerely, yet unsteadily, by Henry. The Barons and more enlightened clergy on one side upheld the royal standard. The foreign priesthood, all the political enemies of England, and chiefly the King of France, conspired against them. The Pope, when pressed by a rival who divided with him the adoration of the Latin world, endeavoured to conciliate the King of England, and advised Becket to be moderate. When not so pressed, or when Henry did not seem likely to transfer his "obedience" to the other, Alexander laid aside the mask, and employed Becket to distress him, and compel him to make great concessions to the Church of Rome. Henry, for his part, pursued a similar policy. He made approaches to the Emperor of Germany, chief enemy of Alexander, in order to draw the head of the Church into concessions, lest England should go with Germany into the balance against him, and, by establishing his antagonist with a majority of suffrages, topple him from the chair of supremacy over a part of Europe.

The Pontiff had absolved Becket, restored to him the archbishopric of Canterbury, and annulled, as he pretended, the statutes of Clarendon, the sentence pronounced at Northampton,* and every act tending to damage his Church in England. Then he sent him to

* *Epistolæ et Vita. Epistolarum liber primus. Epist. xlix.*

the Cistercian monastery at Pontigny ; clad in a frock of that order, very coarse, very heavy, a symbol of the monkish piety wherewith he should be clothed. The garment came to him consecrated with the Pope's particular benediction. King Louis also commended him to the brotherhood ; and he remained in their house for the space of two years, until a threat from Henry to revenge himself on all the monasteries of that order, wherever his power extended, if the Chapter of Pontigny persisted in harbouring his enemy, induced Becket himself to withdraw to Sens, and accept a pension from Louis.

Already the Pope had made him Legate for England, with ample authority to use his own discretion. Furnished with the spiritual sword, he wielded it with a reckless impetuosity, singling out the most eminent advocates of English independence, and smiting them with anathemas that made England tremble. The King might have shuddered when he heard that by the same arm perdition impended on himself. The first of those acts aroused his anger ; but it was after the removal from Pontigny, that repetitions of them vanquished his courage, and even brought him to seek an interview with the terrible ecclesiastic, and receive, if he did not rather offer, overtures for reconciliation. But Henry could not submit to the terms which the rebellious Legate endeavoured to impose.

His language in pulpits and in his letters to his clergy of the province of Canterbury was no less than furious. He was deaf to the remonstrances of his best friends ; scandalised, as they were, by the violence of his deportment. The English clergy blushed as they heard of execrations from the lips of their Metropolitan that no man, having any fear of God, could utter. "Father," said they, "we did hope that through your humility and prudence, by the grace of God, we might have been restored to our former state of tranquillity and peace. Indeed, we were comforted, at first, on hearing that you had laid aside high thoughts, that you were not rising up with any machination against our lord the King and his kingdom ; but were willingly bearing the load of poverty which you had spontaneously taken on you. We heard that you were devoting yourself to reading and prayer, and redeeming the loss of times past with fasting, watchings, and tears ; and, occupied in

spiritual studies, were mounting towards the highest point of a blessed increase of virtues." They had therefore hoped that the enmity between him and the King might pass away ; but now they were disappointed and astounded on perceiving that his mouth was full of cursing and bitterness. They respectfully, yet honestly, implored him to have pity on his country and on his Church, and to pursue a milder course ; but to their entreaties he only retorted haughty admonitions to arise, and fight the battles of the Lord.

At length, in the year 1167, two Legates made their appearance in Normandy, to negotiate a reconciliation between the chiefs of Church and State.

William of Pavia, Cardinal-Presbyter of St. Peter in Bonds, and Otto, Cardinal-Deacon of St. Nicholas in the Tullian Prison, the former said to be an enemy of Becket, and the latter a friend, undertook the legation, being furnished with credentials from Alexander, who had by this time returned to Rome. Let us inspect the letters apostolic, as they stand in the collection quoted for all this correspondence.

"Alexander, Pope, to Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury," accounts for some interruption of communication by letter, by reminding him that it was unsafe to commit many things to writing, which had, nevertheless, been intrusted to faithful messengers. The two Cardinals appointed to restore peace between him and the King of England are named. And, after expressing a fervent desire for the accomplishment of this object, the Pope employs language of authority. "By Apostolic Writings we pray, admonish, counsel, and command your fraternity, that, so long as the present perilous condition of affairs continues, you seriously consider how much the Church committed to you needs your presence and your counsel ; and that you incline your mind and will to establish concord between yourself and that King, so far as it can be done, *saving your honour and the honour of the Church*. And if everything does not come about according to your own wish, look that over for the present ; and if you return thither, all may be restored to its former state in course of time, and by God's help." Nothing that the Pope may have said to the

King of France, in compliance with Becket's request, is to retard the prosecution of the present object, which must be pursued with diligence, "so far only, however, we repeat, as in this agreement you can preserve your own honour, and the honour of the Church. For afterwards, if you use discretion, you may, by little and little, get back many things which, if you were to mention just now, might seem to be of great magnitude." As for William of Pavia, the Pope assures Becket that he has promised to do his best for him, and that he needs not regard him with the least distrust. At the end of the letter the Pope entreats him to use his best influence with the Count of Flanders, to get some money for the necessities of the Church, than which no charity can more effectually tend to preserve her liberty.

To Henry, King of England, the Pope sends assurance that it gives him great pleasure to grant the petitions of his "magnificence," so far as God and justice can be satisfied. The Legates are duly named, described, and recommended. This letter contains little more than words of course; and that little consists of a very significant exhortation to treat the Legates meekly, in a manner consistent with royal honour. "But this transcript you must not reveal to any mortal, except only to Master Gunter, (Gunterio,) because I have pledged my faith for this to Master Walter, (Galterio,) as he desired." A reference to preceding letters reminds us that the Pope has absolved those whom his venerable brother, Becket, excommunicated. This was what good Alexander wished to hide.

To the Bishops of England comes a Papal summons to appear before the Roman plenipotentiaries, who are empowered to hear their complaints against the Archbishop, and to give judgment thereupon.

At a place between Gisors and Trie, on the frontiers of Normandy and the territory of Louis, Becket met the Legates on the 19th day of November, 1167. The Legates began the conference by descanting on the charity and good wishes of the Pope, the perils and fatigue of their own journey, the greatness of King Henry, the necessity of the Church, the troubles of the times, the love of King Henry towards Becket, and the

complaint which this King laid against him, especially on the ground of his having excited the King of France to war. They asked Becket how it could be possible to appease the indignation of the King of England without some expression of great humility, moderation, and regard for his royal honour.

His lordship of Canterbury, with an air of exquisite gentleness and meekness, rendered the thanks due to his Lord the Pope, and to the Legates, and, with considerable particularity, stated his own view of the quarrel; but, in so doing, let the mask of meekness drop, and betrayed excessive temper. To their exhortation to be humble, and to speak of the King with all possible honour and reverence, he sternly answered that so he would, "saving the honour of God, the liberty of the Church, the honour of his own person, and the possessions of the Church." And he prayed them that, if they had anything to add to that, they would give him their advice, and said that he would follow it as far as possible, "saving his profession and order."

The Legates declined the service of advising: they came not to advise, but to make peace, and therefore asked him whether he would promise to observe the customs which the Kings had enforced in the times of his predecessors; and thus, all complaints being hushed, return to the favour of the King, and occupation of the see of Canterbury, and restore peace to himself and his clergy. To this the Archbishop answered: "*No one of my predecessors was ever obliged, by any King, to make this promise; nor will I, God helping me, ever promise to observe customs which are plainly contrary to the law of God, subvert the privilege of the Holy See, and destroy the liberty of the Church.*" The Pope himself, at Sens, condemned them in the presence of yourselves and many others; and I, following the authority of our Lord Pope, have since laid a curse on some of them, and on some who keep them, as the Church, in many Councils, requires to be done." The Cardinals could not controvert; they asked, however, whether he could not promise to employ dissimulation for the present. They did not wish him to confirm the customs; but could he not tolerate them for the present, merely refrain from any

mention of them, receive his see again, be at peace, and keep silence ?

Becket, less willing to dissemble than the Cardinals, answered bluntly : "*No ; silence is consent.*" And he endeavoured to convince them that, if, under the authority of Legates, he kept silence, and if, supported by the same authority, the King enforced the constitutions of Clarendon, the Church would lose the benefit of all that he had done and suffered. And he added : "I would rather be in exile for ever, and be proscribed, and die too, if God pleases, for the defence of justice, than make peace with hazard of my own salvation, and to the prejudice of ecclesiastical liberty." Then the Cardinals turned to a copy of the statutes. When they had read it, he asked whether such customs could be kept by Christians ; and if not, why they should be allowed by Priests.

Turning to another point, they asked whether he would abide by their decision. He answered that he would abide by the sincerity of his cause ; and that, when he and his adherents were put in possession of their livings, then he and they would willingly submit to justice. This being settled, he would submit to them, or to any whom the Pope might appoint. And to a question whether he would submit his cause to a convention of Bishops, he answered that he could not submit to such a tribunal, unless the Pope should send him an order to that effect.

From this interview, after a friendly audience with Louis VII., the Legates proceeded to meet the King of England at Argentan, in his Norman territory, and, at two leagues distance from the town, found Henry waiting to give them welcome, expecting, from the Pope's letter, that they came armed with full powers to bring down the pride of his refractory subject. But, after spending two hours the next day with them, and the Prelates assembled for the occasion, when their meeting suddenly broke up, he disclosed a strong sense of disappointment, by exclaiming, "*I wish I might never set eyes upon a Cardinal again.*" The remainder of the day he was occupied in private conference with the Bishops, who then went, with clouded countenances, to visit the Legates. Next day, the King and his clergy again held secret conference ;

A MILITARY MISSION.

and the day following His Majesty rose early, and went out hunting, to avoid a debate that every one foresaw would be fruitless, and left the clergy to act for him.

The Cardinals being seated, the others took their places, and, surrounded by a great crowd of clergy and laity, business was begun by the Bishop of London, who arose to address the Legates. He spoke at great length; and, after an enumeration of the misdeeds of Becket, instead of proposing reconciliation with the King, which the communication of those vain peace-makers, whatever it was, had shown to be impracticable, he appealed to the Pope against the Archbishop, whose cursing and insolence were utterly insufferable. Thus ended the work of the legation.

After all was over, the King came home from hunting. He pretended to be profoundly afflicted at the failure of the negotiation. He even wept. Cardinal William wept. Cardinal Nicholas would have wept if he could; but the effort produced a contrary effect, and he laughed outright.

Couriers conveyed the latest intelligence to Rome from both parties; and as for the Conference of Argentan, the most memorable note concerning it is a saying of the Bishop of London, when describing the haughtiness and cunning of Becket, who refused to give any account of moneys received before his elevation to the archbishopric: "He believes, that as sins are remitted by baptism, so are debts liquidated by promotion." Did Bishop Foliot believe in baptismal regeneration, or did he not?

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Leaving the messengers of the parties litigant to prosecute appeals at Rome, and passing over no small heap of letters that might supply material for long narration; and leaving, moreover, the two Kings, Henry and Louis, to settle their quarrel by the sword, I would turn aside, for a moment, to notice an event singularly characteristic of that leaden age.

It was just in the heat of this litigation that, exercising the universal sovereignty that barbaric feebleness allowed to Popes, Alexander III. delivered the island of Rugen

to a Danish Bishop, thenceforth to be included within the bounds of Christendom.

Waldemar, King of Denmark, had levied great forces, military and naval, to subdue the inhabitants of this island, whom it pleased the invaders to call slaves, but who were in reality daring pirates. Far from being slaves, they had for ages sent their ships up the rivers of the Continent, and kept the first cities of western Europe in terror by sudden and ruthless ravages. Waldemar seized their capital, called Arcon, but the name is no longer to be found upon the maps, and forced the defenders to surrender. They were bound by the first articles of capitulation to deliver to the King their great idol, Swantovit, with all the treasure of its temple,—to give up all the Christian captives without ransom,—to transfer to the Church all the lands which had been consecrated to their idols. The god Swantovit was claimed, with reason, as the peculiar property of the Church of Rome: for he was said to be none other than St. Vitus, whose worship had been imported into Rugen three or four centuries before by some Monks of Corbie, who, failing to establish themselves, left St. Vitus; and the saint whose tutelage they had invoked, became a new god with but a slightly altered name. “So dangerous is it,” says Fleury, “to teach idolaters *too early* the worship of saints, and of their images, before instructing them thoroughly, and confirming them in the knowledge of the true God.” But after communicating this knowledge, it would be difficult indeed to persuade the converts to accept images again; and no men instructed in the knowledge of the true God could pay adoration to saints.

St. Vitus, however, had undergone a pretty complete transformation. In the midst of the city was a magnificent temple, erected to his honour. The saint, or god, now stood embodied in a colossal idol, having four heads; and in its right hand was a horn, annually filled with wine, and as the wine evaporated quickly or slowly, the worshippers expected a scanty or abundant harvest. Sometimes beasts and sometimes men were sacrificed before St. Vitus; and it is said that the human victims were chosen from among Christian captives. All the country brought in tribute to the idol, whose Chief Priest, like

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a more lofty Pontiff, was a personage of greater consideration than the King,*

On the morning after this capitulation, some Danish soldiery went into the city, overthrew St. Vitus, *alias* Swantovit, with a great crash hauled him out into the camp, broke him up, sent the fragments back, and made the inhabitants burn them on their hearths. His temple, also made of wood, was burnt down at the same time; and the victorious Danes, from the military engines used in the siege, found wood enough to build another temple for the worship of other idols. The Bishops, who had followed the camp and aided in the war,—for the characters of Priest and soldier were constantly mingled in the same person,—applied themselves to the conversion of the people, beginning with their former King, whom these events much edified, and who received, according to capitulation, the name of Christian.

Pope Alexander, too, must have been comforted by an accession of territory, small as it was, to his obedience; and, at the prayer of King Waldemar, placed it under the spiritual dominion of Absalom, Bishop of a diocese in Denmark. The only claim on our attention that this transaction can have in the present volume is, that it furnishes an incidental example of the usual method of propagating religion by force of arms; of crusade, in short, the only mission of that age; the only means by which the rulers ecclesiastical conceived it possible to extend their borders, or to subdue Heathens, scarcely more heathen than themselves.

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After a short campaign, wherein Henry II., at the head of his troops, had gained great advantage over Louis VII., and wasted the country with fire and sword wherever he went, he proposed peace. Louis, not only weary of so ruinous a contest, but fearing that Henry would be joined by his enemy, the Emperor Frederic, to a son of whom—Henry, Duke of Saxony—he had given his daughter Matilda in marriage, gladly accepted the proposal. Becket, also, feared that as Frederic did not

* Elias Schedius, de Diis Germauis. Syngramma iii., cap. 12.

acknowledge Pope Alexander, but his rival, and as King Henry had shown a disposition to desert that Pontiff and transfer his obedience to the same spiritual chief as Frederic, England would be lost to Rome. He, therefore, bitterly as he hated Henry, saw new force in the reasoning of those who desired him to be reconciled.

Monks, the diplomatists of the dark ages, ran to and fro between the hostile Monarchs, and persuaded them to peace, or at least assisted each to save his dignity by seeming to yield to persuasion rather than to fear. They agreed, through these mediators, to hold a conference at Montmirail.

At Montmirail, therefore, the Kings and Princes met on January 6th, 1169, to hear mass and speak of peace; and at this conference Richard, the subject of our future narrative, made his appearance, he being not only present as a spectator, but in order to enter into new relations, and begin to bear a part in public affairs; although but a child in his twelfth year. His brother Henry, declared heir to the throne of England, was also there.

After settling preliminaries, as is reported, Henry addressed Louis in such terms as these:—"My Lord and King, on this day, when three Kings have offered their gifts to the King of Kings, I commend myself, my sons, and my lands to your protection." This was acknowledging homage to Louis as his feudal lord, for Normandy: Louis accepted the homage, and replied, "Now that the King who receives the gifts of Kings has inspired you to do this, let your sons show me their presence, that by title of our meekness they may possess their lands."

On this summons came forward Henry, our King's eldest son, and received from the King of France the dominion of Brittany, Anjou, and Le Mas, doing homage for these, and also for the duchy of Normandy.

Richard next advanced; and, from the hand of her father, received a daughter of the King of France, (whose mother was daughter of the King of Spain,) in promise to be made his wife in due time, together with the duchy of Aquitaine; and for that duchy he immediately did homage.

New bonds being thus thrown around the reconciled

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Sovereigns, Henry solemnly received into his royal favour the provinces of Poitou and Brittany which had revolted against him. But still there was an enemy not reconciled; a chief mover of the war, one who had instigated rebellion, had anathematised some of the most faithful subjects, and had long threatened to smite the King himself with a curse, and to lay an interdict on England. So long, therefore, as Becket did not exchange the kiss of peace with his royal master, there could be no security against either foreign or domestic war.

Many chief men, both of England and France, who longed for peace, whether as patriots or politicians, had already tried their utmost to soften the obstinacy of this most dangerous of enemies. They counselled him to show some sign of humility in presence of that assembly; to commit the settlement of the quarrel to their united arbitration, without mentioning any condition, and so to be received at once into favour. Besides, it was rumoured that if Becket would assure the King of peace with the Church, the King would make a splendid acknowledgment of that grace by taking up the Cross, and going on crusade to Palestine.

This last idea rested only on a rumour which Henry had either originated or encouraged, with a view of expediting a reconciliation, but without meaning to be a crusader; and perhaps it had some influence for the moment. "The Archbishop, then, was so far under suasion, drawn, urged, impelled, that he suffered himself to seem persuaded." * Surrounded by the whole band of mediators, and by many others, he submitted to be brought into the presence of the Kings. At that moment a triumph was to be achieved, or an opportunity lost. Each party hoped for such a reconciliation as would be to himself a triumph; and the two chief actors stood there apart from all the rest, each conscious that an incalculable import hung on every syllable and on every gesture.

Richard, now Duke of Aquitaine, and affianced † to the daughter of his father's antagonist in arms, sees the great ecclesiastic whose obstinacy and ambition have so long

* *Chronica Gervasii.*

† Affianced by treaty, but never betrothed by an ecclesiastical ceremony.

broken his father's peace, and threatened his father's kingdom, standing with his father face to face. But perhaps he loves Becket none the less for his rebellion. His mother, once divorced from his expected father-in-law,—for he now hopes to marry the daughter of Louis VII.,—is hated by his father, and kept by him in close confinement. If Richard calculates at all, or if an instinct of ambition supplies the place of calculation, he fixes his hopes on the new-formed alliance with the King of France, and on the good-will of his new subjects in Aquitaine, rather than on the love of Englishmen whom he does not expect to govern, and for whose welfare he cares nothing. And he sees a reputed sufferer, an Archbishop, a personage in exile, because of quarrel with him whose quarrel, of another kind, sends his own fond mother into durance. The Archbishop may be a traitor; but a child of eleven years in the twelfth century can scarcely perceive the terrible significance of treason, or ponder its criminality. The Queen, his mother, may be licentious and incapable of shame, like too many other women; but this child only feels that she loves him, and certainly she has not taught him to love his father.

All influences tend, and still will tend, to alienate Richard from his father, the King of England; to involve him in transactions with his father-in-law, the King of France; and to imbue his mind with all the romance and folly of the age in relation to the Church, whose terrors, or whose charms, or both interwoven, impress a decisive character on every mind capable of taking such impression. Royalty is mean. Laws are precarious. Legislatures do not exist. There are no refining arts. There is no living Christianity. The only vigorous institution is the Church of Rome. The only men of power are the clergy, unless a few English Barons be excepted: but with these Richard cannot have had much sympathy. His language was Norman-French, not our nervous Anglo-Saxon; and his associations were probably as alien as his language. Hence came calamities to England that forbid us to think with satisfaction of the reign of Richard I. But to return.

After a few sentences exchanged, Becket proceeded to perform his part, falling prostrate at the feet of Henry, who instantly caught him up. Raised on his feet, he began to

implore clemency for the Church of England, so grievously afflicted, as he chose to say, on his account. And he closed an impassioned speech in these words: "The entire cause, my Lord, whence dissension has arisen between us, in the presence of the King of France and these Pontiffs" (two Cardinals) "I commit to your own decision, saving the honour of God."

Saving the honour of God! This was none other than that selfsame hated reservation which had ever served to cover all treason; for so soon as he or the court of Rome chose to pronounce any law of England or any act of an English council contrary to the honour of God, it was held by him and his abettors to be an act of piety to rebel against the civil power, and to preach rebellion. The utterance of this reservation provoked Henry to remind him of his mean origin, the favours he had received, the wasteful magnificence and pride that had afterwards marked his conduct, and the ingratitude which crowned the whole. Stung by these remembrances, he put on an air of dignity, retorted on the King the services he had rendered as Chancellor, and claimed, for his part, a grateful recognition. In short, he intimated that if ever he had owed the King anything on the ground of benefits received, the debt had been cancelled by service done. A placidity of manner which covered his inward indignation told for a moment on the assembly; but Henry, recovering some degree of equanimity, interrupted the orator, and addressed King Louis:—

"My Lord King, be pleased to hear me. Whatever this man dislikes, he calls contrary to the honour of God; and thus he manages to claim for himself not only what belongs to himself, but what belongs to me. But that it may not seem that I want to resist God's honour, I make him this offer. There were many Kings before me, some of greater power than I, and some of less. There were many Archbishops of Canterbury before him, great and holy men. What, therefore, the greatest and the holiest of his predecessors did to the least of mine, let him do to me, and I am satisfied. It was not I who expelled him from the kingdom, but he betook himself to a clandestine flight, none compelling; yet now he pretends before you and the great men present here that he is suffering in the

cause of God's Church. But I have always desired and allowed, and I now desire and still grant him permission to possess his church, and to govern it with all the freedom enjoyed by that one of his predecessors who governed it the best, and with the greatest liberty."

"The King has humbled himself sufficiently," cried one; and similar acclamations followed from all parts of the assembly. Then the King of France, evidently moved, and even surprised at finding his brother of England so much more temperate and reasonable than the Priests had painted him, addressed Becket:—

"My Lord Archbishop, would you be greater than the saints? Would you be better than *Peter*? Why do you hesitate? Here is peace ready for you, if you will accept it."

The Archbishop replied at great length, that he would willingly return to his church on condition of enjoying the same freedom as his predecessors; but could never accept customs that would contravene the institutions of the Holy Fathers. But when he came to attempt a justification of his flight, and a discussion of the whole case, the company of mediators who had brought him before the King forced him aside, and insisted that he should refrain from reiterating that obnoxious "Saving the honour of God," and render honour to the King. Catching at this, he cried:—

"No, my fathers, no. Have we suffered so much because we would not hide the name of Christ; and shall I, that the favour of a man may be restored to me, suppress the honour which is due to God? God forbid! God forbid!"

But his friends could see no reason in this rhapsody. It was not for the Divine glory, but the glory of the Church, and specially of himself, that he contended. Both French and English noblemen gathered round him, charged him with arrogance, and told him that he deserved to be not only banished from England, but expelled from France. Thus passed the day. His friends left him, the company dispersed, and the Sovereigns mounted their horses and rode off.

For several days Louis refused to show him any mark of respect, and did not even send him dinner from his

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table as usual; and already the stubborn Priest thought himself near the honours of martyrdom, for the sake of his order. But it was not easy to suffer the slow martyrdom of neglect and hunger. In his lodgings at Sens he waited for provisions, but none came; for royal visits, but none were made. One ecclesiastic only stood by him, and assisted him in the novel occupation of begging bread from door to door, according to the poverty, humility, and penitential abstinence of the Monks of Citeaux, whose garb, blessed by the Pope's own hand, he wore.

Soon, however, the scene changed. King Louis, perhaps not thinking it expedient to draw the eyes of the world upon a disgraced Archbishop, invited him into his presence, took him into favour again, asked his blessing, and continued the pension. The populace of Sens were pleased; and the women and children once more blessed the King, instead of wailing when Becket passed by, and pointing at "the holy Archbishop who refused to please Kings by denying God."

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After the revived favour of the French King, Becket renewed his assault on England, by virtue of his office as Legate, and launched a new volley of excommunications. From the pen of one Master William, I borrow a description of the discharge of this artillery in St. Paul's Cathedral. Master William writes thus "to Thomas of Canterbury by the grace of God Archbishop, and Legate of the Apostolic See."

"On Ascension-day (1169) Berengarius delivered your letters in St. Paul's church. As soon as the Gospel was read, this messenger drew near to the altar, and, in my sight, for I was standing near, put them into the hand of the Priest officiating, named Vitalis, who received them, thinking them to be an offering. Berengarius at the same time laid hold of his hand, held it firm, and commanded him in the Pope's name, and in yours, to give one copy to the Bishop and the other to the Dean, and not to celebrate mass until the letters had been read. After saying this, he called William of Norhallis, who reads the Gospel on Ascension-day, to witness, and in your name charged him and the Sub-Deacon, named Hog,

not to come to mass until the letters were read. Then Berengarius, turning towards the people, said: 'Know ye that Gilbert, Bishop of London, is excommunicated by Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Legate of the Holy See.' When they heard this, many rushed forward to stop him, using very violent language; but I made him leave the church, fearing a tumult, and, as the people crowded round us, covered him with my cloak, and took him to his lodgings.

"The Priest and William of Norhallis did not wish to say mass against your prohibition; but when William carried the news to Archdeacon Nicholas, the Archdeacon asked him whether a Priest would refrain from eating, if a messenger from an Archbishop were to bid him not eat. Mass, therefore, was said; and the letter, as I hear, was only read in private. The Bishop of London, on hearing what had taken place, convoked the clergy of the church of London for the following Sunday, and then after much debate between the Bishop, Dean, Archdeacon, and Canons, they agreed to sit. By command of the Bishop, the Priest Vitalis was present with your letters, related the affair just as it occurred, and delivered one letter to the Bishop and the other to the Dean. Exasperated with malignant bitterness, with brows contracted, and in silence, the Bishop read his letter." And then, at some length, the excommunicated Prelate descanted on certain canonical irregularities in the procedure of Becket, which, he maintained, made the sentence of no effect.*

Not only the Bishop of London, but very many others, both ecclesiastics and laymen, were excommunicated by name; and so numerous were the persons whom the curse tainted, and made unfit, as even they themselves imagined, for ministering at the altars or mingling in the more solemn rites of life, that Henry found few Priests in his chapel who retained power to give him the kiss of peace.†

* Epistolæ, lib. iii., ep. 41.

† The chroniclers of the twelfth century make frequent mention of *the kiss of peace*, or amity, as of a ceremony well understood. Becket (Epist., lib. v., ep. 12) said in one of his letters, that it was an accustomed form in all nations; but Thomassin (*Vetus et Nova Ecclesiæ Disciplina. Pars II., lib. iii., cap. 64*) mentions it as peculiar to England, and supposes it to be a vestige of that ancient custom of saluting brethren with a holy kiss, which is mentioned in the New Testament.

CONFERENCE AT DOMFRONT.

The clergy knew not how to proceed. Some appealed to the Archbishop in letters of remonstrance. Some submitted without appeal. But the King, feeling that the spiritual sword had not yet lost its edge, sent messengers to Italy to repeat a prayer already urged in writing, that the Pope would again send Legates to absolve the persons excommunicated, and to bring about some agreement between himself and Becket. As for absolution, Alexander passed that over in silence in answering the King, but granted Legates, and gave them private instructions. These Legates were not Cardinals, as before, but persons of lower category, Gratian, one of the Pope's notaries, and Vivian, a Roman lawyer.

The two new Legates met the King at Domfront, on the 24th of August, and entered at once into negotiation. The imperious admonitions contained in the letter they gave him from their master drew forth some angry expressions; the peace-makers were no less ready than he to give vent to a disquiet temper; and Gratian bade him recollect that they came from a court which was accustomed to command Emperors and Kings, and that therefore they were not to be intimidated. However, they soon understood each other. He demanded that three of the excommunicated clergy, there present, should be absolved at once, and that one of the Legates should forthwith proceed to England, and absolve all the rest; and consented that he would then allow Becket to return to England, reinstate him in his possessions, and give him his peace. The Legates granted the absolutions, and thought that their work was done.

But when they came to reduce this agreement to writing, he required the addition of the words "*salvâ dignitate regni,*"—*saving the dignity of the kingdom.* The dignity of the kingdom, however, could not be saved in any stipulation that under their instructions these agents could make, and they instantly refused the insertion of any such words, unless he would admit the other, "*salvâ libertate Ecclesiæ,*"—*saving the liberty of the Church.* Of course he could not. The dignity of a kingdom and

Kings and Bishops kissed each other; the King to signify his being at peace with the Church, the Bishop to pledge his peace with the kingdom.

the liberty of the Roman Church never can exist together. The question was therefore no longer between Henry and the Archbishop, but between England and the Pope. The King left Domfront by one road, and the Legates rode out by the opposite. Shortly afterwards the Legates met commissioners from the King at Caen, and there were many letters and messages exchanged, but without avail. The excommunications were renewed.

Having sufficient reason to apprehend that not only Becket, but the Pope himself, would now attack England with the usual weapons of spiritual censure, and probably raise all classes in rebellion by means of an interdict, the King sent over messengers to England with an edict to the effect following :—

1. Any one found bearing letters from the Pope, or any mandate from the Archbishop of Canterbury, containing an interdict of Christian rites in England, to be arrested and punished summarily as a traitor.

2. No ecclesiastic of any kind permitted to cross the Channel without license under the King's authority. Any one transgressing to be taken and imprisoned.

3. No one to appeal to the Archbishop or the Pope.

4. No one to receive any mandate from either of them.

5. No one to deliver any message to either of them.

6 Any Bishop or other person obeying an interdict to be banished, with all his relatives, forthwith, and all their property confiscated.

7. All the property of persons abetting the Archbishop or Pope, and of their relatives, of whatever age or sex, to be confiscated to the King.

8. All clergy abroad having benefices in England, to return at once, or to lose their livings.

9. The Peter-pence to be no more sent to the Papal treasury, but collected, and paid into the King's treasury.

10. The Bishops of London and Norwich to remain at the King's mercy, and be superseded by substitutes for the present, because they violated the constitutions of Clarendon: the one by laying an interdict on the territory of Count Hugo, and the other by allowing his own excommunication to be published in his parishes without the King's permission.*

* Epist. et Vita D. Thomæ, &c., tom. i., p. 167.

THE LAST LEGATION.

The penalties on persons caught in bringing prohibited letters were such as the laws then ordinarily prescribed. If the transgressor was a Regular, (Monk or Friar,) his feet were to be cut off. If a Priest, to lose his eyes —.* If a layman, to be hung. If a leper, to be burnt. Any Bishop feeling terror of an interdict might leave the country, but carry nothing with him except his crosier.

Such precautions ought to have been effectual; but, because taken against the Church, they went beyond the age. The laity, indeed, obeyed them willingly; but the clergy, with very few exceptions, declared that they would obey the Pope and the Archbishop. Excommunications were brought into England without restriction, and almost without limit; and Henry found, to his sorrow, that the dignity of the kingdom was as chaff in the whirlwind before the furious license of the Church.

Alarmed at the resistance of the clergy, notwithstanding their previous disapprobation of the conduct of Becket, he endeavoured to renew the negotiation for peace; but this, also, was impracticable. Becket declared that the commission of the Legates had ceased; but he condescended to listen to terms, and even to lower his demands as to the temporalities of Canterbury. Henry, however, would not stoop to give him the kiss of peace. In truth, he could have no confidence in the sincerity of the Archbishop; and, without the kiss, the Archbishop would not then venture to cross the Channel, for he feared, or pretended to fear, that unless that pledge of reconciliation were given, his life would not be safe in the King's hands.

THE LAST LEGATION.

The Roman curials feared that England would be lost, not by secession from Popery, but by adhesion to an Antipope. With feverish anxiety relays of conciliators hurried to Normandy, armed with letters comminatory to the King, bearing that he must receive Becket to his peace, and reinstate him in the throne of Canterbury, or forfeit salvation, and be driven from his own throne by the terrors of an interdict.

* —“et genitalia.” Epist. et Vita D. Thomæ, &c., tom. i., p. 169.

The contents of apostolic letters, and the tiresome debates and correspondences that followed, may be traced by such as have taste, leisure, and ability in the Latin chronicles, lives, and letters that all historians of these reigns must cull from, but which no one has yet had courage to exhaust. I will just name those ministers of charity who came with honey on their lips, poison of asps under their tongues, and warrants for sedition and revolution in their pockets. They were these following.

Anthelm, Bishop of Bellai, and the Prior of the Grand Chartreuse.* After them Simon, Prior of the Chartreuse of Mont-Dieu, in the diocese of Rheims, and Bernard of Coudrai, a Monk of Grandmont. The first of these pairs did nothing; and the second made some ado, but failed. Heartened by their failure, Becket cursed, or re-cursed, twenty-eight Bishops, officers of state, and other important personages in England. Last of all came Rotron, Archbishop of Rouen, and Bernard, Bishop of Nevers, and enforced a pacification on both parties.

Their letter of instructions was peremptory. The Pope commanded them, diligently and earnestly, to admonish and persuade the King, on the part of himself and God, to grant peace and security to Becket; and for the sake of reverence of the Divine Majesty, and honour of blessed Peter, as well as to secure his own salvation, to receive him with the kiss of peace, restore their possessions to him and his, and protect them in the enjoyment of their revenues. They were also to charge the Archbishop, most urgently, to accept peace, and to humble himself before the King, so far as he could, saving the liberty of the Church, and without peril to himself or others. As for a compensation of a thousand marks, which had been demanded, if the King could not be persuaded to pay it, that was not to be made a difficulty. But if possession of the Church property that had been transferred to other hands, and the kiss of peace, were not given within forty days after this monition, all his territory in the kingdom of France was to be laid under interdict, without contradiction and without appeal.

* A *chartreuse* is a Carthusian monastery. We have the word in London, vulgarised into Charter House. *La Grand Chartreuse* was the first of those establishments, founded by Bruno in Dauphiny.

THE LAST LEGATION.

After the declaration of that sentence all religious rites were to cease, except baptism of infants and penances of the dying. If the King himself, because of an oath he had made never to kiss Becket, would not perform that ceremony, his son Henry might do it in his stead. And by briefs to the Bishops of the province of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Durham, and their clergy, the same interdict was appointed, in such an event, to extend to all England.

And the messengers were commanded, after peace was made, allowing a short interval of time to pass, to admonish Henry, on part of God and the Pope, that he could not obtain pardon of his offences without abolishing those depraved customs, and especially the statutes which he had added, contrary to the salvation of his own soul, and the liberty of the Church; that he must absolve all persons of his kingdom from their observance, and restore his revenues to the Archbishop. If, however, the King refused "utterly to blot out and condemn" the constitutions of Clarendon, they and the Archbishop were to send explicit information to Rome. If there were "certain hope" of peace and reconciliation, all the excommunicated should be absolved; but under the condition of being again bound by excommunication if the negotiation failed, and this without contradiction or appeal. And, without reference to any of the matters above mentioned, the messengers were to excommunicate some persons who, by the King's permission or command, had treated some of the former messengers roughly, but might release them again after due satisfaction made. These instructions were dated at Benevento, January 20th, 1170.*

Within a month after their dispatch intelligence reached Rome that the King intended to have his eldest son, Henry, crowned. It was customary for heirs apparent to be thus made sure of the succession, and Princes crowned in the life-time of their fathers bore the title of King, and became Kings-Regent in the absence or incapacity of their fathers. The strengthening of royalty in England by giving the Prince the sworn allegiance of the Bishops and nobles could not be regarded without anxiety in the Papal court; but no pretext could be found to

* Epist., lib. v., ep. 3.

interfere with the coronation, except an objection to the Archbishop of York, whom Henry II. had appointed to perform the ceremony of anointing. Alexander seconded the indignation of Becket, who complained that his right as head of the province of Canterbury was interfered with, and forbade Roger of York to anoint the Prince, or allow any of his clergy to do it, or consent to its being done by any except Becket. And another apostolic letter forbade Canterbury to set hand upon the Prince, or suffer any other to crown him, "unless first he" (the Prince) "makes that oath which other Kings, his predecessors, have been accustomed to render to the Church of God, and to the see of Canterbury in particular; and unless he fully releases all from the observance of *those customs and of those oaths* which have lately been extorted from the men of England." And the same letter forbade all the Bishops of England to be present at the proposed coronation, even if summoned to attend.

Such was the spirit in which the supreme Pontiff sought to enforce peace between the Sovereign of England and the Primate. It was not peace that he wished to establish, but utter subjugation and pitiless vassalage.

Letters from the Pope and Archbishop found their way into England, but lay unnoticed and unknown to any beyond those into whose hands they fell. On the 3d day of March King Henry came over from Normandy to direct preparations for the crowning of his son, and on Sunday, June 14th, assembled the Bishops and Lords in London, to await his pleasure. Here came letters from the Roman pacificators, who proposed to follow him; but he very significantly advised them not to trust the sea, but remain in comfort on the Continent, whither he would shortly come over to them, and prepare a plan of peace with Becket.

On Sunday, June 21st, at Westminster, the King knighted young Henry, then but fifteen years of age, and afterwards the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishops of London, Salisbury, and Rochester, anointed and crowned him, protesting that in so doing they did not derogate from the privilege of the see of Canterbury as metropolis of England. And the most important part of that solemnity was the coronation oath, by which the young King

bound himself to preserve unchanged the ancient constitutions of the kingdom, no mention being made, if my authority * speaks truly, of the liberty of the Church; for the liberty claimed by the Church was utterly incompatible with the customs and safety of the kingdom.

Becket was profoundly mortified, uttered bitter complaints, and neither knew how to pass through the formalities of reconciliation, nor how to avoid them. Already he had written to the Bishop of Nevers, one of the Legates, but under another name, "propter insidias,"—*for fear of interception*,—and laboured hard to show that the King was a brute, an enemy of all good, a deceiver, a scorner, and the most hypocritical of mortals, and that no person or thing was safe within his dominions. In this letter he gave his own understanding of the conditions laid down by the Pope. But when the news of the coronation came, his fury burst all bounds, and overflowed in a letter to Cardinal Albert, which I give at length, as a specimen of his manner of treating antagonists, and that it may serve as an introduction to a memorable scene:—

"Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, to Albert, Cardinal.

"O my beloved! would that your ears were at the lips of our countrymen, that you might hear what they sing in the streets of Ascalon to the shame of the Church of Rome! It did seem that our last messengers brought some little consolation from the Apostolic See in the letters of our Lord Pope; but their authority is come to nothing by letters sent *à latere*, whereby Satan is absolved to the destruction of the Church. For, by apostolic mandate, the Bishops of London and Salisbury, of whom the first is known to have been from the beginning a stirrer up of schism, and contriver of all wickedness, and that he led Salisbury, and all others whom he could, into the crime of disobedience, are let loose. I know not how it is that in the court (of Rome) the Lord's portion is always sacrificed, that Barabbas may go free, and Christ be killed. For by authority of that court my proscription has been continued, and the calamity of the Church protracted, to the end of the sixth year.

* Vita S. Thomæ, auct. E. Grim. Edita ab I. A. Giles, LL.D.

“With you” (Cardinals) “the miserable, the exiled, the innocent, are condemned, for no other reason—that I may say what is in my conscience—than because they are helpless poor men of Christ, and will not swerve from God’s justice. With you are absolved sacrilegious persons, murderers, thieves, impenitent, whom the world clamours for, but whom I say aloud, and in the words of Christ, Peter himself, if he were on the throne, could not absolve before God. For Christ says in the Gospel according to Luke: ‘If thy brother sins against thee, reprove him; and if he repents, forgive him. And if he sins against thee seven times in the day, and seven times in the day returns to thee, saying, I repent, forgive him.’ But are the words of Christ without meaning, when he says, ‘If he repents, and turns again to thee, saying, I repent?’ Assuredly He will not deal with these in the day of judgment as if His word were idle; but will rather condemn those who, in violation of the form He gave, presume to justify the wicked with vain absolutions, without confession and penance, and to make souls live who are not alive. Surely, if money taken away can be restored, but is not, repentance is not real, but pretended. Undoubtedly the Holy Spirit, as it is written, will dispel the lie; for He is truth, and no lie.

“Let him who dares, oblige himself, and not fear the sentence of the coming Judge. Let him absolve these robbers, sacrilegious murderers, perjured, bloody, and impenitent schismatics: I will never relinquish to the impenitent what he has taken from the Church of God. Is it not our spoils, or rather the spoils of the Church, that the King’s messengers promised to the Cardinals and members of the court of Rome? Where is there any iniquity manifest, if that which goes on among us in the Church of God is hidden? We” (Becket) “cannot keep up the liberty of the Church, because the Apostolic See has now prolonged our banishment to the end of the sixth year. May God look on them, and judge! But for this liberty we are prepared to die. Let the Cardinals arise that will; let them arm, not only the King of England, but all the world, if they can, for our destruction. By the help of God, I will never flinch from my faithfulness to the Church, either in life or death.

A HOLLOW RECONCILIATION.

“ Now I commit his own cause to God, for whom I am a proscribed exile. Let Him undertake it, as He best knows how. It is not my intention to trouble the court any more. Let those apply to it who prevail by iniquity, and who come off gloriously, to the confusion of the Church, when Justice is triumphed over, and Innocence led captive. O that the way to Rome did not ruin, free of cost, so many innocents ! Who, from this time, will be able to resist that King whom the Roman Church has encouraged by so many triumphs, and armed by a pernicious example that will go down to posterity ? Ever farewell, Your Holiness.* Remember us before God.” †

The reader of this letter may perceive that Becket had reason to think himself abandoned, and even sold by the money-loving Cardinals. He disputes the power of the Pope to absolve those whom he has excommunicated. He treats the Roman See with contempt as well as anger. He determines never to appeal to it again. It would seem, therefore, that he intended to pursue a new course, and act for himself ; and his conduct, immediately after this outburst of passion, proves that such indeed was his intention. He wrote to the Pope in similar language, and his “ co-exiles ” did the same. They cried with one voice that Satan was let loose.

A HOLLOW RECONCILIATION.

Before those clamours could reach the ear of Pope Alexander, a long-attempted reconciliation crowned, as they thought, the labour of the Legates. The conditions of reconciliation were those detailed above. The King of England accepted them perforce, to avoid a dire interdiction of religious rites through all his realms, with inevitable expulsion from the throne. Becket, in the letter to the Bishop of Nevers, which I have also mentioned, had very minutely defined the terms, and, with the skill and caution of a statesman, had given an abundance of provisional instructions.

* The appellation, “ Your Holiness,” not yet being given exclusively to Popes, nor “ Your Majesty ” to Kings ; these titles, and innumerable others, were lavished at pleasure of the speaker on whom he would.

† Epist., lib. v., ep. 20.

Advised of Henry's acquiescence in the Pope's *ultimatum*, the two Legates went to Sens to confer with Thomas of Canterbury, and to fix a day for the ceremony of peace. The two Kings of England and France had appointed to meet on the frontier, between La Fertè and the castle of Freteval. The Archbishop of Sens advised Thomas to join him and the Legates, and go to that place at the time appointed for the meeting of the Kings. Thomas was unwilling to condescend so far as to appear uncalled; but in apparent deference to the Legates, sold though they were to abandon innocence, he trusted himself in their company, and went.

The two Kings were pursuing their colloquy, and the four Prelates awaited some intimation to present themselves; but that day passed away and nearly all the next without a word about them. The clerics in their train began to fear that the whole scheme would come to nothing; and Canterbury wished himself at Sens again, or anywhere else, when his brother of Sens came to tell him that the King of England would see him on the day following, and further informed the company that his royal countenance betokened serenity and good grace. But he added an entreaty not to miss the King's favour by insisting on the kiss; and assured him that Henry himself had publicly said, that when the Archbishop came into his possessions, the King would receive him with the kiss of peace, and with expression of the warmest thanks. That evening he sent to tell the King that he would come.

Thus began, apparently, a course of reconciliation; but in reality the long-refractory rebel was taking his own way still, and by a subterfuge hastening his doom.

On Wednesday, July 22d, 1170, early in the morning, the King of England, followed by a numerous train, came to the ground. Thomas of Canterbury came later, accompanied by the Archbishop of Sens, and a cavalcade of Frenchmen who had been at the conference with their King. Poor Henry, as if "anathema, anathema," was ringing in his ears, betrayed great anxiety, and when he saw his enemy yet afar, advanced to meet him, raised his hat, rode bare-headed, and hastened to render the first salutation. Thomas received his hand, they embraced each other as closely as they could, both being still on

horseback, and then the King, Canterbury, and Sens, rode aside from the crowd and entered into conversation.

The exile began in the style of one driven from his country for conscience' sake, courteous, warm, and soon vehement. Sens dropped back, and left the two alone. Of that conversation nothing can be said confidently, as we have only Becket's own report. According to that report, the King gave him full satisfaction concerning the matter of coronation, and promised that he would make everything else right.

At this promise, as rendering thanks to his King, Canterbury dismounted, and knelt in obeisance; but the King, leaping to the ground, instantly raised him up, and held the stirrup while he took horse again. And standing there, while Becket was on the saddle, and he looked up to speak, the tears were seen flowing down his cheeks, and he wound up their long conversation in such words as these: "We have had enough of this, my Lord Archbishop. Let us restore to each other our former affections, and let us try how kind we can be to one another, and forget for ever our former enmity." Then Henry rode back with him towards the company; and observing some—as Becket states—who had been very bitter, and wished not to see a reconciliation, he said aloud: "Now that I find the Archbishop ready for everything that is good, if I am not good to him in return, I shall be the most worthless of men, and prove that all the bad things said of me are true. And I shall think no advice more honest or more useful, than that I should study to be beforehand with him in kindness, and excel him as well in charity as in good offices."

After this followed a public and solemn reconciliation. It is described by Becket himself, whose language, as he writes to the Pope, is quite inconsistent with the letter last quoted, and with his conduct subsequently; yet not less cunning:—

"Almost all present received these expressions of the King with great gladness. He therefore sent us his Bishops, who requested us to present our petition in the presence of all. And if we had trusted in the advice of some of them, we should have thrown ourselves, and the whole cause of the Church, entirely on his discretion.

For, from the beginning until now, iniquity has come forth from Scribes and Pharisees, and waxed strong by the authority of the Elders who should rule the people. But, blessed be God, who did not permit our soul to pass over to their counsel, that we should venture the liberty of the Church or the justice of God upon the pleasure of any man.

“When they had left, we entered into deliberation with my Lord of Sens, and with the poor men of Christ, companions of our pilgrimage and banishment; and determined that the question of the customs, or of the usurped consecration, or of the damages which he had caused to our church, or anything to the prejudice of ecclesiastical liberty, or of our own honour, we would by no means leave to his decision.”

Appearing all of them before the King, the Archbishop of Sens, in his name, humbly prayed for the restoration of grace, peace, and security to Becket and his friends, for the church of Canterbury and its possessions, and for a merciful reparation of what the King had done against the Church in the coronation of young Henry. And he promised “love, honour, and whatever respect an Archbishop can exhibit in the Lord to a King and Prince. He signified assent to what had been spoken,—‘*verbum acceptans annuit*,’—and received into his favour us and our friends who were present.” This generality could not be satisfactory. The two antagonists, not yet agreed, not yet come to anything like an explicit understanding, only suppressed the forms of speech which had hitherto occasioned altercation, but each of them with unwavering tenacity retained his own position. One was cowed by threatenings; and the other, still intent on his object, pursued it by a new path; and so they kept up a laborious cheerfulness, and strove to act friendship with as good grace as possible. The Bishop of Lisieux, indeed, nearly spoiled the whole by asking Becket, reasonably enough, to pronounce an absolution of those whom he had excommunicated; but the Archbishop adroitly evaded this difficulty.

The two mediators, before leaving the conference, did indeed commission the Bishop of Seez to cross the Channel to England, and perform the absolutions; but Becket insisted on exercising his own authority as Legate, and,

BECKET IS MURDERED.

declaring against so informal a proceeding, held the excommunicated fast under the terror of the Church, and reserved to himself the right of absolution.*

BECKET IS MURDERED.

King Henry II. to King Henry his son, sent intelligence of the reconciliation, and commanded him to receive the Archbishop with peace on his return, and re-instate him in possession of the property of the church of Canterbury. But the recovery of property in the occupation of others could not be effected in a day; and although a sincere desire of peace would have induced Becket to exhaust the last efforts for bringing a negotiation with the occupants to a peaceable issue, he did nothing of the kind, but complained bitterly that the restoration of all his lands and revenues was deferred, even for a few days. We cannot suppose that the inevitable delay would have caused impatience to a man so familiar with the usual course of such affairs; but he became exceedingly impatient, wrote long and querulous letters to the Pope and others, complaining of delay of justice; and to the Pope especially he made known his determination to pursue as vigorously as ever his assault on English liberties. He even asked for written powers to excommunicate again those who might have been absolved, and scrupled not to say: "With the smitten and lacerated Church, and on her behalf, we cry. And, according to your counsel and command, *we meanwhile embrace the occasion of a shadowy peace, until day shall dawn and the departing shadows vanish.*" He asked Pope Alexander, in the very same letter, to do two very different things,—to write affectionately to the King, and yet to furnish himself, privately, with letters for a renewed excommunication of those who crowned the King's son; which letters were to be made use of, if he should find it necessary or expedient.† This correspondence could not be concealed; and it is certain that intelligence of Becket's duplicity reached England.

In such an attitude of unchanged hostility was he when he resolved to hasten his return to England, come what might, either peace or penalty, for he confessed himself

* Epist., lib. v., ep. 45.

† Ibid., ep. 52.

uncertain which he should expect. The desired powers of excommunication having come, he left Sens, and travelled to a port on the coast of Flanders, thence to cross the Channel.

Well informed of the excommunication they might expect, the Bishops who had performed the coronation of young King Henry went to Dover to await his coming, and to oppose his landing, unless he would consent to conduct himself peaceably. But, no less certainly advised of their movements than they of his, he had sent forward letters of excommunication, the bearer being a lad on board some private vessel; and they were astounded, on opening the packet, by the detonation of a curse. Becket, calculating on the effect of his excommunication, steered for Sandwich, instead of Dover, protected by John of Oxford, a loyal servant of King Henry, in whose charge he came, and escaped the indignation of the Bishops' messengers who, on sight of his vessel steering northward of her proper course, had hastened to Sandwich to prevent his landing. He bravely set foot on shore, and made the best of his way to Canterbury, where the Priests of that city and the surrounding country, assembled with the people of their parishes, came forth by thousands to conduct him, with demonstrations of rude and superstitious exultation, to his long-vacated throne.

After this reception, as if there was nothing to revive the indignation of those who had been for seven years past the subjects of his own spiritual tyranny, he proceeded, with as great pomp as possible, to visit young King Henry at Woodstock, in Oxfordshire. But while he and his cavalcade were taking rest at Southwark, a messenger came from Woodstock with a rebuke for bringing an armed force, and a prohibition to advance further, or to enter London, or any of the royal residences.

Mortified by this repulse, he moved back towards Canterbury: and his mortification was aggravated above measure when he saw some of his horses led into town without their tails, one of the noblemen having chosen to signify his contempt of the Prelate who had dared first to excommunicate those who crowned the King, and then to bring—as he had done—some horses to offer as a present to His Majesty, by cutting off their tails.

BECKET IS MURDERED.

At this instant the "shadowy peace" vanished. Let an eye-witness tell the rest in his own way :—*

"Being returned [from Southwark], he celebrates the sacred nativity of the Saviour with extreme devotion and purity of mind, [!] cheerfully observing to those around him that it is not in man to direct his own way. But on the day of the Lord's nativity, (1170,) the sermon to the people being ended, *with a terrible sentence he damned* one of the King's officers, who, the day before, besides horsewhipping some of the Archbishop's servants, to his own shame foully cut off their horses' tails. With the same penalty he also punished Ranulf de Broc, a person related to the other, equally furious, and an instigator of all mischief; one who had brutally raged against the men and the relatives of the Archbishop. [Thus returning railing for railing and cursing for cursing.]

"He also publicly told the people that they must not communicate with such persons as the three Bishops who lay under sentence of excommunication, and who, in spite of the statutes of their elders, had been afraid to withhold anointing from the King.

"And, last of all he said, 'Let them be accursed from Jesus Christ, and let their memory be blotted out, who sow hatred and discord between me and my lord the King!' But they whom ill-will against the Lord's anointed had once armed, revered not the utterance of this fearful sentence.

"Then the Bishops aforesaid, who chose to commit themselves to fear of the King's indignation, rather than to the judgment of God, quickly crossed the sea, went to the King, fell at his feet, poured out a sore complaint, which must have moved his stubborn mind, deplored their own suspension, and related how my Lord of Canterbury had dealt with them, by whose industry and temper they were altogether separated from the priestly office, and could not even mark the [sacramental] bread. And they went on to ask what next [Becket] would dare to do, if the King suffered such presumption patiently.

"The King, circumvented by such persons, and like

* Edward Grim, a Monk, who came to visit him at Canterbury, on his return. His life of Becket is in the collection edited by Dr. Giles, and quoted above.

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one beside himself, mad with anger, not knowing what he answered, is said to have repeated, again and again: 'I have maintained and promoted cowardly and miserable fellows in my kingdom, who pay no fealty to their lord, whom they suffer to be made jest of so shamefully by a shabby clerk.' And he immediately withdrew into a private room for familiar conversation, to try if he could derive any solace from retirement; or give a freer vent to his burning rage."

Four knights of noble birth, and among the highest of the King's household, named William de Tracy, Hugh de Moreville, Reginald Fitzurse, and Richard Brito, stung by that passionate exclamation, secretly withdrew by different ways, embarked in such vessels as they could find, landed on the coast of Kent, and, according to previous agreement, met in the castle of Saltwood, near Hythe, about twenty miles from Canterbury, and then occupied by Ranulph de Broc, one of the persons on whom Becket's last curse had fallen. By the morning of December 28th, so rapid had been every movement, they set out with a band of de Broc's retainers, rode full speed to Canterbury, and reached the Archbishop's palace-gate just as he had finished breakfast.

Their horses filled the court, and the four knights entered, accompanied by another person. On hearing the noise, some one came to the door, and, recognising them all, invited them to sit at table with the clerics of his household, who were then at breakfast. Food they refused, and asked to see the Archbishop, to whom they had something to say on part of the King. In a moment they were admitted, but gave him no salutation, and sat down for a few moments in silence, until he asked them what was their pleasure.

Reginald spoke for all. He required Becket to go immediately to young King Henry, pay him an oath of allegiance, and ask forgiveness for the offences he had committed. He bade him do homage for the barony he held as Archbishop from the King, as lord; to cause the foreign Priests whom he had brought over also to swear allegiance; to absolve the excommunicated Bishops, and restore them to the exercise of their functions. Reginald then accused him of an intention to annul the consecra-

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tion and crowning of the young King, and to usurp for himself the power of domineering over the kingdom.

He refused, as sternly as ever, to make the least submission; and ended a long and angry conversation by declaring that as he could find no justice anywhere, he should exercise the power that an Archbishop could wield, and would not relinquish it for any mortal man. Starting from their seats, they exclaimed, "These are threats. Will you lay all this land under interdict, and excommunicate us all? So may God help us, *that* you never shall do. You have set your curse on too many by far already." They charged the Monks present not to suffer him to run away again, but to present him to the King when required so to do, and on this they withdrew.

The sequel can soon be told. The knights, who had first come unarmed into the palace, now armed themselves from head to foot, and so did the whole company. Becket caused his cross to be carried before him into the church, hoping that they would reverence the place. The Monks wished to shut the doors; but this he would not suffer.

"With drawn swords," says Grim, "they enter the house of peace and reconciliation, by the very sight and noise of weapons striking terror into the beholders. Those who were present, having come to evening lauds, but in reality to a spectacle of death, being all affrighted and thrown into confusion, the soldiers furiously shouted, 'Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the King and to the kingdom?' And when no one answered to this, they vociferated again more loudly, 'Where is the Archbishop?' At this word the Archbishop, intrepid, according as it is written, 'The righteous, bold as a lion, shall be without fear,' comes down from the step (of the altar) to which the Monks had carried him for fear of the soldiers, and very audibly answered, 'Here am I, not a traitor to the King, but a Priest. What do you want?' And he who had already told them that he feared not, added, 'I am ready to suffer in the name of Him who redeemed me with His blood: God forbid that I should flee from your swords, or shrink from justice.' When he had spoken thus, he turned aside towards the right hand, under a pillar having on one side an altar of the blessed mother of God, and perpetual virgin Mary, and on the other an

altar of the holy confessor Benedict, by whose example and suffrages he was crucified to the world and its lusts, and with as great constancy as if he were not in the flesh. Whatever the butcher could bring he bore and overcame.

“Here the murderers followed him, demanding, ‘Absolve the persons you have excommunicated, and restore to their offices them who are suspended.’ ‘They have given no satisfaction,’ said he, ‘and therefore I will not absolve them.’ ‘Then you must die,’ said they, ‘and get what you deserve.’ ‘And I am ready,’ he replied, ‘to die for my Lord, that by my blood the Church may obtain liberty and peace; but I forbid you, in the name of Almighty God, to do any harm to any of my people, either clerk or layman.’

“Then they made a rush, laid on him their sacrilegious hands, pulled him violently to drag him out of the church, that, as they afterwards confessed, they might either kill him on the outside, or carry him away bound. But he holding by the pillar so firmly that they could not easily remove him, he stoutly resisted one of them, and saying, ‘Reginald, touch me not, you owe me fealty and subjection; you and your accomplices are acting very foolishly,’ pushed away the wretch. But this knight, burning with rage at the terrible repulse, and brandishing his sword over that sacred head, retorted, ‘I neither owe you fealty nor subjection contrary to the fealty due to my lord the King.’ The unconquerable martyr, therefore, seeing that the hour was come that must end his miserable mortality, and that the crown of immortality prepared and promised by his Lord was now ready to be given, bowed his head in an attitude of prayer, and, raising his joined hands, commended his cause, and that of the Church, to God, to Mary, and to Denys, the blessed martyr.

“Scarcely had he finished, when the vile knight, afraid that, rescued by the people, he would escape with life, suddenly fell upon him, and on the top of that shaven crown which had been dedicated unto God with holy chrism, wounded the lamb that was to be immolated before God, and with the same stroke cut through the arm of him who is now speaking. For he, when all the Monks and clerks fled, constantly kept close to the holy

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Archbishop, and held him fast in both arms until he lost the arm that met the sword. Then came another stroke, but still he stood unmoved. But under a third, the martyr dropped his arms, sank upon his knees, and offering himself a living sacrifice, said, in a low voice, 'For the name of Jesus and the care of the Church, I am ready to be put to death.' As he was falling forward a third knight came with a heavy stroke. The sword glanced from the stone, and carried away the top of his skull so entirely, that the white brain appeared reddened with gushing blood, colours of the lily and the rose; white of the Virgin, and red of Mother Church, colours that both in life and death tinged the face of the confessor and the martyr.

"A fourth knight had come, but turned away, that others might more freely perpetrate the deed of death. A fifth,—not a knight, but a cleric,—that clerk who had come with the knights, lest a fifth wound should be wanting for the martyr to be perfect in his imitation of Christ, set his foot upon the neck of the holy Priest and precious martyr, and, horrible to relate, scattering the brains over the pavement, shouted to the rest, 'Now let us go, knights: this fellow will not get up again.'"

Horrible indeed! That this martyr of ecclesiastical privilege provoked vengeance, is true enough; but so revolting a catastrophe turns a new tide of indignation on the murderers. The King of England, however, had no idea that an outburst of passion, stirred by the dishonesty of a man whom he had re-instated without the slightest satisfaction for the past, or warranty for the future, would lead to such a result. He could have had no idea that his servants would understand him to desire that they should kill Becket.

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The good cause of justice could not be served by crime. Perhaps the murder was meritorious in the sight of many; for it is remarkable that it provoked no revenge in Canterbury, and the knights did not think it necessary even to conceal themselves, but made their appearance on the day following outside the city, and then deliberately rode off northward to the castle of a friend.

After a few days messengers from the King came to Canterbury, bringing a letter addressed to the monastery of Augustine, convened the brotherhood, and assured them that their master had no participation in the murder. On hearing of it, as they told them, the King was afflicted above measure. He shut himself up, and wept more bitterly than if he had lost the nearest and dearest relative. For three days he refused all food, except a little milk of almonds, and would admit no comfort. And, as it was afterwards related, he sat solitary for forty days, refused to mount a horse, hear a cause, dispatch any business, hold any council, hear any petition, or attend even to the most urgent cares of government. He dreaded imputation of the murder to himself, and repented of those hasty words which had incited the four knights to avenge him by shedding blood. Some little mitigation of his anguish, or of his terror, might be ministered by the thought, that when the sudden and secret disappearance of the murderers became known, he had suspected their intention, and sent messengers to recall them; but a fair wind sped them over the Channel, and already the murder was committed. The messengers begged the Monks to be assured of the King's innocence, and, at his command, to give the body an honourable burial. "For," said they, "he does not persecute the dead, although he hated him when alive, but from his heart forgives every offence." But many laymen that were present thought that the King's humiliation was excessive, and that Becket had deserved his fate.

Immediately on hearing of the murder, Henry sent other messengers to the Pope, who, at first, refused them an audience, but at length relented so far as to suspend his thunders, and consent to negotiate conditions of pardon; for he presumed that, in some way, the King must have been guilty. The messengers, being overawed by Papal threatening, suffered conditions to be imposed on their master that were afterwards ratified, with some amendment, and are on record in the terms following:—

1. To furnish two hundred knights for one year, with full maintenance, to serve in Jerusalem against the Pagans, under command of the Templars.

2. Utterly to abolish the bad statutes of Clarendon, and

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all bad customs introduced, in his days, into the churches of God. "And that if there were any bad customs before his time, he would moderate them according to the command of the Lord Pope, and the counsel of religious men." *

3. To restore all its possessions to the see of Canterbury, as they were a year before the Archbishop incurred the King's displeasure. To pardon and reinstate all his adherents.

4. "That, if it should be necessary, and the Pope commanded, he would go into Spain, to deliver that country from the Pagans:" that is, from the Moors, who then reigned in the height of their power over a great part of the peninsula.

Besides this, the Legates whom the Pope sent to enforce obedience and to be witnesses of his degradation, prescribed fastings, alms, and other penitential acts. To them the trembling King addressed the following submission, pronounced in the presence of a numerous assembly:—"My Lords Legates, you have my body in your hands. Know certainly that whatever you command, either to go to Jerusalem, or to go to St. James," (in Spain,) "or whatever else, I am willing to obey." † But Henry was a rich King, and could so far mollify the Legates, that they would not impose on him any very grievous penance. For his body they cared nothing. The Church was enriched, and the clergy were emboldened, and with that the court of Rome also remained well content. A formal absolution followed soon after.

His old ally, rival, and enemy, Louis VII., rejoiced to insult the humbled King of England, and joined with three sons of Henry II.,—that is to say, Henry the younger King, Richard, and Geoffrey, all three having states on the Continent under their command,—to make war upon their father. The Count of Flanders and Geoffrey were at Gravelines, only waiting for a fair wind to invade England. At the same time the King of Scotland was making havoc in the north and midlands, burning towns and slaughtering

* There is a reservation here, saving the question. For the King maintained that he had *not* introduced any new customs, and that the old ones were *not bad*, but good.

† De Gestis post Martyrium, apud Lupum.

the helpless inhabitants, with every circumstance that could add horror to calamity. Distressed under the tyranny of the clergy, afflicted beyond sufferance by the rebellion of his own children, and with scarcely resources or courage left to resist such a combination of adversaries, he resolved, spirit-broken as he was, to make an unheard of display of penitence at the tomb of his old enemy, and, favoured by a change of wind, reached the English shore before the Count and Geoffrey could embark their troops for the invasion.

Three years and a half had elapsed from the time of Becket's death; the Monks had reported many miracles wrought at his tomb, and the court of Rome had raised him to the rank of Saint, when poor King Henry set out for Canterbury to do him honour and worship, and ask the pardon of his sins.*

Before entering the city, (June 10th, 1174,†) at three miles distance, as soon as ever he caught sight of it, with the metropolitan church in view, wherein the martyr rested, the King humbled himself incredibly, devoutly emptied himself of majesty, and put on the poor form of a servant, with bare feet, and even his whole body naked, except a mean cloak thrown over it; and naked as he was, openly, in sight of all, entered the city, the blood flowing from his wounded feet, and through the muddy streets and lanes of Canterbury walked abject, like one of the vilest of the people. And thus a Sovereign, whom nations had looked upon with dread, approached with manifest fear and trembling the tomb of the martyr. At that tomb he knelt, and spent thus all the day of his arrival, and the night following he also passed in the church, without tasting food.

After prayer and fasting he asked for penance. The clergy of Canterbury being all assembled in circle round him; he bared his back, and each brother in turn approached with a rod of discipline, and scourged the

* The Bull of Alexander, declaring the canonisation of Thomas of Canterbury, was dated March 13th, 1174. The words of the Bull are worthy of note:—"We admonish you all, &c., &c., that addressing *him* with votive prayers, *you earnestly seek the pardon of your sins.*" (Radulfus de Diceto.)

† Radulfus de Diceto.

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royal penitent, as he wept aloud. And then, by way of restitution, he renounced those ancient customs of England that were bad, as the barrier which had separated him from the "martyr" in life, and might also hinder the transmission of the martyr's merits to him after death, and only sanctioned such of them as were good. Yet under the garb of penitence the King retained a purpose of his own; and one of the Monks who describes * this extraordinary scene adds mournfully: "Yet some of the customs renounced, although condemned by the Church, are still observed throughout the kingdom. Which, if it be done with the knowledge and approbation of the King, the King must see to it; for God forbids."

I shall not narrate the posthumous triumphs of this "saint and martyr." The Canterbury pilgrimages, wherein Kings mingled with beggars in paying worship at his shrine, must not prevent us from hastening to our chief object; and I therefore notice only, that the last act of abasement performed by our spirit-broken King, as it appears in a letter from himself to Pope Alexander, † was a concession of immunity from civil jurisdiction which he granted to the clergy. Cardinal Hugh or Huguson, the Papal Legate, left England on July 3d, 1176: and although, through the resistance of the greatest and most discreet men of the kingdom, as that letter states, the concession was not quite so absolute and unguarded as the court of Rome might have desired; it was, in reality, a surrender of all that was precious in the constitutions of Clarendon. ‡

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We return, for a moment, on the track of our narrative, to meet Richard, who now begins to be conspicuous: It is impossible to determine whether parental or filial duty was more grossly violated in the royal family of England. Neither Henry II. nor his children seemed to understand the first principles of domestic morality, nor did any sense

* De Gestis post Martyrium. Apud Lupum, cap. v. Hoveden.

† It is given by Radulfus de Diceto.

‡ Hoveden.

of natural affection restrain father, son, or brother, from waging war, or from conspiring with a common enemy for the ruin of his house.

“Henry the King, son of Henry the King,” as the style was, Richard and Geoffrey, combined with the King of France in an effort to expel the Sovereign of England from his continental territories. But after suffering a defeat in Brittany, the Frenchman and his young confederates thought it desirable to seek a conference at a place between Gisors and Trie. Louis, with the Archbishops, Bishops, Counts, and Barons of his kingdom, brought the younger Henry, Richard and Geoffrey, to treat for peace with their father. (September 25th, 1173.) Their father, although at that moment in the position of a soldier after victory, offered them terms; terms, however, which Louis did not choose that they should accept; and he even proposed to take an arbitration of the Pope’s Legates, and surrender to his rebellious children whatever might be pronounced equitable, saving his royal rights. Perhaps emboldened by his readiness to make concession, they, who came to sue for peace, began to quarrel; and one of the King’s own subjects, Robert, Earl of Leicester, after using the most violent and abusive language, drew his sword, and would have run him through if the bystanders had not prevented. We do not read that Richard or his brothers interposed a word of rebuke; but they cherished the fellow-rebel still. This outrage broke up the conference, and fighting began again the very next day.

It was shortly after this that Henry, the father, crossed the channel, expressed his purpose to do penance at the tomb of Becket, and there submitted to the indignities which I have described, which made him suddenly appear like a saint in the eyes of the multitude, and in those of his vassals and his enemies, as one returned to the favour or subjection of the Church. Now England rang with the praises of his piety. Now the waverers between fealty and rebellion decided that they would be loyal. Now the populace cried, “Long life to good King Henry;” and the King of Scotland, finding the battle turn against him, began to foresee defeat.

This King had accepted three hundred marks of silver from the Barons of Northumberland, in consideration of a

truce from St. Hilary to Easter, 1174; and at the expiration of the term, again entered England with all the fury of a savage. "He dealt execrably," as Roger of Hoveden well says. The Scots and Galways ripped open pregnant women, and stuck the unborn babes upon the points of their lances. Infants, little children, youths, old men, the helpless of whatever age or sex, from the least to the greatest, without ransom and without mercy, they put to death. Priests and Monks they caught in the churches, or drove them thither, and cut them to pieces on the altars. Wherever those brutes came, terror paralysed all power of resistance. Then William, "the Lion" of Scotland, thought to make common cause with the rebels further south, and sent his brother David to help the Earl of Leicester to take entire possession of that county; but before David could reach Leicester, the Duke of Cornwall, and Richard de Lucy, Justiciary of England, had reduced the town to ashes.

And on the very day that Henry left Canterbury after doing penance, the King of Scotland was taken prisoner at Alnwick, by Ralph de Glanville and the knights of Yorkshire. Many of William's chief men surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, "lest they should seem to have taken part in the capture of their lord;" for so thin was the garb of their loyalty, that it could not hide them from suspicion.

As soon as Ralph de Glanville saw the Scottish King in safe custody, he wrote a hasty letter to his royal master, despatched a lad with the intelligence, and moved southward with his prize. The courier pushed onward night and day, until, having left Alnwick on a Saturday, he reached London on midnight of the Thursday following, found that the King was at Westminster, thither spurred his horse, and, beating at the gate furiously, wakened the porters and demanded admission. The drowsy guards bade him be quiet; but he shouted that he was a messenger come with good news, and could take no denial. So they drew the bars, let him through, and then tried to hush his importunity until next morning; but they knew nothing of his message. To the King he came, the King he must see, and to the King's chamber he must go. There lay Henry, fast in his first sleep; but the boy shook him

lustily ; and when he started in terror, as if in the gripe of an assassin, and screamed, "Who are you?" the brave fellow soothed his alarm by saying, "I come from your faithful servant Ralph de Glanville." "And is our good Ralph well?" "Very well indeed, and has your enemy, the Scotch King, in chains at Richmond." * Stupified between sleep, terror, and joy, the King cried, "Tell me that again." And again he told it: "Ralph, your faithful servant, has the Scotch King in chains at Richmond." Then the courier delivered him Glanville's letter, and largely supplemented its contents, by describing the circumstances of the capture. Satisfied that this was no dream, the King jumped out of bed, knelt down, and returned thanks to God and Saint Thomas.† In a few hours, other messengers brought confirmation; and he summoned his knights to attend him for further conquests.‡

The Count of Flanders and Geoffrey, hearing of this event at Gravelines, lost courage, and ventured not to cross the Channel. Thus was England saved from carnage for that time, and the King's fortunes turned. But we must not forget that there was a child of his who learned, by the temporary advantage he gained from subjection to the ecclesiastics at Canterbury, how to save himself on an emergency, when Romish vengeance was devising interdict, counselling enemies to invasion, and creating rebellion among subjects. That child was John; the same who afterwards wore the crown of England, surrendered it to the Legate at Dover, and declared this country to be a fief of Rome.

It is impossible to say whether Henry, in superstition, attributed this change of affairs to the merits of his old enemy, Thomas Becket, now Saint Thomas of Canterbury, or to the good-will of the Church. Certain it is, that he gained great confidence: after the good tidings from the north he left London, and, passing through the counties,

* Richmond in Yorkshire. The courier had left Glanville on the point of marching thither.

† It is curious to observe how promptly and how mechanically these ceremonies are usually performed, with no preparation of heart beforehand, nor any trace of elevated moral sentiment in the conduct afterwards.

‡ Diceto.

found castle after castle evacuated by the rebels, and at Northampton had the joy of seeing the captive "lion," William of Scotland. On horseback, his legs tied under the horse's belly, the disarmed foe was brought into his presence, and he kept him in his own custody. Bishops and Barons hastened to deliver to their Sovereign the castles they had fortified against him, and threw themselves upon the royal clemency. Thus, within three weeks, all England was pacificated, and all its munitions delivered into the King's hand. These being disposed of at his pleasure, he crossed over in haste from England to Normandy, landed at Barfleure on the 8th of August, and proceeded with his Brabançons,* and a thousand Welshmen, and William King of the Scots, and Robert Earl of Leicester, and Hugh Earl of Chester. These he put into prison, first at Caen, and then at Falaise.

On the Sunday following he reached Rouen, which was besieged on one side by his son Henry and King Louis; but he crossed the Seine, and entered the city on the other, and at his presence they both fled. After some fighting, some correspondence, and much equivocation, Louis, young Henry, and Geoffrey met the King of England at Gisors. Richard, although no insignificant party in the war, was not there, but in Poitou, attacking the castles occupied by his father's friends. His allies, or rather accomplices,—for in relating this unnatural warfare, ordinary titles are out of place,—ought to have consulted him before asking an interview with his father, or, at least, they should have invited him to be present; but their notions of honour were not such as to dictate so much consideration, and they proceeded to negotiate without him.

These were the terms:—A truce between *them* and Henry the father, preliminary to some future agreement, the exclusion of Richard from the benefit of the truce, and the abandonment of Richard to his father's vengeance during the truce.

Henry, always rapid in his movements, marched at once into the province of Poitou; and Richard, being unprepared to encounter the force now brought against him, fled, and wandered from place to place. But when

* These Brabançons, like the Swiss, hired themselves to fight.

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he received certain intelligence that the King of France and his two brothers had excluded him from the benefit of their last conference, every other feeling was lost, for the moment, in those of indignation and disgust; and he hastened back to Poitiers to throw himself at his father's feet. There he wept; and Henry, of whom it must be acknowledged that he was not insusceptible of generous impulses, although he habitually relapsed under the force of passion, raised his returning son, and pressed him to his bosom. The last spark of enmity seemed quenched. Richard laid aside all hostility, and so did the father, until new provocation or new incentive might awaken the enmities that were only hushed within them; and after spending ten days together, they appeared, on the time appointed for a conclusive conference, at the place between Tours and Amboise,—where the truce had been made on the last day of September, 1174. Henry the father, and Richard, Duke of Aquitaine, were now on one side. Henry the son, and Geoffrey his brother, following Louis, King of the French, were on the other. A deed of reconciliation was drawn up, agreed to, and signed by them all, to this effect:—

Between the Lord King, and his sons Henry, Richard, and Geoffrey, peace was restored by the will of God. They all three returned to the service of their father as his vassals, and, now absolved from every oath that had bound them to his enemies, paid him homage and allegiance. He recovered all the castles belonging to himself and his Barons which were in his or their possession fifteen days before his sons left him. Those Barons who had followed them, and thereby forfeited their castles, received back again just what each had occupied fifteen days before his defection. The Lord King laid aside all ill-will in regard to his Barons and his men, and promised to do them no harm so long as they continued faithful. Henry, the younger, forgave all who had borne arms against him, and all the clergy who had assailed him with ill-will. The King gave his son, the King, two castles in Normandy, as a security, with 15,000 Anjou pounds annually. To Richard he gave two fortified places in Poitou, and half the revenue of that province. To Godfrey, in Brittany, half the revenue of the dowry

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of the daughter of the Count of Caen, whom he was to marry; and after marriage, by consent of the Roman Church, he was to have all the revenue. As for the King of the Scots, and the Earls of Leicester and Chester, Ralph of Fongeres, and their hostages, they had already made a treaty with the King, and were not included in this agreement. Other prisoners were dealt with severally, and gave security for good behaviour. Henry the younger agreed to confirm all his father's grants to those now again under their joint government, as well as a thousand pounds from rents in England to his brother John, with certain castles in England and Normandy. Refugees might return to England, and be forgiven and reinstated. Henry would have done homage to his father by placing his hand between his; and Richard and Henry did him homage for their lands. But as Henry was crowned King, his father would not allow him to pay homage, but took security.*

After this famous reconciliation followed much rejoicing in England, while Richard gave abundant proof of good faith by going back to his own duchy, and forcing the Barons of castle after castle to open their gates to him as his father's liege. Geoffrey did the same in Brittany; and in the year following the Kings of England, as we must call the two Henrys, came over to this island together, landed at Portsmouth, on the 9th of May, and reached London just in time to be present at a synod holden by Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, ostensibly to do that work which is always to be done, but has not yet been accomplished, nor ever will,—to reform the manners of the Romish clergy.

The synodical ceremony being ended, and the decrees or canons duly signed, and some other matters settled or attempted to be settled with the clerics and laics who had encroached on the royal revenues during the war, the Kings proceeded to York for a grand ceremony of another kind.

William the Lion, King of Scotland, and David his brother, with all the Bishops, Abbats, and Barons from the lands north of the Tweed, came thither to meet the Henrys. "And there was renewed the peace and final

* Hoveden.

concord which the aforesaid King of Scotland had made with his lord the King of England at Falaise, while he was in captivity. And to this act Roger, Archbishop of York, and Hugh, Bishop of Durham, and the Earls and Barons of England were also witnesses." The solemnity took place in the old cathedral of York. Its pomp I am unable to describe. For the letter of the deed of peace then signed, antiquaries may refer to the Annals of Roger Hoveden, where it is given word for word. Enough to note the first lines:—"William, King of Scotland, becomes liege man of the Lord King against all the men of Scotland and of his other lands; and does him fealty as to his liege lord, even as his other men are used to do to him."

Roderic, the King of Connaught, shortly followed this example, and at Windsor (October 6th, 1175) surrendered his little kingdom to Henry, and received it back again, subject to a yearly tribute, to be holden so long as he should faithfully serve the King of England, as his man, and fulfil the conditions of a bond then ratified.

These were, indeed, great triumphs; but the glow of good fortune was chilled by the breaking out of an epidemic, with great mortality, all over England. And, after the Sovereign of this afflicted country had seemed to rise all at once to the summit of happiness by the subjugation of Scotland and a part of Ireland, and by a favourable turn of events in France, and reconciliation with his children, the Legate Hugo, mentioned above, landed on our shores to gather more fruit from our King's vassalage to Rome.

But King Henry II. persevered in making the best use of his improved position; and at Nottingham, on the 25th of January, 1176, held a most important Parliament. There, in the presence of the younger Henry, with the advice and concurrence of the Archbishops, Bishops, Earls, and Barons of the kingdom, he divided England into six judicial circuits, and appointed three itinerant Judges—"justiciarios itinerantes"—to travel over each, and hear and decide on the causes brought before them. "And then the Lord King made all the aforesaid Judges swear upon the most holy Gospels that in good faith, and without evil temper, they would themselves keep the

assizes hereafter subscribed," * (those of Northampton,) "and cause to be inviolably kept by the men of the realm." And so did the first Judges ever sent out upon circuits bind themselves to guard the constitution of England chiefly, and in the light of that constitution to interpret all statutes that it might behove them to enforce.

The younger Henry—crowned for King, but who never came to be regnant—had no sympathy with his father, nor any love for England, but longed to be in France again, and perhaps also longed to renew the parricidal warfare. Feigning devotion, he solicited permission to go to Compostela, in Spain, on pilgrimage to St. James. The father, perceiving that this proposal came not from any great devotion for the saint, but from the bad advice of the young man's flatterers, who wished to withdraw him from parental control, long resisted. But when the King found that neither harsh words nor soft ones would divert him from his purpose, he gave leave, on condition that he should pass through Normandy, not through the dominions of Louis; and he set out accordingly, to embark at Portsmouth, with his wife, the daughter of Louis, and his family, leaving his father at Winchester.

Richard, on the contrary, relied upon his father for help to subdue some refractory and powerful Barons in Aquitaine, who, provoked by the severity it had been requisite to use in detaching them from the league with Louis, arose in great force against their Duke. To solicit help, Richard came to England with Geoffrey; and, on landing at Southampton, they found that their ill-advised brother was waiting at Portsea for a fair wind to quit the country. But this did not divert them from their purpose. Instantly proceeding to Winchester, they were joyfully welcomed; and as it was Easter eve when they made their appearance, their father determined to keep the feast with unusual solemnity, and sent to request his wandering son at Portsea to defer his pilgrimage until Richard should have made peace with the insurgent Barons of Poitou. Yielding to his father's will, he consented; and after a short visit at Winchester, returned to Portsea, and embarked with his Queen, who went to her father at Paris, while he proceeded to join his brothers;

* Hoveden.

but only to embarrass their movements by a coldly nominal support, and an early defection.*

Richard returned to Normandy soon after Easter with Geoffrey; and on his arrival at Poitiers raised a large army, aided by fresh resources, marched into the field, and began a succession of brilliant exploits.

First he met the Count of Angoulême with a host of mercenaries from Brabant, and routed him in a pitched battle. Then he attacked and beat Henry, Viscount of Limoges, who had broken peace with him. Thence he flew to a castle called Aessa, stormed it, and took prisoners four hundred soldiers. This affair disposed of, he laid siege to the city of Limoges, and took it after slight resistance. At this time his brother Henry joined him, and was present at the taking of some other town or castle near Poitiers.

But this was all. Young Henry suddenly withdrew, and left Richard to complete the subjugation of his rebels. The victorious Duke now besieged a castle of the Viscount of Angoulême, and took it, making prisoners of the Count of Angoulême himself, his son, the Viscount of Limoges, and some other personages whom he found within the walls. The captive Count could no longer continue his revolt, but surrendered five castles that were still fortified by the rebels under his command; and, with this final stroke, the last strongholds of rebellion were thrown open to the Prince, who then appeared as the first soldier of his family, if not the first of Europe, although but nineteen years of age. The prisoners Richard sent over to England, to his father, who sent them back again to him in Poitou.

Henry, consuming with jealousy, stayed at Poitiers on his way from Richard's camp to rejoin Louis. There he arrested his own Chancellor, Adam of Chirkedun, and caused him to be beaten through the city with rods, for having, as he said, divulged some secrets to the King his father. Secrets of the kind that came to light he should not have had; and his Chancellor could not have kept such secrets without misprision of treason, if it were true that he had held treasonable correspondence with rebels. Of this there could be no doubt, nor did young Henry

* Brompton.

PRINCESS ADELAIDE OF FRANCE.

conceal the fact; but caused Chancellor Adam to be beaten through the streets of Poitou, the minister of his displeasure crying at every blow, "So should the man who betrays his master's secrets be disgraced." Little security could England have when the heir to the kingdom, already crowned, was a traitor to his father, and even to his own people.

We merely note that about this time Richard saw his sister Jane promised in marriage to William, King of Sicily, and sent thither by her father in great state; and that another sister, Eleanor, was married, soon afterwards, to Alfonso, King of Castile.*

PRINCESS ADELAIDE OF FRANCE.

In the summer of 1177, a Cardinal-Presbyter, Peter, of the title of St. Chrysogonus, Legate of the "Apostolic See," came into France with letters, threatening an interdict on all the lands of King Henry II., if he did not forthwith give up Adelaide, daughter of Louis VII., to be married to his son, the Duke of Aquitaine. The two royal fathers had agreed, some years before, that their children should be united in marriage; but as they were both too young, especially the French Princess, she was delivered to the King of England as a hostage for her father's peaceable conduct, and by him kept, as the complaint was, beyond a reasonable time. King Henry was in England when he heard of the arrival of the Legate; and, fearing the consequences of such an interdict as had never before been inflicted, since it would be laid both on England and Normandy, hastened across the Channel in order to avert the blow.

Some correspondence with Cardinal Peter having been spent without effect, and an appeal, meanwhile, being lodged by the King "with the presence of the Pope," the two Sovereigns met at Ivry, on September 21st, in the presence of the said Cardinal and a large company of the Barons and Bishops of both kingdoms. Pressed to give up the young Princess, for whom, there can be little doubt, he had already conceived a guilty passion, the father Henry swore by his soul that his son Richard

* Hoveden.

KING RICHARD I.

should marry Adelaide, daughter of Louis, if Louis would give with her, in dowry, the town of Bourges and its appurtenances, and make over the whole territory of the French Vexin to his son Henry. This demand, however, was rejected, and Richard's father declared that he would not allow the marriage to take place.

To overcome his obstinacy, the Cardinal threatened to execute the interdict, and, aided by the Barons, induced Henry to make some kind of promise that the marriage should take place as soon as Louis would come to terms as to the dowry, and to enter into a treaty with him to the following effect:—

“God inspiring,” as the deed says, they both promised and swore to go together on the service of Christendom, and to take up the Cross in order to proceed to Jerusalem, agreeably to a writing already signed by them in prospect of a new crusade. They would have all to know that from that time they were good friends; and each resolved to consecrate to the other life, limb, and worldly honour, against all others, to the utmost of his power. Neither of them would suffer an enemy of the other to remain within his territory: and if any dispute should arise between them, consecrated to the Church as they now were by a promise to become crusaders, they would not draw the sword to settle it, but commit the cause to the pacific decision of twelve persons, three Bishops and three Barons being appointed by each for that service.* Crusaders in promise, if not in fact, the canon law bound them to keep the peace, each being a sacred person whom no one could assault without sinning against the Church.

FEATS OF ARMS.

Leaving them thus quieted, and hoping that the young lady whom it had been arranged that he should marry, might soon be transferred from his father's keeping to his own, Richard resolved to set out on the service of Christendom as a volunteer, and thus to gather some fresh laurels for himself.

St. James the Apostle stands in the Roman pantheon

* Hoveden. And Diceto gives place and date,—Nonancourt, September 25th.

as guardian of Spain. Where that Apostle died, or where buried, was a question that remote antiquity had never solved. The discovery was reserved to adorn the pontificate of Leo III., towards the close of the eighth century. The remains of St. James, as the legend bears, were then discovered by one Theodomirus, Bishop of Iria, a see long extinct, and last of a series of Bishops whose names and succession were preserved with an exactness that surpasses credibility, considering the utter oblivion of history that retained not another vestige of their existence. "Persons of great authority and credit"—the credit of an eye-witness being much dependent on the measure of his power over those to whom he speaks—"affirmed that in a neighbouring forest they had often seen lights flashing in the dark night. The holy Prelate suspected that those lights might be no more than deceitful vapours; but, anxious to search out the truth, went thither in person, and with his own eyes saw the forest illuminated in its remotest depths. He cleared away the underwood, and explored the ground. Soon his labour found reward in the discovery of a small marble building, and the sacred sepulchre within. The reasons on which rests the persuasion that this was the tomb and this the body of the sacred Apostle are not related; but there can be no doubt," says the ironical or credulous Jesuit whom I quote,* "that so great a matter must have been received on proofs sufficient. They hunted for papers, inscriptions, and other fragments of antiquity; and even to this day there are many notable ones preserved.

"Here, *they say*, the Apostle prayed. Here he said mass. There he hid himself from those who came to seek his life. Angels, *they say*, constantly appeared, and gave testimony of the truth as faithful witnesses, and above suspicion." The Bishop hastened to tell the King. The King, very pious and religious, came in person to see all this with his own eyes; and extraordinary was the gladness he received. On that very spot he caused a humble, mud-walled temple to be built, with the name of St. James, ordained benefices, and allotted grants to the utmost of his power for the maintenance of the Ministers.

* Mariana, Historia de Espana, lib. vii., cap. 10; lib. xi., cap. 13.

This good King Alonso, and the Emperor Charlemagne, says the legend, applied to Leo III., that to this holy place might be transferred the Bishop's chair. Their prayer was granted to the church of Compostela, and crowds of pilgrims began to flock thither from all parts of the world. Privileges,* alms, and honours

* One privilege of no small magnitude continued until the year 1812 or 1813, linking the fabulous together with the real. The cunning Priests of Santiago de Compostela kept up an illusion on the credit of the tale following in brief:—

An old King of Leon, Ramiro I., challenged by the Moorish King, Abderrahman, to pay him a tribute of a hundred Spanish damsels, brought out to battle the whole strength of his kingdom, and suffered a terrible defeat. Night closed the shock of arms. The remnants of his host rallied as well as they could; and, after throwing up a temporary fortification in the wilderness, gave heed to the wounded, and spent their days in lamentation. One night Don Ramiro sank oppressed into the arms of sleep, and in a dream saw the Apostle St. James, who bade him take courage, and promised him certain victory the next day. The King leaped out of bed, and caused the sleeping Prelates and Grandees to be aroused and summoned to his tent. Being gathered together, he made them a speech, told them of the appearance of St. James, and called on them to revenge, by the help of God and the saint, the insult poured on the Christian religion, and the dishonour of their nation, and to bring down the pride of the Pagans. Torches were lit. The wreck of soldiery revived. By morning dawn they were marching towards the Moorish camp. St. James himself, majestic to the sight, clothed in white raiment, riding a great white horse, and carrying a white flag with a red cross thereon, led the way, and every eye saw him. No heart could mistrust so mighty a captain. The Moors, not thinking that either the dying Spaniards or the dead saint could have risen up to trouble them, were struck with panic. They fled. The brave Spaniards dared to follow, and sixty thousand Pagans yielded their throats to the unsheathed steel. In after-times a parchment was exhibited, said to have been written by the hand of Don Ramiro, imposing a tax on all Spain, whether Christian or Mussulman, in honour of St. James. Apostolic letters confirmed and enforced the impost. The more credulous and submissive populations paid "St. James's vow," while others who had withheld payment from the beginning were still exempt. The Archbishop and Chapter of St. James of Compostela, and the hospital of the same city, received, from century to century, a certain measure of the best bread and the best wine from the farmers of those districts, bearing traditional confirmation of the imposture, if not of the miracle. The tale of the miracle had long been consigned to the limbus of exploded fables, when the Extraordinary Cortes, at the time above mentioned, abolished the tax; and now the see of Santiago de Compostela is covered with sackcloth, and the hungry Canons long, vainly long, for the best bread and the best wine as in good olden times.

enriched the see. Houses were built for the accommodation of pilgrims on the principal roads leading to Compostela, for the rest and delectation of those devotees; and as robbers, also, beset the roads for the prosecution of their own vocation, an order of knighthood sprang up, called the Knights of St. James, for the protection of pilgrims, and about this time it had become very famous. But either the prowess of those knights was inferior to their fame, or the robbers were too strong for them; and young Richard of Aquitaine, burning for fame, resolved to take in hand the whole matter, put down the robbers, and look into the manners of the pilgrims.

He had kept Christmas-day in Bordeaux, and, on the morrow, marched with a strong force on the road towards Agen, which he knew to be occupied by two false lieges, Peter, Viscount of Agen, and the Count of Bigorre. The city was well fortified; but he laid regular siege, and the gates were opened to him after ten days. Thence he moved rapidly to Bayonne, found it also shut, and within less than another ten days forced Erinaldo de Bertram, Viscount of Bayonne, to surrender. What feats of courage he performed under those walls, or with what slaughter he overwhelmed the garrisons, or how he treated the inhabitants, I do not find recorded.

The way being thus far cleared by the partial suppression of revolt, he marched to the Spanish frontier; and at the gates of Sizara, afterwards called "the gates of Spain," he laid siege to the castle of St. Peter, which he took and dismantled, leaving its name to perish from the geography of that country. This done, he made the chieftains of the rude Biscayans and Navarrese swear, that from that hour they would be at peace between themselves, and cease from troubling the pilgrims. And as to the pilgrims themselves, whose morals perfectly answered to their devotion, both being of the worst possible description, he imposed, as he believed or hoped, a reformation of their depraved customs.

Here, then, we see Richard fighting on behalf of the barbarous religion to whose chief his father was a vassal; and essaying the fierce career of warfare for the Church that made his name and memory so famous.

Still the subjugation of Aquitaine was incomplete. One

bold insurgent, Geoffrey de Rancun, held out against his Duke in the castle of Taillebourg; and Richard, resolved to crush this last rebel, collected auxiliaries from all quarters, and sat down before some of the strongest walls in France. This was a desperate work, and such as no one had ever undertaken. The place was defended with a triple wall, each wall had its own ditch; and while the gates were so strong as to be deemed impregnable, lofty towers crowned the battlements, and from them, without fear of besiegers, the soldiers could pour down showers of arrows or other missiles. Provisions lay in store for the sustenance of a very numerous garrison for a much longer time than any siege was likely to last; and the Baron, with his fighting men, cared little for the approach of Richard. For what could valour do against a place whose defences were superior to any engines that had yet been brought to play upon its fortifications, unless, haply, the resources of an entire state might be expended in the tedious and expensive process of three successive victories?

To oppose efforts correspondent, in some degree, to the strength of Taillebourg, Richard resorted to measures of extreme cruelty. He killed the cattle on the pastures, cut down the vineyards, burnt the villages, and demolished every building, while his tents encircled the town, which could give no succour to the helpless population of its territory. Geoffrey saw the smoke of burning habitations on all points of the horizon, but could not go to prevent or to avenge the mischief without abandoning the capital of his domains; and then, to his terror, he saw vast engines rise by the hands of innumerable workmen, close under the outermost wall. Terror spread among the inhabitants, and not less among the soldiers; and in common council holden, it was determined to hazard all by one bold sally, rather than be pent up and ignominiously perish.

Richard, perceiving some appearance of this movement, prepared his men to rush on the enemy at his first approach, and beat him back. In the opened gates the soldiers of Rancun found themselves compelled to fight, not in assault, but in defence. The battle grew fierce. They plied every weapon and strained every nerve. "Whatever horse, or lance, or helm, or sword, or bow, or

CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGES.

sling, or shield, or mail, or stake, or club could serve, was tried, but failed in trial." The fainting mass gave way, and glad was he who could make good his retreat. Over the residue, Richard and his host trampled; and conquerors and conquered mingled promiscuously in the streets of Taillebourg. Geoffrey Rancun himself, pursued by the hostile soldiery, escaped with difficulty to the citadel. The inhabitants found no place of refuge from rapine; and when the pillage was finished, the victorious Duke caused the houses to be burnt down. Geoffrey, unable to hold out in the citadel, surrendered. That stronghold was then demolished, and the walls of the town were levelled to the ground.

Passing thence, Richard executed like vengeance on a few castles, whose owners, remembering that they had provoked his vengeance by overt acts of rebellion, had allowed refuge to thieves and fugitives, with whom they made common cause.* The Count of Angoulême surrendered the city of that name, with the castle of Montignac, which he himself dismantled; † and thus Richard felt confident that he had trodden out the last spark of civil war in his territory, and came over to England once more, where his father, proud of a son who had no equal in the rude valour of that age, gave him a most honourable reception.

CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGES.

On reviewing those exploits, Richard of Aquitaine could scarcely have been disquieted with any consciousness of guilt. Cruelty, however extreme, was not thought sinful, if executed on an enemy. To cut off the hand or pluck out the eye of a culprit was lauded, by the clerical annalists of even much later times, as methods of effectually preventing sinners from relapsing into sin; and yet more horrible mutilations were inflicted as legal penalties. To exterminate the disaffected or the heretical population was deemed an act of piety, and evidence of wisdom. He had only done what was accounted right by all except sufferers and survivors, and might therefore view the devotions of England with a light heart as quite proper

* Diceto.

† Hoveden.

for penitents, such as his father, for example, but scarcely necessary for himself.

Magnificent, beyond comparison, were those devotions. The honours paid to the body of the Apostle at Compostela were far inferior to those lavished at the shrine of the contumacious Archbishop at Canterbury. Endless crowds of persons, from all parts of the Poppedom, resorted to this high seat of superstition, to pray for pardon and lay down their offerings, and to gratify their curiosity amidst the concourse, or feed their vanity while fulfilling the demands of an established fashion. Henry II. had lately gone thither, in great pomp of penance. The Archbishop of Rheims had also made pilgrimage, and seen the abasement of England at the feet of the Roman Bishop, fitly represented by the mania of Englishmen and Englishwomen in the adoration of their new saint. And the demonstration must have been complete when the French Prelate saw the King of England at his side, a prostrate penitent.

Shortly after this royal excursion to Canterbury, Richard came over to England; but it does not appear that he thought it necessary to follow the fashion so far as to visit the tomb of Becket, but confined his care to matters that concerned his own duchy, not then having any reason to expect that he should ever ascend his father's throne.

But the most splendid pilgrimage, of all yet witnessed, was performed by Louis VII. of France. According to a custom then prevalent, he had proposed to crown his son Philip, as heir to the kingdom, in order to make sure of the succession, and the time had come for the coronation; but Philip, then but fourteen years of age, lay in peril of death. He had lost himself in a forest when hunting, and the sickness was brought on by terror. In a dream, as it is a custom of chroniclers to relate in such cases, Louis was divinely admonished to go to the tomb of the glorious martyr, and ask deliverance for his child, and an eternal kingdom for himself.

Neither he nor any of his predecessors had ever trodden the soil of England, either in peace or war; but he sent over to ask permission to visit Canterbury, with the name and habit of a pilgrim, attended by a very small number

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of his nobles. Henry gave instant permission ; and, that no mark of respect might be wanting, he rode all night to be in readiness to meet the French King on landing. On August 22d, 1179, Louis and his train came on shore at Dover, and were welcomed with every possible demonstration of honour. The Archbishop and several Bishops, Earls and Barons, Priests and people, met the two Sovereigns outside the gates of Canterbury, and followed them in a solemn procession to the cathedral, singing hymns and canticles, with extreme joy celebrating the visit of so great a Prince. Gold and silver, to an incalculable amount, showered from the purses of Louis and his attendants, to establish the praise of Gallic munificence. To cheer the Priests, ministrant in the presence of the martyr, King Louis ordained an annual oblation of a hundred measures * of wine, to be sent over from Paris by himself and his heirs for ever, in reverence of the martyr. And he laid a massive golden chalice on the altar, and a precious stone, said to be the most valuable in all Europe.† And “as fame, ever given to make the worst of things, had set a note of cupidity upon the Romans,—who, if they had been present, would have longed to satisfy their own greediness,—the manifold stores of the King of England, and the treasure which had been accumulated from of old, and was now poured forth and made common for the entertainment of strangers, might have well sufficed, if gains, rather than devotions, had attracted them.” ‡

In fasting, prayers, and vigils, the French King spent three days at Canterbury ; and then, after accepting an entertainment from Henry for the sake of showing himself friendly, he embarked at Dover on the 26th day of the same month.

Some idea of the value to that church of the famous Canterbury pilgrimages may be gathered from a statement of Burnet concerning the *recorded* accounts of offerings at the three greatest altars, that of Christ, that of the Virgin, and that of Becket.

* “Modios.” I have not endeavoured to reduce this to our present measure.

† Burnet, Hist. Reformation, part i., book iii.

‡ Diceto.

KING RICHARD I.

“In one year there was offered at Christ’s altar £3. 2s. 6d.; to the Virgin’s altar, £63. 5s. 6d.; but to St. Thomas’s altar, £832. 12s. 3d. But the next year the odds grew greater; for there was not a penny offered at Christ’s altar, and at the Virgin’s only £4. 1s. 8d.; but at St. Thomas’s £954. 6s. 3d.”

“Nor did they think it enough to give him one day in the Calendar, the 29th of December; but unusual honours were devised for this martyr of the liberties of the Church, greater than any that had been given to the martyrs for Christianity. The day of raising his body, or, as they called it, of his translation, being July 7th, was not only a holiday, but every fiftieth year there was a jubilee for fifteen days together, and indulgence was granted to all who came to visit his shrine, as appears from the record of the sixth jubilee after his translation, *anno* 1420; which bears that there were then about a hundred thousand strangers come to visit his tomb. By such arts they drew an incredible deal of wealth to his shrine. The riches of that, together with his disloyal practices, made the King” (Henry VIII.) “resolve, both to unshrine and unsaint him at once. And then his skull, which had been much worshipped, was found an imposture. For the true skull was lying with the rest of his bones in his grave. The shrine was broken down, and carried away; the gold that was about it filling two chests, which were so heavy that they were a load to eight strong men to carry them out of the church.” *

SAD NEWS FROM PALESTINE.

The royal penitent, on return to France, found his son in a state of convalescence; but his own health gave way, and, smitten with paralysis, he could not be present at the coronation, which took place in the cathedral of Rheims, on November 1st. He lingered until September 18th, 1180, when his death left Philip reigning Sovereign.

To assist in the arbitration of some dispute between the Counts of Flanders and Clermont, the King of England met Philip at St. Remi, on the Norman frontier, towards the end of April, 1181; and at that conference some Knights of the Temple and of the Hospital of St. John of

* Burnet, *ut supra*.

SAD NEWS FROM PALESTINE.

Jerusalem presented themselves to the two Kings, with letters from Pope Alexander III., exhorting them to take pity on the Christians of Palestine, whose cause those cavaliers pleaded with impassioned earnestness.

Baldwin IV., King of Jerusalem,* was eaten up with

* The following table, from Wilken (*Commentatio de Bellorum Cruciatorum, ex Abulfeda Historiâ, Gotting. 1798*) exhibits the brief duration of the power of the Franks in Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia, with the names of the Kings of Jerusalem, Princes of Antioch, and Counts of Tripoli and Edessa.

I.—KINGS OF JERUSALEM.

	Hegira.	A.D.
1. <i>Geoffrey de Bouillon</i> . Reigned one year. Died July 8th, 1100	495	1100
2. <i>Baldwin I.</i> , his brother, died	511	1118
3. <i>Baldwin II.</i> , or Baldwin du Bourg, nephew of Baldwin I., died August 21st	526	1131
4. <i>Fulk</i> , Count of Anjou, died November 13th	536	1142
5. <i>Baldwin III.</i> , his son, died February 11th	558	1162
6. <i>Amoury</i> , son of Fulk, died February 11th	569	1173
7. <i>Baldwin IV.</i> , son of Amoury, died	581	1185
(Baldwin V., son of Sibylla, wife of Baldwin IV. by a former husband, was associated by Baldwin in the kingdom when a child of but seven years, having for his guardian Raymond, Count of Tripoli; but he died soon after Baldwin, poisoned, as some say, by Sibylla his mother, who married Guy de Lusignan, and gave him the kingdom.)		
8. <i>Guy de Lusignan</i> , died	591	1194
(Saladin took Jerusalem in 1187, and afterwards Richard I. of England gave him the island of Cyprus in exchange for the title of King of Jerusalem.)		
9. <i>Henry</i> , Duke of Champagne, who also called himself Duke of Acre, died	593	1196
10. <i>Amoury de Lusignan</i> , King of Cyprus, bearing the title of King of Jerusalem, died	602	1205
(After his death, Jean de Brienne was called King of Jerusalem; but he gave the title to the Emperor, Frederic II., in the year 1225.		

Henceforth no King was at Jerusalem.)

II.—PRINCES OF ANTIOCH.

1. <i>Bohemond I.</i> , Prince of Tarentum, died	502	1108
2. <i>Bohemond II.</i> , his son		
3. <i>Raymond I.</i> , Count of Poitou, received the principedom by marriage with Constantina, Princess of Antioch. Died in battle, June 27th	543	1148
4. <i>Reginald de Chatillon</i> . Killed by Saladin	582	1187
5. <i>Bohemond III.</i> , son of Raymund I., died	598	1201

KING RICHARD I.

leprosy. That foul disease had blinded him; and thus, shut up in darkness, and excluded from intercourse with any but the members of his household, or a few humane, yet wayward, Captains, who might pity, but would not obey, a King found unable to coerce, was utterly incompetent to govern even the shadow of a kingdom. Unwilling to delegate his office to any one competent to exercise its functions, because he knew that such a Regent would cause him to be soon forgotten, he employed one Guy de Lusignan, a feeble person, to take his place in the administration of government. Thus the leper held the reins, while Guy, to supply his lack of strength, pulled them; and the combined incapacity and cross-purposes of the two drivers, was oversetting the chariot of the state.

One Arnaud de Chatillon, a soldier of fortune, of ill reputation in Europe, had risen to be Lord of Carac, a fortified place on the frontier of Syria, known to the ancients by the name of Petra of the Desert, because it commanded an entrance to the desert of Arabia. In contempt of truce with the Saracens, this person assumed

	Hegira. A.D.	
6. <i>Raymond II.</i> , son of Bohemond III., killed	621	1224
7. <i>Bohemond IV.</i> , son of Raymund II., died	649	1251
8. <i>Bohemond V.</i> , son of Bohemond IV., died	673	1275
9. <i>Bohemond VI.</i> , son of Bohemond V.: Kelaoun, Sultan of Egypt, took Antioch from him, and the principality fell	688	1289

III.—COUNTS OF TRIPOLI.

1. <i>Raymond I.</i> , Count of Thoulouse, died	499	1105
2. <i>Bertrand</i> , his son, took possession of Tripoli. A.D. 1109, died	506	1112
3. <i>Pontius</i> , son of Bertrand, killed in battle.....	527	1131
4. <i>Raymond II.</i> , son of Pontius, killed in battle	543	1146
5. <i>Raymond III.</i> , son of Raymond II., died without an heir	584	1188
The county passed over to Raymond II. of Antioch.		

IV.—COUNTS OF EDESSA.

Baldwin, made King of Jerusalem, A.D. 1100, gave Edessa to

1. <i>Baldwin du Bourg</i> , his nephew.	511	1118
When he became King of Jerusalem, he gave Edessa to		
2. <i>Joscelin I.</i> , a relative. After him		
3. <i>Joscelin II.</i> , his son, who died	526	1131
4. <i>Joscelin III.</i> , from whom Ernad ed-din took Edessa ...	539	1144

the habits of a bandit, attacking and robbing the caravans that passed that way, and then murdering the merchants. Emboldened by success, he conceived a scheme for advancing upon Mecca, intending to pillage the sacred city of Mohammed; and boasted that he was making preparations for carrying the project forthwith into execution. Hearing of this intention, the Emir, who commanded in Damascus, took the field, and, without following the bad example of breach of treaty by attacking Arnaud in his own stronghold, provided the pilgrims on their way towards Mecca with strong escorts for protection.

And the military orders of Templars and Hospitallers, not thinking themselves bound to keep faith with infidels, and accounting it inglorious to put up the sword into its scabbard, even when their own King, by the articles of a truce, had bound himself to do so, took to their horses and scoured the country, robbing and murdering as many as fell into their hands; and the helpless King of Jerusalem, or his Regent, Guy de Lusignan, had no power to restrain them, nor even courage to reprove.

Saladin, now Lord of Egypt and a great part of Syria, repaid those breaches of common honesty, and that contempt of all those rules of honour which even chivalry should have held sacred, by some terrible reprisals. For example: he surprised and routed an encampment; but, with a humanity that might have put the Franks to the blush, spared the lives of a hundred who remained prisoners in his hands, and among them the Master of the Templars, or, as the Syrian annalist words it, *Master of the Friars*.* Thence he rushed to a castle that they had newly built on the left bank of the Jordan, at a place called "Jacob's Ford," and attacked it furiously. Five hundred of those military Friars, in despair of deliverance, resolved on self-destruction, set the castle on fire, and then perished, some jumping into the flames, and some leaping from the battlements into the river. A few, preferring a more martial way of dying, fell upon their own swords. Saladin rased the deserted castle to the dust; and the terror-stricken Franks made Europe ring with echoes of their lamentations. The cavaliers at St. Remi presented the Pope's letters to the Kings and Bishops,

* Abulfaragii Chronicon Syriacum. Edit. Kirsch, p. 381.

and prayed for the instant proclamation of a new crusade ; but their audience was not at that moment prepared to enter on such an expedition. Still, as duty to the Church and fashion required a respectful hearing, and good promises, both these were given.

Meanwhile the Saracens in Palestine maintained their hostile attitude ; and the Franks—I cannot persuade myself to call them Christians—became more and more contemptible for vices of all kinds, and for miserable dissensions among themselves. The fool-hardy Arnaud actually penetrated Arabia; and when at the distance of but ten leagues from Medina, he and his people were surprised by the Moslems, who utterly dispersed them, and Arnaud himself, escaping with great difficulty, found his way back to the fortress of Carac, together with a small number of his men. Some who survived the fight, were taken to Mecca, and there put to death. Others, carried to Egypt, died, by sentence of the Cadis, like the vilest criminals.

Saladin, finding no redress at Jerusalem, where there was no power to restrain the perfidious doings of the Templars, marched his troops into Syria and Palestine, that he might curb their insolence, or inflict reprisals. A large ship, too, crowded with pilgrims,* ran on shore at Damietta : Saladin made the pilgrims prisoners, and demanded ransom from the King, saying, truly enough, that the period of peace was over. But ransom could not be had : the captives were laden with irons, and the Sultan, with his brother Malec el Adel, or Safaden, let loose fire and sword on the open country. Then the Franks, unprepared for the renewal of war, as they were watching the young crops, and hoping for a harvest, suddenly saw their dwellings in flames, and their gardens, vineyards, and oliveyards, trodden down by the Moslem cavalry. Calamities fell too thickly to be enumerated, much less to be described.

Dismal tidings again came to the Pope, the Emperor, the Kings, the Prelates. Shame and indignation burned in the bosoms of the nobler. Even the vulgar hated the Paynims with a tenfold bitterness, and the spirit of

* Some say, with 1,500, others with 2,500. Even the lesser number would seem too large, and the larger almost incredibly great, if it were not that some of the *busses* were very capacious.

crusade revived. Henry II. gave proof of participation in the common feeling by granting from England, in concurrence with his nobles assembled at Waltham, two thousand marks of silver and five hundred marks of gold to aid in the recovery of liberty in the east. This done, he went over to Normandy,* where his incorrigible son Henry was again in arms against him.

That was an unhappy meeting at Waltham. The Barons and Bishops who there surrounded him, saw, to their grief, special envoys from the Pope, who came to ask a subsidy for the assistance of that Priest-Prince to make terms with the Romans. Both clergy and laity grudged the money; but they advised him to give as much as he might think fit, both for himself and them, but to do it in his own name only. "For," said they, "we would rather reimburse you, if you wish it, than that the Pope should send Nuncios into England, to levy a subsidy on us, which might grow into a custom to the prejudice of the kingdom." The King followed their advice, and sent the Pope a large sum of money; with which, added to what he received from other Princes, he made peace with the Romans.†

At Waltham, too, the King made his will, not without some premonition of approaching death,—“as if he were to die on the morrow or the day after.”‡ The bequests §

* Wendover.

† So Fleury, *Hist. Eccles.*, lib. lxxiii., chap. 49, represents this transaction.

‡ Chron. Gervasii.

§ “To the house of the Militia of the Temple of Jerusalem, 5,000 marks of silver. To the house of the Hospital at Jerusalem, 5,000 marks of silver. For the common defence of the land of Jerusalem, 5,000 marks of silver, to be had at the hand and sight of the Masters of the Temple and Hospital at Jerusalem, besides the money which I have already given into the keeping of the aforesaid,” &c., “in gift for the defence of the said land of Jerusalem, unless I should choose to withdraw this bequest during my life. And to the other religious houses of the whole land of Jerusalem, for Lepers, for Prisoners, and for Hermits, 5,000 marks of silver, to be divided by hand and sight of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and the Bishops of the land of Jerusalem, and the Masters of the Temple and the Hospital. To the religious houses of England, of Monks, Canons, Nuns, Lepers, Prisoners, and Hermits of the same land, 5,000 marks of silver, to be divided by hand and sight of Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury,” &c. (four Bishops and the Justiciary of England.) “To the religious houses of Normandy, Monks,” &c., (as

were almost entirely to the Church ; but a glance at the substance of this will, as given underneath, will show the scope of liberality in those days, and enable the reader to judge how unreasonably the charity of our forefathers has been extolled. And, worst of all, it contains not a sentence of piety, nor a word of true benevolence. Of

above,) "3,000 marks of silver, by hand," &c., "of the Archbishop of Rouen," &c. (four Bishops.) "To the houses of Lepers of the same land, 300 marks of silver, to be divided by hand," &c. (of the above Prelates.) "To the Nuns of Moreton, 100 marks of silver. To the Nuns of Julers, 100 marks of silver. To the religious houses of the land of the Count of Anjou, my father, excepting the Nuns of the order of Fontevraud, 1,000 marks of silver, by the hand," &c., "of the Bishops of Caen and Anjou. And to the Nuns of the order of Fontevraud and their houses, 2,000 marks of silver, to be divided by the hand and sight of their Abbess. To the Nuns of St. Sulpice of Brittany, 100 marks of silver. To the house and entire order of Grand Mont, 3,000 marks of silver. To the house and entire order of Chartosa, 2,000 marks of silver. To the Cistercian house, and all the houses of the same order, except those which are in my own land, to which I have made my devise, 2,000 marks of silver, to be divided," &c., "by the Abbats of Citeaux and Clareval. To the house of Cluny, 1,000 marks of silver, besides what I have lent that house, which I now forgive them, unless, during my life, I should choose to demand it. To the house of the Greater Monastery, I forgive 1,000 marks which I have lent them, unless," &c. "To the Nuns of Marcelli, 1,000 marks. To the house of Premontre and all the order, excepting the houses that are in my land, 200 marks. To the house of Arroois," &c., "except," &c., "100 marks. To marrying poor and free women of England, who have nothing to help them, 300 marks of silver, to be divided by," &c. (four Bishops and the Justiciary.) "To marrying poor and free women of Normandy," &c., "100 marks, to be divided by," &c. (five Prelates.) "To marrying," &c., "of the county of Anjou, 100 marks of gold, to be divided by," &c. (two Bishops.)

"And this devise I have made in the aforesaid place, in the year of the incarnation of our Lord M.C.LXXXII., which I command you, my sons, by the fealty which you owe me, and by the oath which you have sworn, firmly and inviolably to keep, and that you do not lay your hands upon them who shall administer it. And whoever shall presume to hinder this, let him incur the indignation and curse of Almighty God and mine. And I command you also, ye Archbishops and Bishops, that by the oath you have made to me, and the faith which you owe to God and to me, you excommunicate in your assemblies with lighted candles, all that shall dare to infringe on this my devise. And know ye that the Lord Pope has confirmed this my devise, with his writing and seal, under threat of anathema." (Chron. Gervasii.)

Fourteen persons out of those present added their seals to the original will ; and, for greater security, three copies of it were put up on church-doors in Canterbury and Winchester.

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his motive, the King of England says nothing. Of the judgment-seat of God, although this aged Monarch expects soon to die, he says nothing. To his children, whom he addresses by name, he gives nothing, not even a word of kindness; while wealth, which ought not to have been altogether alienated from his family, not even in charity, is lavished upon Monks, Nuns, Knights of Jerusalem, and poor women, the last of whom were most likely to be deserted concubines of Priests.

And here let me say that I have selected from the depth of the dark ages, not an example of piety or moral grandeur, but merely one of eminence, a personage living amidst events of great notoriety and much influence in the subsequent history of England and in Europe, and surrounded with others of no small historical importance, in order to show what manner of men those were, destitute of the first elements of Christian knowledge, and sunk into a state of barbarism which it would be difficult to exaggerate. I have seen, once in my life, the saints of many churches brought together into common repositories, stripped of their finery, and ticketed for sale. In the niches, they had looked stately; but on the pavement they became vile: yet they were the same objects, only changed by being deprived of position and of worship. Such are most of the great men of that chivalric age, so far as religion is concerned. I would not do them the least violence; but merely take them down from the niche, and lamp, and altar of romance, and place them on the pavement of plain historic observation.

DISCORD AND DEATH.

We have seen that Henry II., after making his will, went across to Normandy. The Christmas-day of the year following (1183), he held his court at Caen, and there, for the last time, saw his three sons, Henry the King, Richard, and Geoffrey, eating together at his table. That family could never be long at peace.

Before the Christmas party was broken up, the King commanded his son Henry, as King of England, to receive homage from Richard his brother, as Duke of Aquitaine, and from Geoffrey, as Count of

Brittany. Geoffrey obeyed, and did homage to the crown of England for his county ; but Richard objected to place the duchy of Aquitaine under the crown of England ; and it must be remembered that, with the concurrence of his father, who had no claim whatever on the duchy as King of England, he had received it from the King of France. In agreement, however, with feudal customs, the transfer of homage from France to England might have been justified, inasmuch as Queen Eleanor brought that duchy with her to Henry II. Yielding, perhaps, to this consideration, Richard recovered from the anger which his father's demand had roused, and offered to do homage to young Henry. But Henry would not then receive his homage ; and his refusal to do so was equivalent with a declaration that he would endeavour to take the duchy by force of arms.

Indignant at such treatment, Richard quitted the court, and, returning to Poitou, began to fortify the old castles, build new ones, and be in readiness for war. Geoffrey marched to Henry with his army, and these two were thus allied in assault on their brother, Richard of Aquitaine. Richard, for his part, not having force enough to resist a combined attack, and unable to command the support of his own Barons, whom young Henry had spared no effort to corrupt, and that at the time when, in pursuance of his engagement to his father, he had compelled them to desist from conspiracy with his father's enemies, sent to King Henry the elder to pray for help. The application was successful ; and Henry II., at the head of a strong army,—I use the word "army" as I find it in the histories,—marched to Limoges, a castle belonging to his eldest son, and laid siege to it. Thus, the family that had lately kept Christmas together at Caen was rent by war. On one side Henry the father, and Richard ; and on the other, Henry the son, and Geoffrey his brother.

The perfidy of young Henry was as flagrant as his malice. After the departure of Richard, on that very New-Year's day, this Prince, of his own accord, none requiring, called together a large number of clergy and laity, and, taking the Gospels in his hand, swore upon them that, all the days of his life, he would render to the

King, his lord and father, entire fealty, and pay him due honour and service. Then, with a profession of great frankness, he told his father that he must disburden his mind of all rancour by saying, that he had bound himself to help the Barons of Aquitaine to rid themselves of the tyranny of his brother. And this acknowledgment of a traitorous league with Richard's discontented Barons confirms a statement made by contemporary writers, that he it was who had induced his father to propose the transfer of that duchy from France to England, hoping thus to get Richard into his power. The pretext, however, for hostility was, that Richard had deprived him of a castle; but Richard, at the desire of his father, gave up the castle, and so quashed the plot.

This being done, the three brothers met their father in Anjou, swore everlasting amity, and engaged themselves, by solemn oath, to submit their affairs, thenceforth, to his paternal arbitration.

From that conference, however, the rebel Barons of Aquitaine absented themselves, and therefore King Henry sent Geoffrey to invite them to come and join in the common bond of peace. But, forgetful of all reverence to his father, and in contempt of the oath just taken, Geoffrey returned not; but making common cause with the rebels, assisted them in predatory incursions into Normandy. Then, for a moment, Henry the younger took new ground, and implored his father to make peace between Richard and the Barons. But when his unsuspecting father went to Limoges, with but a few attendants, in order to make peace, the archers of Geoffrey twice shot their arrows on the aged King, and each time he narrowly escaped with life. The two sons pretended to disapprove of the first assault, but did not prevent the second; and it became evident that his own children would gladly have killed him, if their fear of vengeance from some other hand had not prevented them from burying their swords in his bosom.

This same Henry added to his infamy by assuming the character of a mediator between his father and the Barons, and entertaining him with feigned negotiations, while their bands were, with his connivance, ravaging the Norman territory, committing murders and rapine, burn-

ing houses and robbing churches. Yet he ate at the same table with his father, multiplied protestations of obedience, took the Cross, with the usual vow to go on crusade to Palestine, that he might wash away his sins in the blood of Pagans; and he even managed to weep copiously when his father endeavoured to deter him from setting out forthwith. Yet he went not.

Deluded by the sudden sanctimoniousness of this young man, Henry II. consented to deal mercifully with the Barons, and sent them messengers with proposals for peace; but the messengers were seized and beaten. Others were killed; and the two brothers, with their adherents, committed acts of contempt and insolence towards their father which almost seem incredible. Perjury, sacrilege, and robbery, all at his expense, served them daily for amusement.

On hearing of those enormities, the Archbishops of England and Normandy, with a large number of Bishops and other clergy, assembled at Caen, and pronounced an excommunication on all who should prevent the establishment of peace between the King father and his sons, excepting, however, him whom they ought to have excommunicated at once, or else forced to do some heavy penance. They excepted Henry the son, because he, too, was King.

This privileged youth then repaid the forbearance of the clergy by robbing the shrine of one St. Adamantor, and carrying off the treasures of the Church, to supply, as he said, present necessities.

Perhaps the interposition of the clergy then saved the life of the King; but the parricidal son, deserted by his accomplices in crime, and debased from the dignity of a crowned King to the condition of a savage marauder, fell sick in the village of Martel, near Limoges. Fever preyed upon him, dysentery wore him down, the pains of death compassed him, and the terrors of hell gat hold upon him. In that condition he sent to his father, praying that he would come and forgive him before he died. But his father, suspecting that the tale of sickness and dying were but invented to entrap him, durst not venture to the place.

As the hour of dissolution drew near, the young parricide called together all the Bishops and "religious men"

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that were at hand, and, first privately, then before them all, confessed his sins, received penance and absolution, and gave his cross to one William Marshall, an attendant, with a charge to carry it to Jerusalem. The last scene might have been solemn, but for the circumstance that great sinners had a fashion of dying in penitential state, and their acts of humiliation, being only imitative and customary, failed to be their own. Stripped of his usual clothing, he caused them to cover him with sackcloth, and put a rope about his neck; and in that penitential guise he addressed the Bishops and others thus:—"By this rope I deliver myself up to you, Ministers of God, an unworthy sinner, guilty and deserving punishment, praying that our Lord Jesus Christ, who remitted his sins to the thief repentant on the cross, through your prayers, and through His unspeakable mercy, may have pity on my soul." To this they all responded, "Amen." And he proceeded: "Drag me out of bed by this rope, and lay me on that bed of ashes." A quantity of ashes was made ready for the ceremony, and they did as he had said. At his head they laid one large square stone, and another at his feet; and, all things having been rightly performed, ("omnibus rite peractis,") he directed that his body should be carried to Rouen, in Normandy, and there buried. After giving this direction, "furnished with the viaticum of the most holy body and blood of the Lord, he gave up the ghost in the fear of the Lord."

Thus Roger of Hoveden describes the end of this miserable young man. He descants forcibly upon his guilt, he brands him justly as a criminal; he says that every person rejoiced at his death, except only his father, who wept on hearing of it; and yet the annalist is content to represent him as prepared to enter heaven, merely by virtue of a ceremonious death-bed penance, with a mass to finish. Here was a notion of salvation without faith and without works: unless, indeed, an empty confession, such as God by His Prophets declares to be abominable, and such as the Saviour condemns as hateful hypocrisy, be counted for good works.

The servants of the deceased extracted his brains and bowels, and buried them at Martel. Then they sprinkled much salt upon the royal body, wrapped it in tanned

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lides, and enclosed the whole in lead. Thus prepared, the corpse was conveyed towards Rouen; but when the bearers came to Caen, they found that the Bishop of that city, with Priests and people, had been all night awake, singing hymns, and waiting their arrival. Priests and mob united to compel them to stay at Caen, and a compulsory burial was performed in the church of St. Julian. This exasperated the people of Rouen, who threatened to come and exhume the corpse by force, if it were not immediately sent forward to their city. The King commanded that it should be given up; and the church of St. Julian lost the honour of keeping the bones of a parricide, or, if sackcloth and ashes could work so great a transformation, the relics of a saint.

After celebrating the funeral at Rouen, King Henry laid siege to the castle of Limoges, took it, proceeded to chastise some rebel Barons elsewhere, and demolished some of the strongholds, leaving not one stone upon another. Geoffrey came to make peace with his father, and with Richard; and once more it was reported that the royal family of England had ceased from intestine war.

But no sooner have we read of this reconciliation, than we find by the Chronicles that peace is broken, that Richard is in arms again, defending himself, as it would seem, with some justice, against his father, who, forgetting his son's rights as Duke of Aquitaine and Count of Poitou, requires him to surrender those territories, and threatens to visit him with a rod of iron, if he will not. By a show, at least, of submission, Richard averts the stroke; and during a brief pacification, we are left at leisure to mark the multiplying indications of a foreign war that the future Sovereign of England will wage with the Saracens in Palestine.

THE PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM IN ENGLAND.

In the year 1185, towards the end of January, Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, came to England to represent the wretched condition of the Christians in Palestine, and to implore help. Wretched, indeed, they were; and not least of their calamities was the extreme immorality of the Prelates and the whole body of clergy. Heraclius

himself was said to be pre-eminent in sin, shamelessly squandering the offerings of the people in the indulgence of his passions, and wasting his revenues on harlots. But he came into Europe, nevertheless, to beg for the Holy Land.

He brought some very sacred objects to move King Henry to benevolence, and displayed them to him at Reading.

First: A begging letter from Pope Lucius III., which we may recite, although it is not yet opened. The "servant of the servants of God bade health and blessing to the illustrious King of the English," and then unfolded his desires. All the Kings of the English, he was pleased to say, had excelled all other Monarchs in the world in glory of arms, and in nobility of soul. They had been patrons of all faithful people in seasons of adversity; and therefore with entire confidence the suffering Christians of Palestine cast themselves upon the mercy of Henry II., at a time when peril, nay, when extermination, threatened. The arm of "his royal magnitude," they hoped, would bring succour to the members of Christ, who had raised him to his present height of excellence, and ordained that he should become an impregnable wall of defence against the impugners of that sacred name. "His serenity" must have heard the frequent and bitter complaints that resounded from the kingdom of Jerusalem,—special heritage of the Crucified,—a land which the Creator of all things had set apart for Himself, and favoured with peculiar privileges. That land was now overrun, and trodden down, by a most perfidious and filthy people, and, unless quickly succoured, would be ruined without remedy, to the irreparable damage of the Christian religion.

Lucius then recounted the evil doings of Saladin, that most fierce persecutor of the Christian name; and after descanting, as pathetically as he could, on the misery and calamity that had befallen the representatives of Christianity in the kingdom of Jerusalem, he implored "his magnificence," in these apostolic letters, to enlarge his heart, and make haste to remedy the desolation, and drive away the confusion, of that sacred land. A motive, also, might be supplied to "his highness," by the con-

sideration that that kingdom just now needed the protection of a King, and that its great men placed in him only their entire hope of defence. But the Pope's "venerable brother," Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and his beloved son, the Master of the Hospital, will give all needful explanation, and add all necessary intreaty. The Pontiff charges him to give them a kind reception, and to comply with their desires; and then, referring to his penitential vows after the death of Becket, winds up with the clear hint following:—

"Indeed, *your prudence* will remember, and with careful meditation will revolve within yourself, that promise wherewith you bound your excellency to afford succour to the land aforesaid, and will show yourself so careful and attentive in this matter, that your conscience accuse you not in the tremendous judgment, and that the questioning of that severe Judge who is not to be deceived condemn you not." *

I do not criticise this letter of the Pope, nor try to fix the standard of Christianity that might have been then extant at Rome, but call on a witness, at the same time living in Palestine, to give his description of those Christians with whose overthrow, it was said, Christianity itself would be in danger of ruin.

"Instead of our fathers, who were religious men, fearing God, has arisen a new race, most wicked and abandoned. They have cast off Christian faith. Without restraint, and even without knowing or caring why, they everywhere trample upon every law; and are as bad, or worse than they who said to God, 'Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways.' From these, being provoked to anger, the Lord has justly withdrawn His grace, in punishment of their sins. Such are the men of the present age, and especially in the East, whose manners, or, rather, whose monstrous vices, defy description; and if one were to endeavour to reduce them to history, he would seem to be writing satire." Thus speaks William, Bishop of Tyre.†

James, Bishop of Acre,‡ who wrote his History of Jerusalem soon afterwards, goes further into detail than I can choose to follow him. Among other things, he says:—

* Hoveden.

† Lib. xxi.

‡ Lib. lxi.—lxxii.

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“After that almost the whole world, with alms, oblations, and various gifts, had become tributary to the Prelates of the Churches, and to the regulars, the shepherds did no more than feed themselves, taking the fleece and milk of the flock, but caring nothing for their souls. Made examples of treachery to their inferiors, those fat kine of the hills of Samaria grow wealthy upon the poverty of Christ, proud over His humility, boastful by His reproach. On the patrimony of Christ they fatten, swagger, and wax rich; forgetting that our Lord bade Peter *feed* the sheep, not *shear* them. They seek their own things, not what is due to Jesus Christ. Blind leaders of the blind, dogs that cannot bark, they have pompously intruded into the house of the Lord, and, having the key of knowledge, suffer none else to enter in. Miserably covered with the leprosy of Gehazi, they set up again in the churches everywhere the tables of the money changers which the Lord had overthrown, and the seats of them that sell doves; saying, with Judas, ‘What will ye give us, and we will betray Him to you?’ They all love gifts, they follow bribes, they take away the keys from Simon Peter, and give them to Simon Magus. From their Lord’s table they do not only throw crumbs to the dogs, they take the loaves, and fling them to their own puppies, impure offspring of their impurities.” The Monks had grown wealthy, broken through all discipline, and then destroyed one another. The various ecclesiastical bodies were armed against each other, and the last shadow of discipline had passed away. As for the laity, this censor describes their licentiousness so broadly, that I may not lift the veil. Certainly, if what he writes is true, the manners of Jerusalem were little better than those of the cities of the plain. And if the western world had not been as deeply sunk in ignorance as they, people would have thought it better to leave the Christians of Palestine to be humbled by the Saracens, than to continue their supplies of men and money to aid a sensual priesthood and a degraded people.

Then he describes the Pullans, or Creoles of Palestine, in whom were mingled Syrian and European blood. They had the luxury and jealousy of Orientals, were dissolved in effeminacy, and degraded by every refinement of licen-

tiousness. In religion they were Christians by profession, but by practice Pagans. The spurious Christianity of Europe had little of their observance. They abandoned themselves to witchcraft, and the wildest superstitions of the East and West combined. So much for the subject of the letter.

Secondly : Together with the Patriarch, the Master of the Hospital, and a train of Hospitallers and Templars, presented themselves to King Henry, bearing a blessed banner, the standard of the King of Jerusalem, that should be carried, as they hoped, with his army, and planted triumphantly on the walls of cities now profaned by the occupation of the Saracens.

Thirdly : They also bore the keys of the city of Jerusalem, of the tower of David, and of the sepulchre of our Lord. Fulk, an uncle of King Henry, had been King of Jerusalem ; and therefore they called on him, as heir to that crown, to reconquer the realm for the Church.

On their first approach they threw themselves on the ground, and performed the ceremony of weeping,—one of those monkish tricks which is now almost unknown among us,—with long-continued sobbings ; and, when this was finished, delivered the royal banner, and the keys, repeated a message from the chiefs whom they had left behind, and delivered to the King the letter that I have described above.

The King took the sacred objects, replied that, God willing, all would go on well, and appointed a time and place for giving them an answer, the first Sunday of Lent, and London.

Not on Sunday, March 10th, according to appointment, but on Monday, 18th,* the King, the Patriarch, the Bishops, Earls, and Barons of England, with William King of Scotland, and David his brother, and the Earls and Barons of their kingdom, met at Clerkenwell. Many of the assembly, moved by the preaching of Heraclius and of Baldwin, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, had already taken the Cross ; and the King solemnly adjured all his faithful servants to

* I follow Roger of Wendover for this date. The delay of eight days indicates reluctance, probably in the Barons. Or it might have been caused by the distance of the King of Scotland.

make public what they thought would tend to the salvation of his soul, adding, that he was strongly disposed to follow whatever advice they should offer. They joined in deliberation, and their advice to the King was, that, whatever his subjects might do, he should not himself leave his kingdom to suffer while he carried on an uncertain warfare in the far distant East. And, for his own part, he feared to leave his dominions in Europe, lest they should fall into the hands of his sons, one of whom was again in arms, and of the French, whose friendship, at the best of times, was but a covert enmity. He therefore answered the Patriarch accordingly.

Enumerating the many and great dangers that would certainly follow, if he left his kingdom to go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he told Heraclius that he could not incur such hazard, nor leave the kingdom without protection against the rapacity of the French; but that he would give liberal aid, in money, to as many as chose to set out for the rescue of the Eastern Church. To this the Patriarch, in great anger:

“King, thou doest nothing. We came to ask for a Prince, not for money. Any part of the world will send us money, but none can send a Prince. We therefore want a man, who may look for money, not money that a man may get.”

Henry recollected Becket, and had meditated on the monitory letter from Pope Lucius. He did not, therefore, yield to anger, but kept silence, and Heraclius haughtily quitted the assembly. Perhaps it was after his departure, if not at another meeting, that the representatives of England—if I may so call the Earls and Barons—advised their King to consult Philip Augustus of France, and not to leave Europe unless in company with that King, and under some agreement for the peaceful government of both kingdoms in their absence.

Thus resolved, Henry went to Windsor, and there disposed of his son John by making him a knight, and sending him over to Ireland, to be King, if the Irish would suffer him. And at the prayer of Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, Henry released his Queen Eleanor from prison, where she had been shut up for about twelve years, apparently with the intention of removing her from

England. She soon went over to Aquitaine, and took possession of that duchy, which was open to her by the submission of Richard to his father, as I have already noted. That satisfied her husband's wishes, and she soon found herself again in durance, until his death should be the signal of her deliverance.

On the day after Palm-Sunday, (April 15th,) an earthquake shook almost all England, "such as from the beginning of the world had not been heard of," thinks Hoveden; "for rocks were rent, and stone houses fell. The metropolitan church of Lincoln was cleft from top to bottom." The shocks found Henry, Heraclius, the Bishop of Durham, and many chief men, at Dover, ready to cross the Channel on the Tuesday; and we can hardly imagine that the crusaders would fail to make some use of such an occurrence to stir up the superstition of the reluctant Monarch. Whether using this opportunity or not, Heraclius resumed the subject of his mission; and finding that although the King of England had condescended to overlook his insolence at Clerkenwell, and to conduct him with great honour to the place of embarkation, he would not swear to take the Cross, he broke out again more violently:

"Hitherto thou hast reigned gloriously; but now, He whom thou hast deserted will desert thee. Remember what the Lord has given to thee, and what thou didst return to Him; how thou wast unfaithful to the King of France, and how thou didst kill the blessed Thomas; and that now thou art refusing to give protection to the Christians."

For a moment thrown off his guard, the King betrayed great anger; and then the Patriarch, ambitious of a larger figure than he had yet been able to put on, stretched out his neck, and, walking up to the King, with his shaven crown foremost, cried:

"Do to me as thou didst to Thomas. I should rather like to be killed by thee in England, just as I might be by the Saracens in Syria: for thou art worse than any Saracen."

To whom the King, indignant: "If all my men were one body, and could speak with one mouth, they would not dare to utter such things in my presence."

In return, the Patriarch: "It is no wonder that they

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love not *thee*, but *thine* : for this mob that follows thee is made up of slaves, not men."

Then the King, fearful, and expostulating : "I cannot go ; for my sons would rise up against me in my absence."

To this the representative of the holy city, and key-bearer of the holy places, rejoined : "No wonder. They came from the devil, and to the devil they will go." Thus saying, he withdrew his foot from English soil, and got into a boat, to recross the Channel. King Henry was uneasy, and soon followed him, hastening to confer with Philip Augustus of France, according to the counsel of his Barons. Philip could not consent to go on pilgrimage ; and the two Kings agreed that they would remain at home, but offer men and money to the cause of Jerusalem. They did so, and the Patriarch bent his way eastward in sullen dissatisfaction.

Still smarting, however, under the rod of penance, Henry sent messengers to Urban III., who had just ascended the Papal throne, and asked permission to create one of his sons King of Jerusalem, with the understanding, of course, that a King thus made would go thither to attempt the government of that decaying realm. The Pope gladly gave consent, and, in token of good-will towards the intended King, sent over a new crown, consisting of a peacock's feathers, stuck into a ring of gold ; frail emblem of a dying royalty.

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Eighty-eight years has Jerusalem been in possession of the crusaders, but now intelligence comes that Saladin, Sultan of Egypt and Syria, has taken it from them, and that the kingdom is a wreck. In passing to a new scene, we must pause for a moment to survey our ground. No description borrowed from the sacred writings could serve to convey an idea of the Jerusalem of the twelfth century. Neither does the city as it now stands agree with that, the sepulchre perhaps excepted. The Bishop of Acre, whose picture of the inhabitants I have partially borrowed, tells us of Jerusalem as he saw it.*

The holy city Jerusalem, wherein our Lord exhibited

* Lib. lx.—lxiii.

bodily the mysteries of our redemption, is situate on a lofty hill, surrounded on all sides by a strong wall; is not remarkable either for smallness or magnitude, but of such a size that an arrow may be shot across it from wall to wall. On the western side it has a fort, constructed of large square stones, strongly cemented, and also bound together by melted lead poured into the joints between them. This fortification overlooks the city, and is called the Tower of David. Mount Sion is on the south, and the Mount of Olives on the east. On the rebuilding of Jerusalem by Ælius Adrian, the wall of the renewed city was extended beyond the site of the holy sepulchre, where the Christians afterwards, through reverence of the place, erected a fabric of circular form, arched over, and having an opening in the top. This was inclosed in the Church of the Resurrection, now regarded as chief among the holy places.

Here, says the Bishop, the body of the Lord was honourably buried, embalmed in spices. Here it rested until the third day, and on that day rose again. In this place the angels appeared to the holy women, and here the soldiers upon watch became as dead men. In this place, moreover, sacred fire descended from heaven on the eve of the resurrection. And while the faithful throughout the world say, "The Lord hath risen from His tomb, who for us hung upon the cross," the Canons of the Church of the Resurrection alone enjoy the prerogative of saying, "The Lord arose out of *this* tomb," towards which they and the congregation look. And in like manner, on Easter-Sunday, when it is said, "He is not here, but risen," the Deacon who reads the Gospel points with his finger to the sepulchre of our Lord. Here, too, is Calvary, most noble among holy places, for memory of our Saviour's passion. Here they nailed Him to the cross, and gave him vinegar and gall to drink. Here He was derided by the Jews, counted with transgressors, condemned to shameful death, made prayer for those who slew him, confided His mother to John, promised salvation to the thief, with crying and tears gave up the ghost, and shed blood and water from His side. Here they divided His raiment, and cast lots for His vesture. These very rocks were rent, and this ground

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quaked. On this earth flowed His blood, and on it fell the shadow when the sun was darkened.

Hither come devout pilgrims, bringing the offering of humble and contrite hearts; and, "as if they were trodden in the wine-press of His passion, shed tears of pity." This is Sion, city of our strength. There is a sweetness here that touches, refreshes, comforts, and feeds the soul by its pre-eminence of holiness. In this city the Lord ate with His disciples the paschal supper, washed the Apostles' feet, and left us an example of humility. Here it was that He ate with them his last supper, "instituted the New Testament, and gave to his disciples bread changed into his own body to eat, and wine changed into his own blood to drink." All the incidents in the history of the Lord's ministration were thus recounted by this enthusiastic Preacher of crusade; and again the people of the west pointed to this most holy city, where, on the day of Pentecost, the celestial flame descended, the sound of the mighty rushing wind was heard, and the gift of tongues conferred.

They even marked, as was imagined, a restoration of the ancient temple, "by faithful and religious men again repaired decently and magnificently in the same place, with wonderful and subtle artifice."* In this place, upon a rock, still preserved in the temple itself, they say that the destroying angel stood and appeared to David after he had sinned by numbering the people. And even the Saracens called this "the rock," and treated it with scrupulous religious reverence. In short, every event or minute occurrence recorded in the Old Testament, and every tradition, too, that could by any ingenuity be referred to these holy places, was recounted; and, to the exclusion of justice, mercy, and truth,—to say nothing of Gospel faith,—supplied the chief material to the Preachers for declamation, and to the Monks for gain.

But the traditional sanctity of the place, as it communicated no virtue to the inhabitants, neither could it

* This is pure fiction. After taking Jerusalem, (A.D. 637,) the Caliph Omar built a mosque on the site of the temple. This mosque was called *the temple* by Christian writers, as here by William of Tyre; but the invention has been long forgotten, and every one now understands that on the site of the temple of Herod the mosque of Omar was built.

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shield them from the judgment of Him whose name they desecrated, nor afford any defence against the valour of a greater Prince than any who had arisen among the Saracens since the foundation of that little kingdom by Geoffry de Bouillon in the year 1099. Let us add, then, to the above notice of the city as it was given by a contemporary, a few lineaments from a portraiture of the conqueror by one of his most faithful servants.*

SALADIN.

The reader may deduct from the panegyric of Bohadin, a fervent admirer of this great Sultan, as much as, hereafter, may seem necessary; but I will not weaken a sentence, so far as my pen can render it, through the Latin version of Schultens, in the few paragraphs that follow.

“Victorious King! Defender of the faith! Conqueror of the slaves of the Cross! Standard-bearer of justice and equity! Salvation of the world and of religion! Saladin, leader of the Mussulmans, and even Sultan of Islamism itself, who delivered the holy house of God † out of the hands of the idolaters, was preserver of two most holy cities. ‡ Almodaffer Joseph, son of Job the son of Schiadsî, whose sepulchre may God water with the dew of His favour, granting him, from the throne of His mercy, to taste of the sweetness of the fruits of faith! □

“Abu Beker delivered that the Prophet § was wont to say, that a just ruler is the shadow of God in the world, whom, even as he has done to others, God will cover with the shadow of his throne in the day when other shade there shall be none. But as for the dishonest ruler, a mischief to others and to himself, him will God make poor in the day of resurrection. Moreover, there is allotted to the just ruler the daily help of sixty most righteous servants of God, stoutly fighting for the good of his soul.

* *Bohadin*. Vita et Res Gestæ Sultani, Almalichi Alnasiri, Saladini, Abi Modafferi Josefi F. Jobi, F. Sjadsî, Auctore Bohadino F. Sjeddadi. Nec non excerpta ex Historia Universali Abulfedæ, etc. Edidit et Latine vertit Albertus Schultens. Ludg. Batav., 1732.

† The mosque of Omar.

‡ Jerusalem and Mecca.

§ Mohammed.

“Such a ruler did this Prince of pious memory prove himself to be. He was just, clement, merciful; protector of the poor against the powerful. Twice every week, on the second day and on the fourth, he devoted himself to the administration of justice, presiding over a company of lawyers, judges, and learned men, and allowed free and open access to litigants of every class and age,—great and small, even to old women and old men in their decrepitude; and this custom he adhered to when on journeys and abroad, as well as at home and in the city. At all other times he accepted whatever petitions were brought to him, daily opening the gates of justice, and never sending any one away who came into his presence on account of business or suit. A scribe sat by him day and night, to mark each petition with his rescript, according as his heart might be divinely inspired to reply.”

According to Bohadin, the great Sultan never suffered natural affection to warp him when called on to administer justice; and, being superior to the sordid spell of avarice, knew no better use of wealth than to shower it upon the poor and the deserving. He was brave, and combined the endurance of the soldier with the courage of the captain.

“When the enemy was daily in our presence, Saladin, again and again, rode out to reconnoitre; and once, when more than seventy ships anchored off Acre in a single night, and I had been counting them as they came in sight from the hour of evening prayer* until sunset, he was so far from being troubled, that it seemed to give him greater spirit. And in the hottest of the fight, he would ride constantly through the army, attended only by one servant with a horse, and so, galloping right and left, would give his orders to the divisions,† and bid them advance or halt, as he judged best, ever pressing hard upon the foe. In sight of both armies he would coolly ride on, attending to the book of traditions which I read, selecting all the most famous passages; and he never forgot what he heard upon the field of battle.”

He never manifested alarm, never yielded to impatience, was never hurried into precipitancy.

* At the decline of the sun from the meridian,—just after twelve o'clock. Koran, chap. xxvii. “The Night Journey.”

† Of which there were always five. Reland. Dissert. x., sec. 13.

“The most high God said,”—it is Bohadin who still speaks,—“They who march for us to holy war, them will we direct in our ways. Surely God is with them who perform good works.”

“On this care, then, of holy war, this most pious Prince was bent so absolutely in mind and thought, that you might have dared to swear with any oath that when he had once entered upon the contest, he would not spend a single piece of money except towards the expenses of this campaign. For so vehement a love and zeal for this holy war possessed him, that, if I may so speak, not only his *heart*, but his very ribs and breast, were all burning with it, and so ardently, that all his discourse, and meditation, and attention, and anxiety, all was directed to this single object; nor could he love any one who did not in like manner urge him to the performance of this work.”

This was the man who brought the resources of his kingdom to overwhelm the Franks. He was no fanatic, although a barbarian, and cruel; and notwithstanding his ostentation of reverence for the Koran and the Sonna, it does not appear that he was a very enthusiastic Mussulman. But he was a thorough soldier, and observed military ceremonies; and what is essential in the panegyric of him by Bohadin, as a ruler of his own people, is not contradicted by history. His victory, therefore, spread alarm through Europe; and unless the war could be carried on vigorously in the East, the Sovereigns might reasonably fear that it would be brought home to their own gates. And this is the antagonist whom Richard is to meet in Palestine, and whom he must check, if he cannot conquer. At least, he may gather renown from warfare with the greatest captain of the East.

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After taking Ascalon, and several places near Jerusalem, Saladin “made bare the leg of his strength,” and marched to the holy city, which he invested with his army. He had already won the victory over as large an army as the Franks could muster. Guy de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, was a captive, ignominiously carried in his train; and the true cross, as the crusaders called it, and which

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they had brought into the battle that its presence might render them invincible, was in his custody. The Knights of the Temple and St. John, whom he had taken prisoners, were decapitated in his presence, each one by an Emir or a Doctor. After this, the terror of his approach alone vanquished all the places that lay between Ascalon and Jerusalem.

First encamping on the western side of the city, the Sultan summoned its inhabitants to surrender, offering them liberty, and lands whereon to settle. But they refused; and he swore on the Koran that he would lay the walls prostrate, and give the people to the sword.

After spending some days on the same spot, and seeing many Saracens and Franks killed in fierce encounters, he removed to the north side, undermined the walls, and plied his engines. But, contrary to his vow, when the besieged threatened to burn down the mosque of Omar, and kill five thousand Mohammedan prisoners that were in their power, he thought fit to consent to other terms, and when the northern wall had fallen, entered Jerusalem.

All the Christians who could find means to comply with the condition, being compelled to depart, paid for their liberty at the rate of each man ten pieces of gold, each woman five, and each child two. The Patriarchs and Priests came out in procession, laden with silver, gold, and jewels from the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the wealth deposited by pilgrims. The Queen, say some, followed next, with Barons and Knights.

Those who could not pay the golden pieces were kept as prisoners, to be sold into slavery. Poor women, carrying their infants, rent the air with cries, and, moved to compassion, Saladin restored to many of them their captive husbands. He also allowed some Hospitallers to remain in Jerusalem to tend the sick.

Then he took possession of the city; purified the churches, as he said, from the idolatry that had been committed in them; and, to show his contempt for the displaced religion, caused a colossal crucifix that stood over the church of the temple to be dragged through the mire, and then the Saracens exulted, while they "beheld Islamism covered with a most splendid triumph."

A CRUSADE IS PREACHED.

The first intelligence of these calamities that reached Europe may be gathered from a letter from Terricus, Preceptor of the Temple. He announced that the scourge of God had fallen on the Holy Land, in punishment of the sins of its inhabitants; and related in a few startling sentences the destruction of the army on the plains of Tiberias, the loss of the holy cross, the capture of the King, and the slaughter of two hundred and thirty Templars in the presence of Saladin. At the moment when he wrote, Jerusalem, Acre, Ascalon, Tyre, and Beirout alone remained to the Christians; but he declared that, unless God and their brethren gave instant succour, they too must fall. Tyre could hold out no longer, surrounded as it was by an overwhelming multitude of Turks. Those Turks covered the land like ants, all the way from Tyre to Jerusalem and Gaza.*

Urban III., then in the midst of war with the Emperor Frederick I., and threatened with a ruin in his own states scarcely less terrible, received this intelligence in Ferrara; and, smitten with despair, fell sick and died. (October 19th, 1187.) The dreaded report of the capture of Jerusalem had not reached him,† but it came in time to add mourning to his funeral; and the court was, at first, struck dumb with horror. But the Cardinals hurried over the ceremony in the cathedral of Ferrara; and, after binding themselves by common agreement to relinquish wealth and pleasure, preach a crusade, and promote it by example as well as word, to take up the Cross, go begging for help, and set out first of all for the kingdom of Jerusalem, they elected Albert, Cardinal of St. Lawrence and Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church, who received their adoration as Gregory VIII.

Meanwhile the doleful rumour travelled westward. Richard was in his duchy when it reached him late one evening; and the next morning, very early, without waiting for any further summons, or consulting his father or any other Prince, he received, with great solemnity, "the sign of the Lord's pilgrimage and expedi-

* Hoveden. † Muratori, *Annali d'Italia*, anno 1187.

tion" from the hand of Bartholomew, Archbishop of Tours.* The flame of enthusiasm spread.

Scarcely had King Henry of England heard of the victory of Saladin, when a messenger came to him with tidings, that his son Richard, together with a great company of knights, had taken up the badge of pilgrimage, and was going to re-conquer the Holy City. But the King was so troubled on hearing of this new posture of affairs, and so angry that Richard should have taken the Cross without first consulting him, that he shut himself up for four days, and refused to admit any one into his presence, or to attend to any of the affairs of his kingdom.†

But it was not possible to evade the summons. However unwilling the nobility of England might be to waste their strength on a war in Palestine, without any prospect of advantage, either to their country or their Church, the time had come when refusal was no more possible. William, Archbishop of Tyre, soon came over on a mission to the Kings of England and France, and brought, as usual, a summons from the Pope Gregory VIII., addressed to "all Christ's faithful" without distinction, in an encyclical, meant to strike the key-note of one grand war-song, that should resound through Christendom.

"When we heard," says the affrighted Pontiff, "of the tremendous severity of judgment which the hand of the Lord had dealt on the land of Jerusalem, we and our brethren were confounded with so deep a horror, and afflicted with so many sorrows, that we knew not what to do or how to act, and could only utter a deploring cry, and say, in the language of the Psalmist, 'The Heathen are come up into Thy heritage, O God; they have defiled Thy holy temple; they have made Jerusalem a heap of stones. The dead bodies of Thy servants they have given to be meat unto the fowls of the air; and the flesh of Thy saints unto the beasts of the land.' Taking advantage of the dissension which the malice of men, at the instigation of the devil, had lately made in that country," (and provoked, he should have added, by the violation of a truce, and repeated perfidious assaults committed by those who call themselves his people, in spite

* Brompton, Diceto.

† Chron. Gervasii.

of oaths taken to observe peace,) "Saladin has come up into those parts with an armed multitude; and when the King, and Bishops, and Templars, and Hospitallers, and Barons, and Knights came forth to meet him with the people of the land, and with the Lord's cross,—that cross which heretofore had been a sure protection and dear defence against the incursions of the Pagans,—they joined battle, our party was beaten, the cross was taken, the Bishops cut to pieces, the King made captive, and almost all the people killed by the sword, or made prisoners by the enemy, so that but few escaped to tell the tale. The Templars and Hospitallers were slain in his presence. But few places remain that are not in his power; and we have now nothing to say but to repeat the words of the Prophet: 'O that my head were water, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep night and day for the slain of my people.' Yet we must not be so cast down with sorrow as to give way to mistrust, or to think that what God in anger has suffered to befall his people from a multitude of sinners, He will not alleviate in mercy when He is appeased, and change our mourning and weeping into joy."

After lengthy moralising, which would add nothing to our history, Gregory concludes his letter thus:—

"Fear not to give your earthly goods, little as they are, and that cannot long endure, to them for whom those goods are promised and laid up, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, and of which the Apostle speaks, when he says that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.

"To those, therefore, who shall undertake the labour of this journey with a contrite heart and humble spirit, and shall die in repentance of sins, and in true faith, we promise a plenary indulgence of their crimes," (indulgence given beforehand to true believers and penitents to commit *crimes!*) "and promise eternal life. But let them know, that whether they survive or are killed, they shall have release from making satisfaction for all their sins of which they make a right confession, through the mercy of Almighty God, and by the authority of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and of us. Their property, too, from the

time that they take the Cross, together with their families, are to be taken under the protection of the holy Roman Church, and of the Archbishops, Bishops, and other Prelates of the Church of God; and there must be no litigation raised concerning anything they had in quiet possession when they took the Cross, until their return, or, at least, until their death is certainly known; but until then their property must remain untouched. To the payment of usury" (interest) "also, if they are under bond to any one, they shall not be compelled; but they must not wear costly apparel, nor indulge themselves with keeping dogs or birds, which seem to minister to ostentation and luxury, rather than to necessary uses; but let them rather be moderate in appearance and in dress, wherein they may appear to be doing penance rather than affecting empty glory."

The proclamation of crusade was dated at Ferrara, October 29th, 1187.

And then, in order to the same business, the Pope adds a shorter letter, containing certain working orders. By advise of the Cardinals, many Bishops also approving, he appointed that all persons during the next five years should abstain from flesh at least on Saturdays, in the time between Advent and Christmas; and that, on all Thursdays and Saturdays, all persons in health should abstain from flesh. He and the Cardinals very properly began by imposing on their own families another additional fast on Mondays, except in case of sickness, or on the occurrence of high festivals, or if prevented by any other evident cause. Any transgressors of this new rule were to be held equally guilty with the breakers of a Lent fast.

News also came that the Emperor Frederic had taken the Cross; that, all over the Continent, the dignitaries of Church and State were putting on the sacred badge; and that many Princes were preparing to march to the help of Jerusalem. The Preachers were addressing vast congregations, and the days of Peter the Hermit seemed to have come back again. One Master Berther of Orleans wrote a lively Latin ballad, to be chanted by Priests and Monks after the crusade-sermons, to stir the multitude to take up the holy sign; and, after each stanza, this chorus resounded with the voice of thousands:—

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“ Lignum crucis, Signum ducis,
Sequitur exercitus ;
Quod non cessit, sed præcessit,
In vi Sancti Spiritûs.”

Trusting to follow the “ Holy Cross ” to victory over the cruel Saracens, we may fancy how lustily they would sing words like these :—

“ Sign of Jesus, standard precious,
Leads the host victorious ;
It never ceded, but preceded,
And Heaven made it glorious.”

The year 1188 dawned on Europe just as this new enthusiasm was wakening. The fire burnt hotter from day to day. On the 21st day of January, William of Tyre had the honour of meeting the English and French Kings at that place between Trie and Gisors where they were wont to hold their conferences when weary of fighting, or anxious to effect a negotiation. They were then enemies again ; but the Archbishop hoped to bind them in amity under the sovereign obligation of the Cross. As usual, Archbishops, Bishops, Earls, and Barons, appeared in armour and in robes, and the other great men of both kingdoms came upon the ground. But on that day, the representative of the Holy Land was chief speaker ; being invested with the authority of Gregory VIII., whose death, while preaching the crusade at Pisa, had not yet come to knowledge.

The mission of the Archbishop of Tyre was arduous indeed. He addressed himself first and chiefly to Henry, not only because in him there was greater reluctance to be overcome ; but also because his penitential vow after the death of Becket was yet upon him. Many hours were spent in deliberation or dispute ; and many plans proposed before they could arrive at any practical conclusion. At length, the two Kings came to the determination that each of them should take the Cross, and that they should depart at the same time, “ it appearing to each a safe precaution against the one invading the other, while absent ; for neither would venture to go unless the other went also.”* This agreed on, they exchanged the kiss of

* Geoffrey de Vinsauf.

peace, and knelt to be invested with the Cross, and take the blessing.

Fervent with the zeal that the calamities of Palestine and the peril of his own see could not but inspire, the orator seemed venerable, and almost divine. "Filled with the spirit of wisdom and understanding," says Hoveden, "he preached the word of God in a wondrous manner before those Kings and Princes, and turned their hearts to take the Cross; and they, he preaching and God working with him, were that day made friends, and received the Cross from his hand, *and in the same hour there appeared the sign of the Cross over them in the sky.*" As this is told by one who was probably present, we must either believe that the alleged miracle was an illusion, a fancy of some that they could see five stars in the clear sky;* or that it was an invention of the annalist merely to grace the story. Another goes on to say that "this miracle being seen, the people rushed in crowds to take the Cross."† And so great was the multitude and crush that day, that the people nearly fainted. To distinguish the nations in battle, the crosses of the English were white, those of the French red, and those of the Flemish green. A wooden cross erected on the ground, and a new church, were monumental of the event, and the name of "Holy Field" rested on the place.

At length Henry meant to go to Palestine, although in the decline of life, and in an enfeebled state of health. While the King of France, and Count of Flanders, went home to prepare for the expedition, he convened his council at Caen; and ordained a tax to be levied throughout Normandy, for maintaining the holy war. In every parish a board was to sit in order to collect the tax, making inquisition into the property and income of the inhabitants, and compelling payment at their discretion.

Returning to England, he endeavoured, but without success, to stop a quarrel between the Archbishop and the Monks of Canterbury; and, after this attempt, hastened to hold a council at Geddington, near Northampton, where he met his Barons and Bishops, February 11th, 1188, "to deliberate concerning the defence of the most holy land."

* Chron. Gervasii.

† Hoveden.

At this council, or parliament, the statutes of Caen were adopted, whereby it was ordained "that all clerics or laics who did not undertake the journey should pay a tenth part of all their income for one year, and of all their chattels, whether consisting of gold, or silver, or of other things, excepting books and clothes, and clerical vestments, and sacred ornaments and precious stones, and also except horses, arms, and military equipments for their own use."* This is the famous *Saladine Tythe*, which was levied at the same time in France, and excited extreme dissatisfaction among the clergy of both countries, who complained bitterly of being taxed, like the profane laity, even "for the defence of the most holy land." †

After a recitation of the eight statutes of Caen, which bear the impression of combined civil and ecclesiastical authority, Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, stood up with the cross of office in his hand, delivered a sermon of exhortation to the people, and finished his discourse by pronouncing a sentence of excommunication on all who should presume to go to war with each other after having taken the holy Cross upon them; or who, being at war, should not at once lay aside their weapons, and be at peace.

The Bishop of Rochester, also, as Vicar of his Grace of Canterbury, preached before the council, and poured forth wondrous eloquence on a vast congregation of all sorts and conditions. Many clerks and many laymen took the Cross, and, by the King's command, Baldwin himself prepared to itinerate in Wales. The King saw to the appointment of collectors for all England. In London he commanded two hundred of the wealthiest citizens to make the needful inquests, and collect the tythe. York was favoured with a similar committee of one hundred, and other chief towns were in like manner distinguished; while the ordinary gatherers scoured all the country. Both in town and country, every man was compelled to appear in person, undergo examination, and submit to the assess; and "if any were found refractory, they were

* Chron. Gervasii.

† Thomassini, Vet. et Nov. Discipl., pars iii., lib. i., cap. 41, sec. 4, et cap. 43, sec. 1.

sent to prison, and bound in iron until they paid the uttermost farthing." The Jews were not included under the provision of the states; but left at the mercy of the King, "who drew from them an incalculable amount of money,"*—some say, a fourth part of what they were worth.

As the authority of the Sovereign of England did not yet extend to Wales, it was necessary to invite the Welsh, whom Henry could not compel. Baldwin, therefore, set out on this mission, accompanied by Ralph de Glanville, as far as Hereford, and entered Wales at Radnor, where he found Resus, the son of Griffin, Prince of Wales, waiting to receive him, with several chief men of the principality. At Radnor, Baldwin preached, and then, at the instance of the King of England, Gerald, Archdeacon of Brecon, took the cross from his hands to serve as an example to others. Peter, Bishop of St. David's, followed, with many more.

Thence the Archbishop proceeded on his visitation, attended by Archdeacon Gerald only, to assist him in preaching; and, passing along the southern coast of Wales, made his way towards St. David's, through the diocese of Llandaff, preaching the crusade wherever he could find a fitting station. At Haverford, as a central point, was gathered a large congregation of clergy and people, to whom he first delivered a sermon; and then Gerald took up the theme. For so great was the power of the Archbishop's presence, that most of the military youth of that part of the country took the Cross; but of the common people, too few to be worth counting. Mortified at the scanty show of recruits out of so great a multitude, Baldwin groaned, and cried out on the stubbornness of that impracticable people. Then it was, that, handing his cross to the Archdeacon, he prayed him to try what a few words of his would do; and once more Gerald put forth his powers. The mass melted. So great a crowd pressed around Baldwin to receive the sign of pilgrimage, that he was nearly suffocated, and had to call down the Preacher to his help. Gainsayers were seen to weep, and persons who had thought it inconsistent with the duties of patriotism to forsake their country on the errantry of

* Hoveden.

a crusade, came forward to solicit, on bended knees, the honour of the Cross.

Even the Preacher wondered at his own success; for it could not be accounted for by any common way of reasoning. Assuredly, the Welsh were not moved by his argument, nor could they understand a word of his description of the woes of Palestine, inasmuch as he spoke French, and largely quoted Latin, which was all one to them. But every one understood what he wanted. The pleasure of the King of England, the summons of the Pope, and the presence of an Archbishop with his train, were intelligible enough. The frown that lowered on Baldwin's brow, and the vehemence of the orator, with the importunate perseverance of the whole recruiting party, needed not the tongue of a dragoman to make deep impression. More than two hundred were that day enlisted; and Baldwin often declared that he had never seen so many tears shed as at Haverford.

The Archdeacon himself, who records these doings with a singularly childish complacency, accepted the tears of the people as praise of the Preacher, and recollected how Bernard, also a preacher of crusade, had wrought wonders among the Germans by addressing them in French; for, although they understood not one word of his discourses, they beat their breasts in penitential grief while he told them of their sins, they wept at the proper moment, and they did precisely as he bade them, but cared so little about his meaning, that when the interpreter began to speak, they ceased to listen. Even so it happened with the Archdeacon of Brecon.

The Earl of Moreton, however,—afterwards King John,—who then held the county of Pembroke by gift from the King, his father, and who perfectly well understood the whole matter, disapproved of the proceedings of these recruiters; and when, some time afterwards, he saw Gerald in England, angrily rebuked him for having robbed his county of its best men, on whom he relied for defence against the Welsh; and told him that, in so doing, he had not in the least degree contributed to the succour of Jerusalem, but to the ruin of his own country; and accused him of having emptied Wales also of its bravest men, intending to take advantage of their absence to

betray the Principality to some relatives of his own. "To which the Archdeacon briefly answered, that God, the Searcher of hearts, knew what was his intention, and He would judge." Indeed it was not likely that Earl John's suspicion of treachery had any foundation.

Hastening onward to St. David's, the Archbishop left the Archdeacon to prosecute his labour, and, moved by his French orations, many Welshmen took the Cross. But when an interpreter made the matter of those orations intelligible, many gave their crosses back again, and renounced their vows.

At St. David's the Archbishop and his companion renewed their operations, and "at the word of the Archdeacon a great multitude of men was lured away—*allecta est*." Many were the speculations of the people concerning this novel visitation; and the Archdeacon himself relates, with his usual simplicity, the speech of one John Spang, court fool to the Prince. "O Resus, you ought to love this cousin of yours, the Archdeacon, very dearly, for sending away a hundred or more of your men this day to the service of Christ; and if he could have spoken Welsh, I think you would not have had one left for yourself." The multitude was divided. Some women were glad to get rid of their husbands, or proud to see their sons enlisted for the recovery of Jerusalem. Others, and they not a few, protested against the whole scheme; and the Preacher confesses, with no great satisfaction, he saw one good wife pull her husband out of the congregation by his cloak and girdle.

After this manner Baldwin and Gerald traversed Wales, and added a considerable number to the English contingent, which would have been little or none if no other motive than religion, chivalry, or enthusiasm had been found to raise it.*

The "truce of God" between old enemies was to continue for seven years. But the world was not edified by any such continuance of concord. As by a necessity of nature, those fiery Christians were compelled to fight, to bite and to devour even their own flesh.

* Anglia Sacra. Giraldus Cambrensis de rebus a se gestis, lib. ii., capp. 17, 18, 19.

WAR IN FRANCE.

“In this same year Richard, Count of Poitou, and Raymund, Count of St. Giles, and Almeric, Count of Angoulême, and Geoffrey of Rancun, and Geoffrey of Lusignan, and almost all the rich men of Poitou, went to war—all these against Richard, and Richard against all them. But he beat them all.” Such is the quaint summary of Hoveden ; but, to be more particular, we must note :—

Even before this general outbreak, Geoffrey de Lusignan, brother of the King of Jerusalem, and therefore the last who should have broken peace, provoked revenge by murdering a friend of Richard. Richard took many of his castles, and killed a great number of his people, sparing the lives only of those who had taken the Cross.

The Count of St. Giles, at the instigation of one Peter Seillun, had seized some traders, subjects of Richard, and committed many depredations within his territory. Richard, very properly, caused Seillun to be thrown into close prison, and dealt with severely, and when the Count of St. Giles offered to give ransom for his release, refused. St. Giles, then, by way of retaliation for what he chose to consider as an injury, employed ruffians to seize any members of the household of Richard or of the King his father, whom they could find ; and after a few days some of them brought him two knights of the household of King Henry, whom they had caught returning from a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostela. These he kept as hostages for Peter Seillun ; but Richard refused to give up his prisoner, and Philip of France, not for any love of either Henry or his son, but for the sake of St. James and his customs, interposed for their release. Count St. Giles, moved by the consideration of a large ransom which they paid for themselves, let them go. But Seillun lay in durance, and Richard, not satisfied with holding fast one aggressor, proceeded to avenge his own cause yet more effectually, by wasting the territory of St. Giles with fire and sword. This done, he besieged and took the Count's castle near Toulouse ; and after all was

over, numbered under his hand seventeen strong places in the neighbourhood of that city.

Henry espoused the cause of his son, Philip that of the Count of St. Giles; and so these two Sovereigns, who had so lately professed reconciliation on the Holy Field, were again embroiled. For a time the war was carried on with great ferocity on the left of the Seine; but, passing the scenes of death, we only note that Richard added largely to his fame by a victorious combat with William de Barres, a knight of high repute, whom King Philip had left in charge of a strong castle in the neighbourhood of Mantes.

The Duke was riding with the Earl of Mandeville and some others of the household of the King of England, when they accidentally met William de Barres, and a company of French knights. The encounter could not be other than hostile: Richard and de Barres singled out each other, and, after a combat which is variously related according to the side that speaks, the Frenchman was unhorsed, and made prisoner; but after being allowed *parole* on honour, was mean enough to run away while the English knights were making an attack on his companions.

But soon the tables were strangely turned, and Richard, instead of being allied with his father against France, took arms with the French King against his father. The circumstances were these:—

The belligerent Kings had both suffered great loss during a fierce, although brief, campaign. Many of the vassals of young Philip withdrew their service, and he had not money enough to hire a sufficient force of mercenaries. Henry, too, had suffered repeated defeats, and both he and Richard were anxious to negotiate for peace. Two conferences had lately been held without success, upon the "Holy Field;" and after the last, disappointed and enraged, Philip cut down a majestic elm-tree under which the Monarchs had been wont to stand on such occasions, and vowed that he would not so meet the King of England any more. But, this vow notwithstanding, they did meet once more at a place near Bon Moulin, November 18th, 1188, to endeavour to fix conditions of peace. Before this day, Richard had heard

that his father intended, not only to make intolerable demands in respect to his tenure of the duchy of Aquitaine, as formerly, but to deprive him of succession to the throne of England, and give that kingdom to his brother John. Moved by this rumour, and aroused to suspicion by many indications of the ill faith for which his father was notorious, he endeavoured, before the conference, to placate Philip, or, at least, to make him his own friend, and so prepare for himself support, in the event of another quarrel with his father.

On the day appointed the conference took place, the Duke of Aquitaine being present as in alliance with his father, the Archbishop of Rheims, the usual companies of Barons, Counts, and Bishops, and a great multitude of spectators. In an open space by themselves the Kings, the Duke, and the Archbishop sat, the members of the respective courts made a circle round them, and the people crowded on the outside.

During the first day their conversation was cautious, mild, and pacific. But on the second day words gradually became warmer and warmer. On the third day they began to quarrel. Philip demanded that his sister Adelaide, who had been promised to Richard from childhood, and whom Henry still retained in his keeping, far beyond the time when the marriage ought to have taken place, should now be given to her intended husband, and no longer held as a mere hostage. There was also a report that the old King had conceived a criminal passion towards her; and although that may not have been mentioned, it was thought of by Philip, and not by him alone. But in reply to this demand Henry proposed that she should be married to his younger son John, instead of Richard. Startled at such a proposal, the King of France betrayed anger; and on one side, if not on both, the expressions of contempt and hatred were so violent, that the knights were on the point of drawing their swords to settle the matter by force, and would have done so, but for the interference of the clergy.

Then Richard, whose expected alliance by marriage with the King of France was likely to be set aside by his father's breach of treaty, if not also by another cause, entered hotly into the dispute, and, for himself,

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demanding of his father to be declared heir of the crown of England. Instead of giving instant assent to this most reasonable request of his eldest living son, Henry hesitated, equivocated, parried, and evaded, until Richard, unable to refrain himself, turned towards Philip, and exclaimed, "Now I see that what I thought improbable is indeed credible." Loosening his belt, he put off his sword, and then, in his father's presence, and having all around as witnesses, placed his hands between the hands of Philip, and thus did homage for Aquitaine to the crown of France, and prayed Philip, as his lord, to give help that he might not be defrauded of his right; that is to say, to help him to take England by force. All present were astounded. Henry, like one panic-stricken, rode away, and the conference broke up in confusion. King Philip and his new vassal rode off together.

Now the King of England, by his own fault, sees his injured and ambitious son again an enemy, and leagued with that other enemy whom, above all men, he fears and hates. He has made a truce, however, or armistice, with the French King until St. Hilary's day following; and the Pope's Legate, exceeding angry at seeing Princes under vows of crusade in a posture of hostility to each other, excommunicates Richard for preventing peace, threatens Philip, is told by that Monarch that his excommunication and his threats are vain, because unjust, and soon retreats, indignant, into Flanders.

At length the retribution of long injustice—for I can scarcely regard otherwise the events that follow—comes upon Henry.

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Hostilities were resumed after the feast of Hilary, but to no great extent; another armistice following until after Easter. Then, a conference was appointed at La Ferté Bernard; and Philip renewed his demand for the marriage of Adelaide, and required that John, in order to be kept out of England during the absence of Richard in Palestine, should also take the Cross. Henry would not consent, the armistice was ended, and both parties took the field again.

Henry was in the town of Mans, when intelligence came that the enemy was advancing on the place. To prevent the suburb from being made use of for a lodgment outside the walls, Stephen of Tours, Seneschal of Anjou, burnt it down; but the flames, driven by the wind over the wall, set on fire the town itself; and Henry, with his garrison, was obliged to flee the conflagration. It is said that, as he quitted Mans, he cried, "Because thou, God, hast so shamefully taken from me the city that, of all others in the world, I loved the best, I will be revenged; for from this time I will take from thee that which in me should please thee best,—I will take away my heart from thee."* The speech may be an invention of the chronicler; but the violence of Henry's passions, the ungodliness of his character, and the habitual intemperance of his language were such that it is by no means improbable that he ejaculated some such blasphemy.

With a body of seven hundred knights, leaving a considerable number of Welsh foot-soldiers to the mercy of the enemy, he fled at full speed, and for three miles the King of France and Richard with their horse were in full pursuit. A river, that he knew where to ford, saved him from the sword that day. This route was followed by a succession of defeats and losses, which reduced Henry to despair, and he was compelled to accept peace on the terms following.†

The King of France, the King of England, and Richard, Count of Poitou, with their Archbishops and Bishops, Earls and Barons, on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, (June 29th, 1189,) at a conference between Tours and Arasie, where the King of England placed himself at the discretion and pleasure of the King of France, agreed:—

The King of England did homage to the King of France, because, in the beginning of the war, he had called him his lord, and that King had claimed his homage. Then the King of France dictated these terms: that Adelaide, his sister, whom the King of England had in his custody, should be given up, and put in charge of one out of five persons whom the Count Richard should

* Chron. Johan. Brompton.

† I follow Hoveden.

name; that the men of England should swear that, when Richard returned from Jerusalem, Adelaide should be given him for marriage; that the Barons and Knights of England and Normandy should do homage to Richard as heir to the crown and successor in the dukedom; that none of the King's subjects who had revolted to Richard should return to the King until within one month of his embarkation for Jerusalem, which should be not later than the Lent following. English subjects, so long as they obeyed the laws, might live unmolested in the territories of the King of France. The King of England was to pay the King of France twenty thousand marks of silver; and if he failed to do so, the Barons of England were to compel him. The King of France and Count Richard had possession of certain castles in security for the payment of the money.

While the two Kings were in treaty, a flash of lightning struck the ground where they were standing. The thunder rolled awfully over head,* and both of them, mute with terror, forsook the spot. All present wondered, for the sky had not threatened; but after a few moments the Kings met again, and were proceeding with their business, when another flash, more vivid, and another peal, more loud, compelled a second pause. Henry, of whose profanity we have so lately heard, turned pale, and would have fallen from his horse, if some that were present had not caught him, and held him in his seat.

Returning to the transaction of the day, he set his hand and seal to the humiliating treaty, asking but one favour, that the names of those who had gone over to his enemies should be given him. This was almost necessary, in order that an article of the treaty might be observed, and a list was therefore put into his hand; and the very first name was that of JOHN, *his son*, the son to whom he would have given the Princess promised in marriage to Richard, and to whose head he would have transferred the crown rightfully claimed by Richard.

Stupefied with indignation and grief, he retired to Chinon, and there, writhing under pangs more poignant than any he had ever felt, drowned in shame, crushed

* This is related by all the authorities.

under a burden of horror and indignation, he cursed the day when he was born, and poured out his curse, and imprecated the curse of God, upon his children. Bishops and other ecclesiastics, who stood around his bed and heard those maledictions, shuddered, and implored him to withdraw them, and forgive his children. But, as he thought there was power in his curse, he would not recall it, until it became evident that death was near: then, acknowledging that he had offended his son Richard, he sent the Archbishop of Canterbury and other messengers of rank to invite him to his chamber, in his usual manner intermingling soft words and threatenings in the message. "But Richard, with harsh words, rejected both the conversation, the Archbishop, and the message that he brought; for he could not give him credit. He knew by experience what is in man; and in all that his father said, and the messengers related, he suspected some deceit and wickedness."* In like manner; we remember, Henry himself had refused, through fear, to visit his eldest son when he was dying, a very short time before; so deep was their mistrust of one another.

In compliance with custom, as soon as the symptoms of dissolution came upon him, he caused himself to be carried into a church, and laid before the high altar; "and there he devoutly received the communion of the body and blood of our Lord, confessing his sins; and, being absolved by the Bishops and Clergy, he departed, in the thirty-third year of his reign," just one week after signing himself the vassal of his most hated enemy.

When he was dead, all forsook his body, and fell upon the valuables he had left. "Just as flies drop upon the honey, and wolves tear the carcase, and ants steal away the corn, so did this rabble hunt their prey." At length, his servants came the next day, and gave the body a royal burial. Richard came to meet the funeral, and, when he saw the corpse dressed in royal robes, wept bitterly. They say that an effusion of blood from its nostrils, when Richard approached the bier, gave witness to the hatred of the spirit that had just fled. Richard attended at the

* Chron. Gervasii.

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burial in the nunnery of Fontevraud, and saw him interred in the choir of the Nuns; "and thus, among the veiled, he took the veil."*

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Stephen of Tours, Seneschal of Anjou, or, in common phrase, Royal Treasurer for that county, had in his keeping some castles and treasures belonging to the late King, and therefore now fallen to Richard. To obtain possession of these, the new lord saw fit—perhaps with good reason—to lay a strong hand on the Treasurer, load him with irons, and throw him into prison. Might enforced right in this case, and the prisoner, perforce, gave up the castles and the treasure. This was the first act of sovereignty performed by Richard after the death of his father. His next act was yet more remarkable. The son of the said Stephen had married a lady above his own rank; and, in the fulness of feudal power, he laid hands on this lady, separated her from her less noble husband, and married her to another man.

The servants who had been faithful to his father he retained for himself, and gave them presents in proportion to the length and value of their services. Those who had forsaken his father and adhered to himself, whether clerics or laymen, he spurned from his presence, as persons to be hated. This was at least sagacious; but his conduct was not uniform; for when his brother John, whose conduct towards their father was unutterably bad, came to visit him, he received him with every mark of honour.†

Three weeks after the death of Henry II., Richard, as successor to the dukedom of Normandy, entered that province, and was met at Seez by the Archbishops of Canterbury and Rouen. There, seeing that he was under sentence of excommunication, not, indeed, as a son, for bearing arms against his father, which would have been a sufficient reason, but for so doing after they had both vowed to go upon crusade, ("post crucem susceptam,") he asked for the grace of absolution, which those Prelates instantly bestowed.‡

* Hoveden. "— et sic ipse inter velatas velabatur."

† Brompton.

‡ Diceto.

From Seez, rejoicing in absolution, he travelled to Rouen. There, on the 20th day of July, 1189, from the altar of St. Mary of Rouen, by the hand of Walter, Archbishop of that see, he received the ducal sword in presence of the Bishops, Earls, and Barons of the duchy; and being thus established as Duke of Normandy, the representatives of clergy and laity there present paid him solemn homage. Then he performed some acts of power. His niece Matilda, daughter of the Duke of Saxony, he gave in marriage to a son of the Count of La Perche. To John his brother, hitherto called "Lackland," inasmuch as he did lack territory, he gave all the lands which his father had promised him, to the value of four thousand pounds annual revenue in England, and the county of Moretoil and its appurtenances. To complete his fortune, he also bestowed on him for wife a daughter of the Earl of Gloucester. Two other noble pairs he matched. To Geoffrey, his illegitimate brother, notwithstanding the canonical irregularity contracted in his birth, he gave, by way of spouse and dowry, the archbishopric of York, and took strong measures to overcome any opposition which the clergy might raise against the consecration of their intruded chief.

These matters being quickly dispatched, the third day after his investiture with the insignia of the duchy finds him in conference with the King of France at a place between Chaumont and Trie, concerning their affairs. There was a grave question to be settled concerning partition of territory; but Richard was too wise to quarrel for trifles when he had not yet taken possession of his hereditary kingdom, and therefore he parried some unreasonable demands for land by promising Philip a handsome sum of money. The particulars of this transaction, which have long ceased to be of any importance, may be found in the Chronicles, where I leave them.

And now to England.

Eleanor, his mother, who had been a prisoner for sixteen years, with very trifling intermission, was in the castle of Winchester when King Henry died. As soon as possible, Richard sent over a mandate for her liberation. Of course she lost no time in turning her back on Winchester; and then, attended by her court, went from

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town to town, showing herself Queen Regent, until the arrival of her son. To mark her own release and his accession to the throne by a grace that would win the multitude, and not displease the Church, she sent messengers into all the counties of England, "commanding all prisoners to be set free from prisons and arrests, for the soul of Henry her lord, since from her own person she had drawn proof of the grievousness of bonds to men, and of what sweet refreshment to the soul it is to come forth into liberty. Furthermore she commanded, by order of her son the Duke,* that all who had been imprisoned for breach of the forest-laws should not only be let out of prison, but released from further trouble on that account, ('liberarentur quieti;') and granted that all who had been out-lawed ('uthlegati') on the same account, might return to their homes in peace, not to be troubled any more on account of past breaches of the forest-laws; † and that all others who had been seized and kept in custody at the pleasure of the King or his Justices, and were not retained by the common law of the county or

* Only *Duke*, because not yet crowned King of England.

† The forest-laws were proverbially oppressive; and although there were many royal forests, the property of the crown, and protected by the power of the King, before the Norman conquest, William the Conqueror increased their number, enlarged their bounds, guarded them with greater strictness, and originated that code of laws that was for five or six centuries a disgrace to England, and a source of constant disaffection towards the Sovereign. William the Conqueror is said to have possessed sixty-eight forests, thirteen chases, and seven hundred and eighty-one parks. The Saxon Chronicle (An. MLXXXVI.) says that "he laid out many deer-forests, and he laid down a law herewith, that whoever slew a hart or hind, his eyes should be blinded. He forbade (people to kill) the deer and boars, and loved wild beasts as tenderly as if he was their father. The same law he made for the hares, that they, too, might go free. Of this the rich men complained, and the poor sorrowed for it." At the death of Henry II. and the accession of Richard I., there was no settled code of forest-laws; the will of the Sovereign, like that of the Conqueror more than a century before, being instead of law. The *Carta de Foresta* of Henry III. was made in the year 1224, thirty-five years after the date at which we have arrived in the present history of Richard; and, seeing that the administration of the comparatively recent and hated forest-laws was in the hands of the King himself and his servants, and this by right of conquest, and contrary to the feeling of all classes, we must perceive that a temporary relaxation of them, even though it amounted to no more than a release of present sufferers, was as popular a measure as Richard could possibly have taken.

the hundred, or by appeal, were to be left at peace; and that they who were retained by common right, or law, if they could find bail to answer to that law, if any chose to prosecute them, should go free until the prosecutors called them up again; or if they could not find bail, their own oath might be taken in security, &c., &c. And the criminals who were liable to loss of limb or life, but whose punishment had been mitigated, should depart for ever from the lands of their lord Richard; and those prisoners who, without such commutation, were prosecuting appeals against others, in their own defence, should remain in prison until further advice was taken."* She further commanded all free men in the kingdom to swear fealty to Richard, "as their liege lord, against men and women that can live and die."

Richard, now called Duke of Normandy, further prepared for himself a good reception in England by acts of mercy to his late father's enemies, restoring their sequestrated estates and liberties, and especially reinstating the Earl of Leicester, whom we have seen leading rebellion, in his dignities and lands. This done, he sent over Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, with Gilbert, Bishop of Rochester, Hugh of Lincoln, and Hugh of Chester, to meet him on his landing.

Preparations being thus made, Richard and his brother John embarked in separate ships at Barfleur on August 13th, and set sail for England, but steering for different ports. Richard landed at Portsmouth and John at Dover. Several Norman Bishops and other ecclesiastics followed. The whole realm had rejoiced in expectation of his coming, hoping from those first acts of clemency that he would create a general reformation; and one poet produced a verse which passed from lip to lip through all the land:—

"Mira canam, sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est."

"I will sing of wonders. The sun has gone down, but no night follows." And lest the riddle should not find solution, another verse followed to say that,

"Sol pater, et radius filius ejus erat."

"The father was the sun, and the son was the ray."

* Hoveden.

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Flatterers amplified the compliment by telling how the son, waxing more and more magnificent, enlarged on the good works of his father, and undid the bad ones: for, whom the father disinherited, them the son restored to their pristine rights; whom the father had banished, them the son recalled; whom the father had bound, them the son set free; whom the justice of the father had punished, them the piety of the son refreshed. Such were the praises that sounded in the ear of the Duke of Normandy, when he came on shore at Portsmouth.

“Honourably and devoutly welcomed by his mother Eleanor, the clergy, and the people,” he went first to Winchester, and thence to Salisbury. At Salisbury, he spent some time in weighing his father’s treasures, and having them noted in an inventory, and found that they amounted, in weight and number, to more than nine hundred thousand pounds of gold and silver, besides precious stones. Then he went, at his pleasure, from place to place, receiving and answering petitions, and lavishing gifts, while preparations for the coronation were going forward. Meanwhile a slight resistance to his wishes arose at York, where the majority of the Canons elected his illegitimate brother Geoffrey to be their Archbishop, as he had commanded. But one or two dissentients, to whom others adhered, appealed to the Pope against this constrained election. The Queen Mother, who hated Geoffrey, supported the appellants, Richard yielded for a moment, and the appeal was carried. Soon, however, the Pope confirmed the election of the majority, and thus imparted validity to the Duke’s donation; but a consecration-question was yet remaining to be settled.

At this time, also, Richard confirmed the splendid dowry to his brother John with the daughter of the Earl of Gloucester. He thus took the county of that name, the castles of Marleberg, Luttegareshall, Peek, and Bolesover, the former estate of one William Peiterel, the town of Nottingham, the castles of Lancaster and Derbyshire, and the honour of Wallingford, and the honour of Tikehul, and many other places of lesser value. On August 30th John and the Earl’s daughter were married at Marleberg, in spite of the prohibition of the Archbishop of Canterbury, they being related in the third degree of

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consanguinity.* The Archbishop cursed the couple, and laid an interdict on John's lands; but the Legate soon removed the interdict.† It was not just then opportune for old quarrels between the two powers to be revived.

Already the Duke was giving proof of his intention to render a splendid service to the Church. Messengers were despatched to all the sea-ports of England, Normandy, Poitou, and his other territories, to select the best and largest ships, to be purchased for his own use, or for distribution among his servants who had taken up the Cross for the expedition to Jerusalem, or to be employed as store-ships.‡ This was more than promise, it was performance.

THE CORONATION.

Duke Richard, if we accept the portrait of a flatterer, "was tall of stature, graceful in figure, with hair between red and auburn, limbs straight and flexible, arms rather long, and not to be matched for wielding the sword, or for striking with it, and long legs suited the rest of his frame. His appearance was commanding, and his manners and habits suitable." § At any rate, we may believe, on universal testimony, that he was a very noble person.

On such a son Queen Eleanor could not but look with motherly pride, longing to see the crown upon his head. For his own part, the camp had stronger attraction than the palace; and when he heard that the Welch had made an incursion across their borders, and had laid waste some small towns, his ire kindled, he was for setting off to curb their insolence, and would have gone at once, if Eleanor had not prevailed upon him to postpone his purpose until he could march as King.

Many things concurred to add splendour to the coronation, and among them was the decease of Geoffrey Ridell, Bishop of Ely. This Prelate had come to meet Duke Richard on his landing, and presented himself with extraordinary pride and pomp. But death seized on him while surrounded with the glitter of the Anglo-Norman

* Brompton.

† Diceto.

‡ Hoveden.

§ Geoffrey de Vinsauf, in the translation published by Bohn.

THE CORONATION

court at Winchester, where he fell sick and suddenly expired. His body was taken to Ely to be buried, and there the episcopal treasury was found full of money, ready to be divided among buffoons and fools ("mimis et scurris"). But the Monks of Ely, of whom he was a special patron, bespoke the royal favour by abstracting the sum of three thousand two hundred marks, to be applied to the coronation of the new King, as an offering for the soul of the departed Bishop.* Assisted by this unexpected contribution, the Duke, who himself directed all the preparations, could well afford to be magnificent.

"In London, at Westminster,"—for even then Westminster was swallowed up in London,—the Duke was received with a ceremonious procession, and three days afterwards, on Sunday, September 3d, was crowned King of England. The choice of Sunday for a coronation does not surprise any one who recollects that where Sunday is no Sabbath, it is but a holiday, and more convenient than any other holiday for public spectacles and festivities. The 3d day of September, however, was marked unlucky, and some would not have chosen it; but the objection was overruled, and it was probably observed that, although unlucky, it was the feast of the ordination of St. Gregory, Pope. Lucky or unlucky, it pleased Richard to be crowned that day; and I will give the order of his coronation as described by Hoveden, an eye-witness, referring at the same time to other authorities.†

First of all came Bishops, Abbats, and Clerks, in large number, wearing silk cowls, ushered in by a company of less dignified ecclesiastics, bearing the cross, lighted tapers, censers, and holy water. These formed in order of procession outside the chamber of Duke Richard, who was to be crowned, conducted him to the church at Westminster, and went before him to the high altar in grand procession, chanting loud; the way from the door of the King's chamber to the altar being all spread with most noble carpets. And this was the order of procession:—

Clerics in white robes, carrying blessed water, the cross,

* Chron. Gervasii.

† Brompton, and the other chroniclers, the ms. quoted below, and Harleian, No. 293, fol. 239.

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and censers. Archdeacons, Deans, Priors, and Abbats, in order. Bishops, according to their age and dignity. In the midst of these, four Barons, bearing four golden candelabra, with wax candles. Geoffrey de Lucy, of whom we had much to say when speaking of Becket, carrying the royal cap; and John Marshall, by his side, bearing two gold spurs, large and heavy, taken from the King's treasury. William Marshall, Earl of Argyle, with the royal gold sceptre, surmounted by a cross, also of gold. William, Earl of Salisbury, walking with him, carries the gold rod, with a dove of gold on its top.* David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of the King of Scotland, John, Earl of Moreton, brother of the Duke, and Robert, Earl of Leicester, carrying three royal swords of gold, taken from the King's treasury, with scabbards richly wrought in gold: the Earl of Moreton walks between the other two. Then come six Earls and six Barons, carrying on their shoulders a very large table, on which are laid the royal insignia and robes. After these, William of Mandeville, Earl of Albemarle, carrying a large and heavy crown of gold, made yet heavier by a profusion of precious stones that ornament it all round.

Then came Richard, Duke of Normandy, with Hugh, Bishop of Durham, on his right hand, and Reginald, Bishop of Bath, on his left, all three walking under a canopy of silk carried by four Barons on long lances. A great company of Earls, Barons, Knights, clergy, and laity follow through the body of the church, arrayed in vestments proper for the occasion, and enter the choir with the Duke.

In presence of this multitude the Duke approached the altar; the Archbishops, Bishops, and clergy, and the people keeping silence, he knelt down before the holy Gospels and the relics of many saints that, as custom was,

* I find it otherwise stated in the Cottonian ms., E. viii., fol. 160, b, which contains a very brief list of the noblemen who assisted at this ceremony. It is there said, that "William Patrike of Longespere, Earl of Salisbury, and Constable of England, next bare a vessel full of gold, in right of his office; for if the land were void and no heir known, he should have the realm by virtue of his office. This William was Constable of England in the right of his father, Robert Eland, Earl of Gloster; and also he was Earl of Gloster after his father's death." He might have carried *both* the rod and the vessel full of gold.

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were laid upon the altar, and swore that all the days of his life he would render peace, honour, and reverence to God, the holy Church, and the persons by the Church ordained. Then he swore that he would execute justice aright for the people committed to his care; and then again swore that he would abolish bad laws and perverse customs, *if there were any such* introduced into the kingdom, and establish good laws, and without fraud and evil intention keep them. When these oaths were made, they took off nearly all his clothes; slit the shirt down behind, that his back might be laid bare; and, having thus undressed him, proceeded to invest him with the badges and attire of royalty. On his feet first of all they put sandals, richly wrought with gold. Then Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, pouring holy oil on his head, anointed him as King in three places; on the head, the breast, and the arms, to denote glory, fortitude, and knowledge, with prayers correspondent at each unction. The anointing being finished, the Archbishop laid a consecrated linen cloth upon his head, and the cap which Geoffrey de Lucy had carried was put over it. The royal robes were a tunic first, and then a dalmatic,* heavy with gold.

When he was thus arrayed, the Archbishop put the sword of the realm into his hand, for punishing all doers of evil against the Church; two Earls buckled on the two gold spurs which had been carried by John Marshall. The royal mantle was laid on his shoulders, and he was led close up to the altar, where the Archbishop charged him, in the name of Almighty God, not to take this honour to himself, unless he was resolved in his heart to keep inviolably the oaths and vows that he had made; and he answered, that he would so keep them all, in good faith, by the help of God. This point settled, he himself took the crown from the altar, and delivered it to the Archbishop, who put it on his head, while two Earls held it up because of its great weight. Then Baldwin put the royal sceptre into his right hand, and the royal rod into his left; and the King, thus crowned, was led to his seat by the Bishops of Durham and Bath, taper-bearers, and the three swords going before them.

* Cloak, or mantle.

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After the coronation a high mass began ; and when they came to the Offertory, the aforesaid Bishops led the King again to the altar, where he offered a mark of the purest gold, the oblation usually given by Kings when crowned, and then they returned with him to his seat. When mass was over, the procession formed again, and all, returning as they came, left him in his chamber to be relieved of the ponderous crown and vestments of ceremony, and put on a lighter crown and easier garments.

A banquet followed, at which the Archbishops and Bishops sat at table with the new-crowned Sovereign, each taking the place belonging to his order and rank. The nobility came after them, and filled other tables, feasting splendidly. Earls and Barons waited in the palace, performing such services as their several dignities required. Citizens of London served as butlers, and citizens of Winchester as cooks. Mingled with the hierarchy of England were the Archbishops of Rouen, Treves, and Dublin, who had come to furnish a larger representation of the Church, and to grace the coronation of our crusader King. Queen Eleanor, too, was present at this banquet ; and all the company gazed on her with admiration, as the happiest of women, if not the most virtuous, and subject of a prophecy of the sage Merlin, now triumphantly fulfilled.

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Women were not permitted to enter the church during the coronation ; and, considering that one part of the ceremony could not have been performed in their presence with perfect decency, we must acknowledge that it was highly proper to exclude them.

But the day before the crowning, and at the instigation of strangers,* (these must have been the Norman Prelates,) Richard issued an order that neither Jews nor women should enter the church when he was crowned, or the palace while the feast was going forward. From

* “ *Pax Judæorum, quam ab antiquis temporibus semper obtinuerant, ab alienigenis interrumpitur.*” So says Diceto, Dean of London, who assisted the Archbishop in the coronation, took the place of the Bishop of London at table, and witnessed all that happened.

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ancient times the Jews had been accustomed to obtain a recognition from new-crowned Kings, which was then called their *peace*, and, like the kiss I have already spoken of, was a guarantee of good-will, and, in their case, a necessary pledge of safety. But the people were told that they were excluded lest, being present, they should employ incantations to the injury of the King. It is not likely that any of them were in the church disguised, as Roger of Wendover, a later writer, is pleased to say; for they could not have expected to approach the King there, nor could any object be attained by them in such disobedience.

Not so at the banquet; and therefore some of the chief of them, perhaps considering their exclusion, contrary to custom, as portentous of calamity, and judging that their condition could scarcely be made worse, endeavoured to make their way into the royal presence. The *Princes*—acknowledged chiefs and representatives of that people—entered the hall, not secretly, not indiscriminately mingling with the crowd, but openly, bringing *gifts*,* which, to be adequate to the occasion, must have been splendid, and therefore not to be brought covertly. They came openly as representatives of the Jews in London, Winchester, Canterbury, Salisbury, and York, charged to present a dish of costly food to their new Sovereign, with the other gifts;† and must therefore have been five, at least, in number, not to be confounded with idle spectators, but worthy to be placed, by the manner of their presentation, under the immediate protection of the King.

No sooner had these deputies entered the hall, than some one struck one of them in the face with the palm of his hand,‡ and bade him go out again, and not break the King's commandment. Either this was a preconcerted signal, or it was so understood by some present, who made a general rush on these Jews, and levelled them to the ground. There sat Richard. He said not a word to still the tumult, but left the sufferers to their fate. The multitude outside the palace, thinking that this was done

* “Dum autem Rex in mensâ sederet, venerunt principes Judæorum deferentes Regi munera.” (Hoveden.)

† “—— ad ferendum regi ferculum pretiosi cibi deferentes munera.” (MS. Harleian, ut supra.)

‡ Brompton.

by his command, and willing to vent their hatred on the injured people, fell on a company of them who had come to wait for the report of their representatives, and thereby know whether peace or peril was to be expected. First one part of the mob beat them with their fists, while the other ran for sticks, stones, and any instruments of vengeance that could be found; and then all joined in the assault, maddened with their own fury, and left several dead on the ground, and others half dead.

The Priests and Monks enjoyed the sport too well to interrupt it. No ecclesiastic threw his robe over a poor Jew to shelter him from death; but, either by approving gesture or loud consent, those Priests hounded the furies to their prey. One Jew, indeed, Benedict of York, while he thought they were going to tear him limb from limb, did cry out for baptism; and William, Prior of St. Mary's, York, could easily rescue him. He administered baptism—if it might pass for so much—on the very spot, and, proud of the prize, called the poor bleeding Israelite by his own good name—WILLIAM.

Meanwhile zealots ran through the suburb into London, and cried that all the Jews were to be killed. London was crowded close with people who had come from all parts of the country to see the coronation and enjoy the festivities. Except on the river-side, a wall surrounded the city, and kept the multitudes pent in through all that night of terror. The Jews, for whom there could be no escape by flight, and but little shelter found for pity's sake in a place where Christianity had no dwelling, tried to save themselves for an hour, it might be, by bolting and barricading their doors and windows. But Londoners and countryfolks emulated each other in battering those houses. The weaker defences gave way, and there the mad rabble broke in, and murdered every Jew and Jewess they could find. The stronger doors served only to exasperate the fury of those who could not burst them. There was a cry for fire. Burning faggots heaped against the wooden fabrics, quickly enveloped them in flames, and the poor Jews within perished horribly.

When tidings reached the banquet-hall that London was on fire, the goblets fell from the lips of Priests and Barons. The King started from his chair, while a shriek

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of alarm rent the roofs that had just resounded with bacchanalian riot; and, trembling at the thought that his reign was inaugurated with the conflagration of London, he dispatched Ralph de Glanville, Justiciary of England, with orders to dissuade the mob, or else to put them down. Ralph mounted his horse, and so did many other noblemen, and galloped at full speed into the city; but when they came there, they found the streets choked with a multitude which could not be penetrated. They shouted loud, delivering the King's orders to stay the massacre; but a horrid outburst of yells and execrations drowned their voices. They made signals for a hearing; but their gesticulations enraged the mob, who began to direct their missiles upon them, and they could only wheel about, and gallop back again to Westminster to tell their master that he had raised a tempest it was impossible to allay, and that the King of England had now no power to vindicate humanity. Baldwin of Canterbury stayed silent where he was. The great company of Prelates stirred not a finger to restrain the populace. The Monks of Westminster heard of the catastrophe with rapture, and looked proudly towards the fires that were blazing, and consuming sacrifices to their Moloch.

Let us learn from one of themselves, a Monk of St. Swithin's, at Winchester, who writes from the fulness of his heart, with what emotions they remembered the horrors of that day and night:—

“On the very day of the coronation, about that solemn hour in which the Son of God was immolated to the Father, a sacrifice of the Jews to their father the devil was commenced in the city of London; and so long was the duration of this mystery, that the holocaust could scarcely be accomplished the ensuing day.” *

Rapine and bloodshed raged without check all night. Much gold fell into the hands of the *faithful* citizens of London, and the synagogues were all broken into, robbed, and defiled with every foul indignity. Still, the clergy of England lay down and slept after the banquet, heavy as the cyclops in his den.

“ — simul expletus dapibus, vinoque sepultus.”

* Richard of Devizes.

And thus passed away that 3d of September, too truly marked in the old calendars as an *Egyptian* day. The last labour of the "faithful" was to check the progress of the fires; and we cannot but wonder that the wooden houses of London were not all consumed. The wild mob then sank into exhaustion, and King Richard I. had a fair opportunity to mark his horror and indignation. What he would have done if he could have acted apart from the clergy, it is vain to conjecture; we only know what he did.

"Next day," says Hoveden, "the King sent his servants, and caused those malefactors to be taken who had fired the city, *not on account of the Jews, but on account of the houses and property of the Christians which they had burnt and stolen; and caused some of them to be hung.*" * And we learn from another source † what was the exact measure of his justice. The criminals committed to the gallows were three: *one* for having stolen some property belonging to a Christian, and *two* for having lit fires in the city which burnt the houses of some Christians. For arson, robbery, and murder committed upon Jews, the King's court, at that time, knew of no penalty, and therefore they were both robbed and murdered with impunity. The King either excused himself from proceeding any further, or allowed others to fabricate the excuse for him, by saying that the offenders were too numerous to be comprehended in the grasp of justice. A few Jews had found refuge in the Tower.

There was, however, a grand assemblage of the clergy next day; and they might, at least, have expressed some sorrow, and ordained a fast. But what did they? They gathered together in the palace at Westminster, called the rich Jew of York—the same that had been baptized at the beginning of the massacre—into their presence, and presented him to the King, as the first-fruit of their zeal, saved from the great sacrifice just offered. On his appearing, a short but singular colloquy took place.

King. "And who are you?"

Jew. "I am Benedict, your Jew, from York."

King. Addressing the Archbishop of Canterbury and

* Hoveden.

† Brompton.

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other Prelates—"Did you not tell me that this man was a Christian?"

Prelates. Yes, Sir—yes—yes—yes—yes."

King. "But he says that he is a Jew: what shall we do with him now?"

Canterbury. "If he is not willing to be a Christian, let him belong to the devil, if he will."*

Hoveden, doubtless expressing the sentiment of the company, of which he was one, says that the Archbishop answered indiscreetly, and that "he ought rather to have said, 'We demand the judgment of Christians upon him, because, after having been made a Christian by his own desire, he now refuses.'" Baldwin forgot himself for the moment; and therefore Benedict of York was not burnt outside Westminster Abbey, but went back to York again, a Jew as he came. But the Jews shunned him for his cowardice, and the "Christians" hated him for his apostasy, as they accounted it; and when he died, neither Jews nor "Christians" would give his body burial.

On the second day after his coronation, King Richard received the homage and fealty of the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbats, Earls, and Barons of his land; and while this ceremony was going forward, the massacre of the Jews continued. For "when the English people throughout the country heard of the attack on the Jews in London, they assailed them with one accord, and made a perfect havoc of them, slaughtering their persons, and plundering their goods."† "The other cities and towns of the kingdom *emulated the faith* of the Londoners, and *with a like devotion* despatched their blood-suckers with blood to hell."‡ Panic-stricken at the carnage, the survivors began to purchase life by crying for baptism. At Dunstable, for example, there was a general baptizing of them, and husbands and wives were married over again by the Priests. In many other places the persecutors were quieted by the same feint of submission to the Romish sacraments.

The city of Winchester stood honourably aloof, refusing to participate in the great crime, and provoked the censures of the clergy for "sparing its vermin."

* Hoveden. † Roger of Wendover.

‡ Richard of Devizes.

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At Lynn, the Jews displayed some courage; and, probably counting on the good-will of the townsfolk, ventured to reproach one of their number who forsook the synagogue and asked for baptism, in order to avoid the threatening vengeance. Brompton says that this man took refuge in a church, and that his brethren, enraged, dared to attack the church. "Then rose a great outcry, and loud voices called for Christian help. This clamour aroused the Christian people; and some young men, *strangers to the town*, but of whom a great number were there on account of trade, ran together armed, and bravely fell upon those proud Jews, who, unable to withstand the onset of these Christians, at once betook themselves to flight; but many were overtaken and killed." In a trice their houses were broken into by the Christians, emptied of everything, and burnt down to the ground.

The strangers, however, laden with spoil, made off to their ships in great haste, lest the King's servants should bring them to account for it. And the inhabitants of the place, when they were charged with having taken the property, threw the whole matter on the strangers, who, by that time, were far away at sea.

Two days elapsed—as we must now be careful to note—from the outbreak in London, and for nearly as long time had the report been flying through the kingdom, and the provincial zealots been summoned to imitate the devotion of the Londoners, when Richard sent couriers into the counties to command the people not to hurt the Jews. But this came too late. In most places the deed was done. The King's orders were, that henceforth the Jews should live in peace; but we shall have occasion to observe how miserably these orders were kept.

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Athirst for glory, the new-crowned King can only think of Palestine. Every action must subserve that object. Under the notion of consecrating his first-fruits unto God, as a Priest writes it,* but probably in hope of conciliating the good-will of a numerous and very influential brotherhood, whose general chapter, consisting

* *Diceto.*

of members from all parts of Europe, was then assembled, he gave the Cisterians a grant of one hundred marks yearly.

Now began another kind of work. After keeping the feast of the "elevation of the holy cross," at a place called Pipewell, in Northamptonshire, he held one of those extemporaneous Parliaments, which it was the custom of our Kings to summon at pleasure by their single authority, wherever the court might be. The present Parliament, however, was convened by the King and Archbishop conjointly; and here, on September 15th, 1189, began the business of the Cross.

The first transaction consisted in promoting certain ecclesiastics to certain sees; for which favour they were expected to return correspondent service to the crown in the approaching exigency. On this day and the following, a large number of such situations were disposed of. William, Bishop of Durham, and William, Earl of Albemarle, the King made High Justiciaries of England, to manage the administration of affairs in his absence, and associated with them other four to aid in advice and execution. This appointment, however, did not fully take effect.

Seeds of strife, as usual, were sown in the midst of these ceremonies, Geoffrey, the illegitimate brother of Richard, and Archbishop of York elect, protesting against this distribution of honours, and swearing that none should wear them without his consent. For this, in fierce anger, Richard disseised him on the spot of the revenues of York; and, when a hot quarrel followed, as of course, deprived him of all his estates and tenements on both sides the sea. But a short time afterwards, Geoffrey—not yet a Priest, although an Archbishop elect—received Priest's orders from the hands of John, Bishop of Whiterne (Candida Casa) in Galloway, and one of his own suffragans.

While the sees were being filled, sales of crown-lands began on a large scale, in order to raise money for the expedition to the Holy Land. Hugh, the new-made Bishop of Durham, bought of the King his good manor of Sadberge, with its wapentake, or hundred, and its knight's fees, for the sum of six hundred marks of silver,

in fee for ever, for himself and his successors in the see of Durham. Not content with this little bargain, the rich Bishop bought up the whole county of Northumberland, that he might be Earl for life; and when the King, having received payment, girded on the sword, he could not help laughing at his own clever transformation of an old Bishop into a young Earl.

Not yet content, Hugh gave the King another large sum of money, that he might be made Justiciary of England, and be excused, on consideration of his office, from going to the Holy Land; and further still, willing to barter gold for ease and power, he sent a bribe to the Pope, that he might have canonical indulgence to remain at home. Clerics who could not bid so high inveighed against his pride and blindness, and we observe that the invectives were most boisterous after his death. But that must be a narrow scrutiny that can discover humility, self-denial, and spirituality of mind amongst the ecclesiastics of those days; and, as monastic cynics have always enjoyed the special privilege of declaiming against vice, and wallowing in it at the same time, we must be careful not to copy their common-places in mistake for vestiges of spirituality. No doubt the ambitious Bishop of Durham was very proud, very worldly, and spiritually blind; but the lands called Christian were altogether the region and shadow of death, as those agree who have steadfastly applied themselves to study the history of those dark centuries. Long labour would be needed to attain a general view of the alienation of estates from the crown of the Conqueror by his reckless descendant. The historians, with one voice, tell us that there was nothing he did not offer in exchange for money; that lordships, castles, townships, woods, farms, shrievalties, and all kinds of offices, were to be had for money.

Attracted to this great market, the King of Scotland hastened to improve his condition, and bought back Roxburgh, Berwick, and whatever lands had been taken from him at his capture. Ten thousand pounds of silver was the price paid for those two castles alone; and the Scottish purchase must have added a very considerable subsidy for fitting out the fleet which, by this time, was

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coming in from all the sea-ports of Richard's dominions. But, although King William recovered this part of his domains, he came to Canterbury, to render homage to King Richard for his other estates in England.

In addition to alienations of land and sales of office, the King took care so to order his displeasure, and so to dispense justice, that the effect might be counted in his treasury. Hence it came to pass that Ralph de Glanville, the former Justiciary of England, whom he found in office when he came to the throne,—that courageous and trusty servant whom he sent from the banquet-hall to quench the conflagration of London,—saw it necessary to resign his office, which was immediately bought by the Bishop of Durham. And not yet satisfied, Richard charged the Justiciary with some offences which are not named by the chroniclers; and as he, like all other old officers of state, had accumulated great wealth, he caused him to be arrested, and kept in prison until he had paid down fifteen thousand pounds of silver, a sum nearly equivalent with forty-four thousand of our present money. The Seneschal, or Treasurer, of Anjou, whom Richard arrested immediately after his father's death, was really accused of embezzling property, and, if guilty, the amount recovered from him might have been poured into this new exchequer without any injustice. Whether the latter was guilty or not, or in whatever degree, all that can be said with certainty is, that "he, great and mighty, singularly fierce, and the master of his lord, being taken and cast into chains, was dragged to Winchester, where, being made a gazing-stock to angels and to men, emaciated with woeful hunger, and broken with the weight of his irons, he was constrained to the payment of thirty thousand pounds of money of Anjou, and the promise of fifteen thousand pounds for his ransom." *

The King pushed the sales as far as he could, laughed at remonstrance, and said that he would sell London, too, if any one could be found to give a sufficient price. By this time his messengers had come back from Pope Clement III., bringing letters-patent, to the intent "that whomsoever he chose to leave behind to take care of his lands might be exempted from bearing the cross

* Richard of Devizes. Bohn.

on the voyage to Jerusalem; and from this source, again, he gained an untold amount of money;" for every man of note had sworn to go to the Holy War.* Nothing now remained for him but to prepare for departure.

We cannot certainly trace his journeyings, or describe his occupations during the brief period that elapsed from the crowning to the embarkation; for there is neither diary nor itinerary to inform us. He seems to have been always in motion, and you find him in places considerably distant without any means of tracing the transition. He made no regular progress, but hurried from one point to another as occasion called. The most notable of his visitations were to Canterbury and Bury St. Edmund's.

To Canterbury he went, in order to prevent the Pope's Legate from going thither to settle a dispute between the Archbishop and the Monks. The Legate he commanded to stay at Dover, and not presume to advance a step further without permission; and then, calling the parties litigant into his presence, heard their mutual accusations, did them justice, and compelled them to be at peace. As for this quarrel concerning privileges, rights, and churchlands, I must honestly confess that I have not made the slightest effort to weigh its merits, and therefore leave it in Latin folios, for the delectation of the few rare spirits who dive into studies of the kind. It is enough to say, that King Richard preferred to settle the contentions of his own subjects to admitting the jurisdiction of a stranger; that a deputation of Canterbury Monks soothed his mind by an offer of five hundred marks "before the public hearing;" that the Legate showed as much indignation as was proper, but no more than was safe, and then paid a dignified submission.

To Bury St. Edmund's he went, ostensibly at least, on pilgrimage, to keep the feast of King Edmund, and must have been there on the 20th day of November. This appears to have been meant as a sort of valedictory ceremony before his departure for Palestine, which took place

* These details are collected from the chronicles, and arranged, so far as I can judge, in the order of occurrence; but it would be tedious to note the references as I pass from one to another.

a fortnight afterwards, as soon as the affair at Canterbury was settled.

Meanwhile the clergy did their best to create a spirit of enthusiasm among the population of England ; but the oppressiveness of the forest-laws, the additional burden of the Saladin tithe, and the coolness and even disapprobation of Earls and Barons, were all unfavourable to their success. Englishmen could see no prospect of advantage in renewing a warfare which had never yet issued in anything better than mortality and disgrace ; and, even if there were glory to be won, they had no hope that England would get it. They thought that, when a young King came to take possession of the throne, it would have better become him to look after the prosperity of his people, than to use extortion of every kind for sweeping off their wealth, and carrying that wealth away to waste it on distant warfare. The clergy were not devoid of zeal for the crusade ; but many of them were foreigners, and, at best, they were but a distinct *caste*, who might fight for their altars, but had no hearths to care for, nor any domestic sympathies to cherish. Assuredly they were not such burning enthusiasts as their predecessors of the first crusade ; and it grieved them sore that they, as well as the profane laity, were compelled to pay the tithe. Much preaching was therefore necessary, in order to dispel the apathy that prevailed, which not all the noise of preparation could disturb.

There is one document of this time extant which may be taken as a specimen of the kind of preaching employed, in order to stimulate clergy as well as laity. It is a discourse from the pen of Peter de Blois, (Blessensis,) Archdeacon of Bath ;* a man whose correspondence shows him to have been in favour with Kings and Queens ; and whose preaching, if it resembled his writing, must have been fervid, apposite to the occasion, and calculated to be very popular, although pedantic enough to our ears. The discourse was addressed to two friends ; and it would very probably be transcribed by many hands, committed to memory, and delivered to many congregations. A few

* Petri Blessensis, Bathoniensis Archidiaconi, " De Hierosolymitana peregrinatione accelerandâ Epistola." Edit. J. A. Giles.

passages will show that he found it necessary to take up a strain of reproach, and that, in those who had put on the Cross, there was a prevalent reluctance to take the pilgrim-staff.

“It was Christ who said, ‘He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.’ That field where the Lord was slain, where the shedding of his blood is not only proclaimed by the reading of the Scriptures, but by the rending of the rocks, is at this day in possession of his murderers, that to them that word of Divine indignation may be applied, ‘Thou hast killed, and hast also taken possession.’ The blood of Naboth cries! The blood of Abel calls from the earth for vengeance, and an avenger it has found! Yet the blood of Christ calls for help, but it finds no helper. ‘I looked,’ he says, ‘to the right hand and the left, and saw, and there was none that would know me.’ And by Isaiah, ‘I looked round, and there was no helper; I besought, and there was none that would give help.’ O good Jesus! a burning wind, a wind of pride, has swept away the locusts. And when the pride of them that hate thee is ever coming up, there is none to come up on the other side for thee, and catch the zeal of Phinehas and Matthias!

“Wretches that they are! They see that soil, whereon stood the feet of their Lord, trodden and wasted by the sons of unbelief. They hear that the holy places are profaned, their brethren imprisoned, tormented, slain, and they are not moved for the bruising of Joseph; when that son of perdition, with whose name I will not defile this letter, has now besieged all the strong places of the land, and in great part has taken them.

“Our men who are signed with the cross look out for pretexts that they may delay their going, as if they would conspire with that abominable one, and set at nought the land they should desire. O, how far is he from health that hunts after delays of his salvation!..... Sons of men, how long will ye be dull at heart? How long will ye be slow towards things that make for your salvation, and anxious after things that are vain and withering? Do the labourers in the vineyard wait until the vintage is past? or the traffickers, till the market is

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

ended? or the reapers, till the time of harvest is gone by? It is written, 'Cursed is he that doeth the Lord's work negligently.' I did hope that the Cross of Christ would have flourished again, as if once more watered by his blood; and that, refreshed, it would have borne fruit of salvation, even seasonable fruit of grace. But now—I say it weeping—they are enemies of the Cross of Christ who ought to have been his children: through their avarice, under pretence of a certain damnable collection, they make vain the first faith of their vow. They are luxuriating on the Lord's cross, and that cross which the Apostles once preached, 'to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness,' they this day change into a stumbling-block and foolishness, among the professors of the Crucified."

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

A summons had come from France to accelerate the King's pilgrimage, lest, haplessly, he should use his resources for some other object, or waste them in delays, according to the intimation of the Archdeacon of Bath.

Messengers from King Philip of France came over to tell Richard that their lord, and all the Princes of the kingdom with him, who had taken the Cross, had, in a general council at Paris, sworn upon the holy Gospels that, God willing, they would be at Vezelai at the close of Easter, to proceed thence towards Jerusalem. In testimony of this oath, King Philip sent a letter from his own hand, asking him, with his Earls and Barons, to assure him in like manner, that he would be at Vezelai at the time appointed. In compliance with this request, Richard assembled at London the Earls and Barons who had crossed themselves; and there he and they swore on the Gospels that, by God's help, they would all be at Vezelai, without fail, by the end of Easter, ready to set sail for Jerusalem. To bind the obligation yet firmer, the Count and his companions made oath before the King of England, "on the soul of the King of France;" and William Marshall, with some others, swore before the French messengers, "on the soul of the King of

England," each party binding its own King to keep the vow. And this done, the Frenchmen returned, with a letter from Richard to their lord.*

On the 5th day of December, Richard Plantagenet and his court thronged into the old town of Dover, to be ready for embarkation. Off shore a numerous fleet rode at anchor, purchased by the King's agents, and ready to convey the soldiers of the Cross to Palestine with horses and provisions. Geoffrey, the King's brother, was there among the rest, anxious to be reconciled. He had been made Priest, acknowledged as Archbishop elect by the Legate Anagni, and mounted the second throne of ecclesiastical dignity, but had not obtained reconciliation to his royal brother, whose favour was essential to his peace, and even to his safety. Richard bore himself sternly, and caused Hugh, Bishop of Durham, to bless an Abbat elect of St. German's of Selby, in his province, in spite of his inhibition, of which Durham, although a suffragan of his own, made no account. But Geoffrey knew how to manage his brother; and, assured that money could procure his love, he made a formal bargain for it with three thousand pounds sterling.† "And then the King received back into his favour the Archbishop of York, and by his charter confirmed him in his see."

He furthermore reinstated him in possession of his lands on both sides the sea; "and the King himself cried to God, and to St. Peter of York, and to Geoffrey elect of York, and to all the Archbishops his successors, that all his lands and the lands of his Canons were at peace, and to be free for ever from 'reward of forest,' and from all other exigencies and burdens of forest and foresters; and gave him by his charter free power and license for taking game for all his Prebends in the counties of York and Nottingham." So effectually did three thousand pounds charm away the anger of the King.

All the Bishops at once paid becoming reverence to the Archbishop of York; all resolved that his consecration should not be longer delayed; the great man of Durham promised him canonical submission.

Good humour pervaded all the court and all the camp,

* Hoveden.

† "—— pro amore suo integre habendo." (Brompton.)

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

and the entire multitude. The King, the royal family, and courtiers of both estates, went on board; and on the 11th day of the month the fleet hoisted sail, and, under flying colours, distanced the cliffs of Dover,—not then so lofty as they now are,—and, every bosom panting for glory and spoils in the Holy Land, they soon dropped anchors off Calais, where Philip, Count of Flanders, gave them a gay reception, and went with Richard into Normandy.

There our warrior King did his best to set England in order, by providing a counterbalance for the exorbitant power he had sold to my lord of Durham. Him, in the capacity of High Justiciary of all England, he sent back to discharge the functions correspondent; and appointed Hugh Bardolph and William Brewer to be his assessors in all causes, and to take charge of Windsor Castle, with its forests and county. He also sent over William, Bishop of Ely, his Chancellor, with the great seal, to be used for the authentication of all mandates; and him he commanded to take charge of the Tower of London. Durham was jealous at seeing the Tower committed to any but himself; and it was not long before their quarrel threw England into confusion.

After a splendid Christmas keeping, Richard hastened to a conference with his brother of France at the ford of S. Remi, where, with great solemnity, they bound as fast as they could a compact of peace and mutual defence between themselves and their kingdoms. The two Sovereigns agreed to protect each other's territory in case of need: Richard to defend Paris, if attacked, as if it were Rouen, and Philip, Rouen, as if it were Paris. And they further agreed, that if one died in the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the other should have his men and money, and use them in the service of God. And seeing that they could not be ready for the voyage by the end of Easter, because of the death of Philip's wife, they fixed on the feast of the nativity of John the Baptist, which is the 24th of June, determining to be then at Vezelai. Earls, Counts, and Barons made oath to abide by the fealty of their Kings, and never to make war upon each other during the pilgrimage. Archbishops and Bishops promised on their word of truth, that they would publish

sentence of excommunication on any who should presume to break this peace.

In England, however, peace was already broken by the jealousies of the two Bishops of Durham and Ely; and in hope of preventing the consequences which could not but follow if they continued to waste their time and strength in wrangling, the King sent for his mother,—with whom came the Princess Adelaide,—his brothers, John and Geoffrey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Norwich, Winchester, Bath, Salisbury, and Chester, and the two rivals. Early in February they were in Normandy, and, after taking counsel, their Sovereign limited the powers of Durham, by confining his jurisdiction within the Humber and the Tweed, and made Ely his High Chancellor, or Viceroy, with sole authority, as such, south of the Humber.

He also made both his brothers swear that they would not return to England within three years, without his permission, fearing, with good reason, that one or other of them would get possession of the kingdom for himself. On the intercession of Queen Eleanor, however, he released John from the prohibition, and allowed him to return, under another oath to render him faithful service when he came there.

And in order to arm the Bishop of Ely with a power that might preponderate on all occasions, and place him above all the clergy and laity in the kingdom, Richard had sent messengers to the Pope, and obtained for him an appointment to be Legate both in England and Scotland. My lord of Ely returned to London in full feather, big with delegation of the united powers of King and Pope, took up his abode in the Tower of London, around which, for greater security, he dug a deep ditch, and began to levy tribute on all England. In the absence of all constitutional methods of taxation, we may observe, there was no other method of raising revenue but by a direct exercise of sovereignty, unless, indeed, policy should advise a consultation of the clergy or the Barons. Whoever, therefore, could obtain money or cattle from the subject was for that time felt to be sovereign. The Bishop of Ely was thus invested with absolute power, to be exercised as long as he was able.

MORE MASSACRES OF JEWS.

Meanwhile, as many English, Scotch, and Welsh crusaders as could be collected by the diligence of Baldwin and his assistants, were embarked on board the fleet, which steered for the Strait of Gibraltar, to join the King at Marseilles.

MORE MASSACRES OF JEWS.

There was but one idea clear in the mind of the propagandist, but one doctrine taught by the champions of the Church,—*death*: death to heretics; death to Pagans; death to Jews! The hosts of the Church had already slaughtered the Albigenses. The Councils of Tours, the Fourth of the Lateran, and Verona, had launched their curses upon heretics. Simon de Montfort, and Bishop Foulques of Toulouse, and the bloody Commissaries of Pope Innocent III., had scoured the Albigensian provinces with their hosts. Domingo de Guzman, father of the Inquisition, was busy devising the scheme which soon ripened into that horrible tribunal. The acts of Councils, the briefs and bulls, and the royal proclamations of that period, were all written in blood. As Astrea was said to have flown back to heaven in an age of injustice, so might it be affirmed that pity had forsaken the world in the time of this crusade. The voice of the clergy, of the Princes, and of the mob rang as from one shrill unvarying monochord, "Death to the heretics! death to the Pagans! death to the Jews!"

Can anything be more savagely frigid than this record of Diceto?—

"When many in England were getting ready, in haste, to go to Jerusalem, they determined to fall upon the Jews before attacking the Saracens. Therefore, on the 6th of February, (A.D. 1190,) all the Jews that were found in their houses in Norwich had their throats cut. Some took refuge in the castle. On the 7th of March, which was the time for the market at Stamford, many were killed." And after briefly mentioning the catastrophe at York, he writes: "So terrible and deadly a slaughter of Jews was thought not to be pleasing to prudent persons, for that sentence of David frequently fell on our ears, 'Ne occidas eos.' ('Do not kill them.')

But the true motive of those atrocities was not fanaticism.

At Stamford, a large number of young men, wearing the Cross, were assembled at the yearly market, or fair, when, according to the well-known custom of England for many ages, traffickers and buyers were congregated from all parts of a wide neighbourhood, and the wealth brought upon the ground in kind was doubled by a similar amount of wealth in cash. Many Jews were among the hucksters and petty merchants, and exhibited far more substance than persons of that class have been known to do for many generations in this country. Lured by the sight of this merchandise, the crossed zealots professed themselves indignant that enemies of the Cross possessed so much, while they were on the brink of a long voyage and hardships unknown, with scarcely money enough to buy common necessities.

It would be meritorious, they averred, to destroy God's enemies; and, with deed swift as the thought, fell upon them with their swords, and slew most of them at a single onslaught. A few only escaped, and with great difficulty found shelter in the castle. The inhabitants looked on with astonishment, or with indifference; and no one raised his hand in succour of the Jews. The murderers, laded with spoil, went away, like the sailors who had performed a similar exploit at Lynn; and, although no court would take cognizance of shedding the blood of a Jew, the King's court, it would seem, did speak of pursuing the murderers for theft.

The rumour of the massacre soon reached Lincoln; and while the citizens were stirring each other up to emulate the zeal of the Stamford pilgrims, the Jews took a hasty consultation, and compounded for their lives with a large sum of money. Yet, even after this, some were killed.

The same rumour, travelling northward, stirred the citizens of York to a similar manifestation of their devotion to the Cross, and filled the Jews, of whom there were many in the city, with terror.

On Palm Sunday, March 18th, five hundred of them, men and women with their children, presented themselves

MORE MASSACRES OF JEWS.

before the castle-gate, and implored refuge, every moment expecting to be attacked by "the Christians." Moved by their entreaties, perhaps, but more probably by their gold, the Governor and Constable consented to admit them; the gate was opened, they rushed into the yard, and trusted that they were sheltered from the fury of the people. But they soon found that their pretended protectors were going to betray them; and, in self-defence, took possession of the castle.

Having made sure of their position, they resolved to resist the citizens and stand siege. The officers, who had let them in, finding, to their indignation, that the command of the castle was no longer in their own hands, sent to pray the militia of the county and the men of York to come and chastise the Jews, if so far their valour could avail.

They came, and for some days assaulted the place without ceasing. The Jews, worn out for want of rest, offered a large sum of money to be suffered to escape with life; but the besiegers, sure that they could not hold out much longer, preferring all their treasure to any part of it, and elate with hope of wreaking vengeance on them, refused furiously.

Then one Rabbi, said to be very learned, addressed the fainting company:—"Men and brethren, hear my advice. It is better for us to die for our law than to fall into the hands of enemies of our law, and this the law itself teaches." To this counsel all gave assent, both men and women. And then, each father of a family drew near with a sharp knife in his hand, and first cut the throat of his wife and his sons, and then of the other members of his family, and, when all were killed, threw over the tower-walls to the Christian people the bodies they had sacrificed"—says Brompton—"to devils. And lastly, they shut themselves up in the King's house, set fire to the building, and perished in the flames. Then the citizens of York pillaged the Jews' houses of all that was in them, burnt them down, and threw into the fires the bonds with which they had once obliged themselves to repay moneys borrowed from the Jews."

After Easter, the Bishop of Ely came to York, attended by "a great army," which he had collected for the occa-

KING RICHARD I.

sion, and did himself honour by summary administration of justice,

Finding that the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the castle had called the inhabitants to murder the Jews whom they had admitted to refuge, he deprived them both of their office, and took a hundred hostages of the inhabitants for the appearance of the ringleaders in the King's court. Those knights of the province who took part in the attack, and refused to appear before him when summoned, he caused to be seized. And, not unmindful of his own dignity, he laid the metropolitan church of York and its clergy under interdict, because they did not receive him with honours as Legate of the Apostolic See. At his command the bells of the cathedral were taken down and laid upon the ground, because they rang not on his entrance into the city; and not only were the bells put to silence, but the Canons and Vicars of the said church were placed under the severest interdict until they all made him satisfaction.*

DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE.

While waiting the time appointed for a final conference with Philip, and a general muster of their forces, Richard employed himself in his favourite occupation of the sword. In Gascony he laid siege to the castle of one William de Chisi, took it, and hung William, who had, like many other knights, played the brigand, and robbed pilgrims on their way to Compostela. Various matters the King of England set in order in his continental territory, and then published the following code of discipline for his fleet and army:—

“Richard, by the grace of God, King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and Count of Anjou, to all his men who are going to Jerusalem by sea, health. Know ye that, by the common advice of upright men, we have made the ordinances underwritten.

“He that kills a man on board ship, shall be tied to the dead body, and with it cast into the sea. He that kills a man on shore, shall be tied to the dead body, and they shall be buried together.

* Diceto. Brompton. Hoveden.

DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE.

“If any one is convicted by lawful witnesses of having drawn a knife to strike another, or of having struck him and drawn blood, he must lose his fist.

“If any one strikes another with his hand, but without drawing blood, he is to be ducked in the sea thrice.

“If any one abuses his fellow, or falsely charges him with being quarrelsome, or with hatred of God, for every offence he shall pay him, on conviction, an ounce of silver.

“If any one is convicted of robbery or theft, he shall be shaved after the fashion of a champion,* boiling pitch shall be poured on his head, and the feathers of a pillow shall be shaken out upon his head, that he may be known, and he shall be put on shore at the first land the ships come to.

“Witness my hand at Chinon.”

Two Bishops and three gentlemen were appointed constables of the fleet, to keep the crews in order, and administer this barbaric justice.

From Chinon the King went to Tours, and received the wallet and staff of pilgrimage from the hands of the Archbishop; but the ceremony was marked with a portentous incident. The staff provided for the royal pilgrim was not suited to his brawny arm, and on trying it for the first time it snapped in two.

Here began the display of multitudes that impressed a feeling of dread on spectators, who had never conceived it possible to bring such masses of men together. The city and suburbs were so crowded with pilgrims, that the multitude became immoveable by its own density in the narrow streets and roads. “The inhabitants of the land were terrified.” Troops of infantry and slingers, past numbering, with their heavy martial tread, while the yet unsullied armour glittered in the sun, and their healthful frames were untouched by weariness or hunger, seemed invincible; and in proportion to the greatness of the armament was the tempest of lamentations, and the torrents of blessings and farewells, that murmured around,

* —“*ad modum campionis.*” Twysden’s Glossary explains that it was an old Norman custom to cut the hair of champions or boxers short over the ears, and round the head. “*Et chascun doit avoir les cheveux rongnez dessus leis aureilles.*” Thieves and vagabonds were trimmed in the same manner. This is the savage custom of “tarring and feathering” not yet forgotten in some corners of the world.

from wives, and mothers, and lovers, and acquaintance. No one could say whether the scene was more full of hope or sadness. Probably the latter predominated; and, as I write, the tome of Hoveden, at my side, exhibits a significant indication that so it was, in a monkish threnody which I will not attempt to translate, but which is headed, "A PLAINT ON THE JOURNEY TOWARDS JERUSALEM."

From Tours Richard hastened to Vezelai, according to appointment, and there Philip met him punctually. Vezelai was famous as the reputed resting-place of the body of Mary Magdelene; and the Sovereigns would, doubtless, pay reverence to the relic. Thence, after two days, they went to Lyon upon the Rhone, a city under the rule of a Prince-Archbishop; and again a luckless incident threw gloom over some spirits. The royal pilgrims and their servants were crossing the river by a wooden bridge, and the frail fabric, unused to so great a load, gave way beneath it; and although very few were drowned, many, both men and women, were sorely hurt. And this was not all. The gathering hosts of the two Kings could not be assembled in any one place, and it became necessary to break the image of unity by dividing into two camps.

The hills, far and wide, were covered with tents and proud pavilions, adorned with colours of endless variety; young heraldry spreading its voluntary devices, so that each nation, each company, and even each chieftain, might be distinguished from the rest. Then the armies marched off in different directions, Philip and his by land for Genoa, and Richard with his for Marseilles. They agreed to meet at Messina, and thence to set sail together for the Holy Land.

At Marseilles, however, Richard suffered no small disappointment; the English fleet not having yet arrived. Eight weary days elapsed, and not a sail of them appeared; but by that time he had collected ten ships of heavy burden,* and twenty well-armed galleys, on board of which he embarked with his servants, and put to sea, troubled

* *Burcias*, or *buscias magnas*. A *buscia*, or *buss*, according to the authorities cited by Twysden, was a *navis oneraria*, "a ship of burden."

THE VOYAGE TO MESSINA.

and angry at the delay, but still hoping to keep up with Philip, both of them following the line of coast, one on shore, the other at sea.

THE VOYAGE TO MESSINA.

No secondary description can convey so lively an idea of this voyage as does the journal kept by one on board, which we will accept from the pen of Roger of Hoveden. Dry as it is, it may afford some idea of a voyage along coast, when the timorous mariners durst not venture into open sea.

“August 7th.—The King of England embarked at Marseilles, in the galley ‘Pumbon,’ and passed by the isle of St. Stephen, then northward by Mont Noir, the isle of St. Honorat, the city of Nice and that of Ventimiglia. It should be known that between Nice and Ventimiglia is the division of the lands of the King of Aragon and Italy. Thence the King proceeded by St. Mary de Funz,* and Noli.

“13th.—The King passed a castle called Swene,* and the same day came to Genoa, where he spoke with the King of France, who lay sick there, in a palace by the church of St. Lawrence.

“14th.—The King of England came to Porto Fino on the eve of the assumption of St. Mary, and stayed there five days. There the King of France sent a request that he would lend him five galleys, and he offered three, which the King of France refused.

“19th.—The King of England left Porto Fino, and came to Porto Venere; and next day, to the port of Pisa. There Walter, Archbishop of Rheims, came to him, and said that John, Bishop of York, lay sick in the city of Pisa.

“21st.—Passed the island of Gorgona.

“22d.—Came to Porto Barvatto.

* Some of these places are probably extinct, or their names may have changed. And almost all are so distorted by the chronicler, that, even with the help of the best Italian maps, I have had difficulty in ascertaining their equivalents. Names that seem inapplicable to places now known, I leave as I find them, distinguishing them by an asterisk.

“23d.—Vigil of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, the King went on shore, and rode the distance of two leagues, with a few knights on hired horses, so far as a landing-place near the castle of Piombino, where they found their galleys, and there the King went on board the galley of Fulco Rustac, which he had not occupied before, and, the wind being fair, sailed past the islands of Ferrajo, (Elba,) Argentajo,* and Giannuti, and came to Portekere,* half way between Marseilles and Messina. To-day the sail of the galley in which the King was, split, and he took to the galley ‘Pumbon’ again, and passed the cities Cornet and Senes la Veille, and a place called Le Far de Rume,* and then entered the Tiber. At the mouth of this river there was a fine tower, but unoccupied, and extensive ruins of ancient walls. Here came Octavianus, Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia, whom the King abused shamefully, reproaching the Romans with simony; for they were to receive 700 marks for the consecration of the Bishop of Caen, 1500 marks for making William of Ely Legate, and a large sum of money to save the Bishop of Bordeaux, whom his clergy had accused of crime.

“26th.—The King passed through a certain forest, called Selvedene,* where there is a road paved with marble to the length of twenty-four miles through the forest, which abounds with deer. The same day the King passed a castle called Letto.* Here is a gate cased with a sort of copper, at the entrance of a cellar, or crypt, where they deposit money on its way to Rome from all countries; and next the King passed the castle of Astura.

“27th.—Passed a rock, projecting into the sea, which they call the Cape of Circello, and the islands of Parme-rola, Ponza, and Palmere.* There is a castle on the promontory of Circello, where thieves and pirates frequently conceal themselves. Thence to the city of Terracina, where there was formerly a gate cased with copper. Thence to Garilla* and the castle of Cap del Espurun. Here is the boundary of the lands of the Romans, and those of the King of Sicily, on the principality of Capua. Hence the King passed the island of Lipari, which is distant from Gaeta about forty miles. Lipari was the country of Pilate, and here is a gate cased with copper.

Next the King passed the island of Stromboli,† which is perpetually smoking. It is reported that this island was set on fire from another island, called Vulcano, the fire rushing, and burning up the sea and fishes as it came. Not far distant is the isle of Girun,* with a good castle and a port. Then he passed the isle of Baterun* and port of Baja, where are Virgil's baths, at a distance of ten miles from Naples.

“28th.—The King came to Naples, and went to the abbey of St. January to see the sons of Naimond, who are preserved in the crypt, in skin and bone; and there he stayed until the nativity of the Virgin Mary; and in one day the King came thence to Salerno on hired horses, and spent a long time there.”

This was coasting in perfection, in fine weather, and along some of the loveliest shores in Europe. After thus travelling by land and sea, Richard was delighted to behold his ships entering the harbour, under the command of no less an Admiral than the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of Salisbury and Ralph de Glanville. All Bishops were not so brave. My Lord of Norwich took advantage of his neighbourhood to Rome, to visit the Pope, and implore a license to drop the Cross and return to England. The Pope negotiated that matter to the satisfaction of both parties; and the King, equally sagacious, commissioned a strong band of Knights Templars and Hospitallers to extract 1,000 marks from the faint-hearted Prelate.

As for the great fleet itself, its pilots had sad things to tell. Coasting their way from Normandy, a breeze befell them just after they had got over the Bay of Biscay. The breeze freshened into a tempest, and chased them like feathers on the face of the tremendous deep. Soon the vessels were dispersed, driven at the mercy of the elements, and out of sight of one another. Like the sailors of Tarshish, the pilgrims cried aloud to heaven in their trouble; and then, if not to quell the storm, at least to adorn the

† Stromboli must have been passed first, and then Lipari; and the inversion of order in mentioning these, is one of many indications that the journal was not regularly kept, and the entries from memory are therefore often inaccurate. Hoveden constantly betrays inaccuracy in his dates.

tale, St. Thomas of Canterbury appeared to comfort them. Thrice he became visible. Two persons beheld him in the ship "London." "Fear not," said he, "I, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, and St. Edmund the Martyr, and St. Nicholas the Confessor, are appointed by the Lord guardians of this fleet of the King of England; and if the men of this fleet keep themselves from bad actions, and repent of the past, the Lord will give them a prosperous voyage, and direct their steps in their ways." Having pronounced this address, thrice the blessed Thomas vanished out of their sight, and instantly the wind fell and the sea grew smooth.

Sea-sick and weary, the crews were glad to put into the first ports that they could see; and this led to a rather interesting episode in the history of the expedition.

The ship "London," its crew being inspirited by the ingenuity of William Fitz Osbert and Geoffrey, a clever goldsmith from our great city,—great even then,—the man who related the apparition of St. Thomas, dropped anchor on the coast of Algarve, near the town of Silves, at a moment when the inhabitants were thrown into consternation by the approach of the Moorish Emperor, (Boiac Almiramisi,) who ranged the province, vowing vengeance for the death of his father, the year before, in the siege of St. Erena.

The men of Silves, a town but lately wrested from the Moorish yoke, rejoiced beyond measure at the arrival on their coast of a company of crusaders, and not only asked their assistance, but compelled it; for they broke up the ship "London," and used her timbers towards planting a stockade before their gates, promising, however, that the King of Portugal would repay this loss, and richly reward the brethren landed, if they would draw their swords against the same foe with whom they were going to fight in Palestine. They submitted cheerfully, stood by Silves as long as necessary, and then received from Sancho of Portugal ship for ship, and cost for cost.

Other vessels, not so good sailers as the "London," were driven into various ports farther back; and at length, nine of them, having rallied, chose to sail up the river Tagus, instead of persevering in their proper course. This brought them to Lisbon, recently indebted to the

valour of crusaders for deliverance from the infidels, and the King welcomed them as friends in need. The Moor had crossed the river, and was actually sitting down before the castle of Torres Novas, having begun the siege on St. John the Baptist's day, the very day when the English fleet, according to the first arrangement, should have weighed anchor at Marseilles for the eastern voyage. Sancho therefore sent messengers to the new comers, and prayed them to turn their consecrated swords against the enemies of the faith. Five hundred chosen men accepted the invitation, left their vessels at Lisbon, marched in two days to St. Erena, and joined the King, whom they found almost helpless, with a handful of Portuguese without arms or courage. The enemy had got possession of that castle, and another castle of the Templars was nearly in his hands; but when he heard of this heavy re-inforcement, he feared greatly, and causing himself to be reported dead, disbanded his forces, and escaped without enduring the shame of a retreat.

Here the crusaders ought to have shaken hands with their friends in Portugal, and parted honourably; but they gave loose to their passions, and had nearly perished among brethren. Sixty-three other ships of the English fleet appeared at Lisbon; the crews poured into the city, quarrelled with the inhabitants, and acted as if they were enemies in a place taken by storm, robbing the houses, and committing all the violence that makes a dissolute soldiery to be most abhorred. King Sancho hastened with all the forces he could muster to check the rapine; and, first by fair words, and then by stratagem, succeeded in disarming the leaders, and shutting up seven hundred of those foreigners in prison. With much ado, peace was made, the ships dropped down the river, to the great joy of Lisbon, and, pursuing their tedious navigation, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, and creeping along the coast of Spain and of the territory of Aragon, collected in the harbour of Marseilles, and found that, while they had been wasting time in Portugal, their King had gone forward without them.

At length, on September 14th, they reached Sicily, at the port of rendezvous; and on the 16th the King of France arrived, and was honourably received in the palace

of King Tancred, within the city, and his army encamped in good order outside the gates. And Richard, on hearing of the arrival of his fleet, left Salerno, and hastened to place himself at the head of his army outside Messina.

King Richard, no less adventurous than his followers, and as little disposed as most of them to pay respect to natives, nearly missed his fleet after all. On September 22d, attended by a single knight, he chose to walk through a little village, and hearing the note of a falcon in one of the cottages, walked in without ceremony, took the bird from its perch, and, trusting to the submission of its owner, refused to give it up again. Provoked by this insolence, the villagers collected, dragged him into the road, pelted him with stones, and assailed him with sticks. Wise enough not to risk the loss of his own blood by shedding theirs, he laid about him with the flat of his sword, putting forth the utmost power of his famous arm. But when one of the villagers struck at him with a sword, he turned it off by a stroke that snapped his own; and thus disarmed, having taught the rustics that he was no child in strength or valour, he made his escape, took to his galley, and, steered safely by his pilots through the perils of Scylla and Charybdis, landed at Messina.

Thus, on September 23d, 1190, the King rejoined his armament, and the united forces of England, Normandy, Aquitaine, Anjou, and France, naval and military, with their Sovereigns at their head, were all assembled for the first time.

And the fleet of King Richard was, for those days, very great. Independently of the vessels obtained at Marseilles, there were fourteen of those huge busses, whose magnitude surprises us, even now, when we consider the imperfect state of naval architecture and of navigation in those ages. They are described as both strong and sound. There were one hundred galleys, well manned and well equipped. Each galley had three spare rudders, thirteen anchors, thirty oars, two sails, three sets of ropes, and of all that a ship can want, double, except the mast and ship's boat. Each galley had a most experienced steersman, with fourteen stout hands to help him in that heavy service. Forty horses, forty men to mount them, and fifteen sailors, were carried in each, and fifteen steersmen,

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in addition to the fifteen sailors, did the duty of the ship.

The complement of a buss was double that of a galley ; * and the King's treasure, instead of being confided to one bottom, was distributed over all the fleet, to diminish the chances of loss. When wind favoured, the rowers could rest, and sails were hoisted ; but if not, there was no lack of strong arms—except when rough water made the landsmen sick—to work at the oars. This array of naval power, with all the decorations of flags and other ornaments in which the crusaders delighted, with the clang of trumpets, and the glittering of sword and helm and mail, and the shouts of the host at debarkation, made the Sicilians tremble. There was the great King of England at their head, amidst a host of Bishops and mighty men, all glittering in the array of battle, or else august in sacerdotal robes ; and there was the renown of this great King, the endless memory of his conquests, the knowledge of his impetuous bravery, justice inflexible, and vengeance hardly to be appeased.

The King of France, attended by his own courtiers and the Princes of Messina, were at the landing, while all the people of the city, covering the heights, wondered what would come after this grand parade. Philip looked and listened ; but none could say with what emotions. Although representative of a far older monarchy and of a greater nation, he could not but feel himself inferior to his right royal brother. But the Sovereigns met each other with apparent cordiality ; and the two hosts cheered their masters when they saw them embrace.*

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Gladly would King Philip have avoided any further loss of time, and therefore he embarked his troops that very day, and attempted the voyage towards Jerusalem ; but the wind changed suddenly, drove him back again, and he returned, grievously disappointed, to the palace of Tancred in the city. The King of England took up his abode in the house of a Sicilian in the neighbouring vineyards, where lodgings were prepared for him ; and on the

* Hoveden. Vinsauf. Richard of Devizes.

two days following he and his ally visited each other, and conferred on the business of the expedition.

Tancred, King of Sicily, was not present, nor was likely to be. William the Good, his predecessor, had married the Princess Joan, sister of Richard; but when Tancred usurped the throne, he threw the widow Queen into prison: there she lay when her brother landed on the island. Tancred, therefore, kept his distance. Messengers, however, sent to him at Palermo, demanded her liberation, which could not be refused, although it was not so easy for Tancred to pay the dowry due from his predecessor, but which had never been forthcoming. On the fifth day after his arrival—for not an hour had been lost by either party—Richard had the satisfaction of meeting his sister, who came from Palermo by water, with an escort of galleys. His other demands on Tancred were not answered; and, therefore, wide scope remained for subsequent negotiation.

Meanwhile, resolved to make his justice feared, he had a gibbet erected before his house, whereon to hang thieves. The five judges already delegated began at once to exercise their authority, favouring neither sex nor age, foreigner nor countryman; and the Sicilians, wondering at the extreme rigour of the English King, and contrasting it with the indulgence of the Frenchman, called Philip **THE LAMB**, and Richard **THE LION**. Hence the epithet *Cœur de Lion*, which has come down to us with his name, and marked him as the “lion-hearted.”

The question of the Sicilian debt remaining, appeared to excuse, if not to justify, some strong measures resorted to by Richard. Crossing the strait, he seized on a strong place called La Baniere: and, on October 1st, placed his sister there, with a numerous body of knights and other servants, and returned coolly to his lodging, and on the very next day took the monastery of the Griffons,* situate on an islet between Messina and Calabria, drove

* The most probable explanation of this word is, that the *Griffones* were Greek settlers in Sicily, Apulia, (or Calabria,) and Crete. The Griffones were said to be good soldiers, probably mercenaries; and in Sicily, as we here find, they had a monastic establishment of their own. Hoveden says that, before the arrival of Richard, they were the most powerful set of men on the island.

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out the Monks, converted it into a magazine for the stores collected in England and elsewhere, and put it in charge of a numerous company of soldiers. The citizens, seeing these two strong places converted into hostile forts, and further incited, as we may well imagine, by the complaints of the expelled Griffons, suspected him of an intention to possess himself of the whole island, if possible, and were so deeply agitated, that an occasion only was wanting to raise them in arms against the haughty stranger whom they had already contrasted so significantly with his rival.

Some provocation from the licentious Normans raised the popular indignation to its height, and brought back reprisals; and on October 3d, the King of England saw his infuriated army at the gates of Messina, and the men of the city in defiance on the walls. In a few moments more actual fight would have begun. Mounting a powerful horse, he galloped furiously through the army, struck with his staff as many as he could reach on either side, and shouted his command for them to go back to their tents. But he had not established military discipline; and the clerks and knights intrusted with the management of the people were more likely to aggravate this disorder than to discourage it. Unable to control the armed rabble, he galloped to the beach, got into a boat, made his way into the city on the water side, found Philip in the palace, and sending for the chief men of the city, induced them to address the inhabitants. By this means Messina was pacified, the walls were cleared, and the army, seeing the retreat of the citizens, were also persuaded to lay down their weapons. Still the animosity was burning; and both camp and city stood ready for a renewal of hostilities.

Three Archbishops, and a larger party of Priests and noblemen of various nations, bringing the King of France, came to Richard the next morning, endeavouring to establish peace. But while they were in consultation, the angry Sicilians appeared again on the surrounding hills, in sullen silence, ready to pour down their arrows on the foreigners, but chiefly on Richard. Impatient for revenge, a body of them attacked the lodgings of one Hugh le Brun, and the sound of their uproar startled the peace-

makers in their conference. The Lion-hearted broke off the colloquy, called on his men to arm, led them to the fight, dislodged the crowd from the heights they had occupied, and drove them back to the city, cutting down hundreds in the flight. A sharp struggle followed in the gates, and the event was for some time doubtful; but five knights and twenty servants were all that he lost. King Philip looked on quietly, making no effort either to help his brother in crusade, or to stay the strife; but, with his train, went unconcerned through the confusion, and left matters to take their course.

King Richard entered first. Ten thousand men marched after him. Ten thousand swords dealt death upon the citizens. As the crusaders broke into the houses, the inhabitants rushed up to the house-tops and threw themselves into the streets, dying thus, rather than by the hand of the enemy. Had this lasted long, Messina would have perished; but Richard ordered his men to spare the lives, and left them to pillage at pleasure. All money and valuables that could be carried away, were transferred to the English camp; many of the noblest women were also dragged thither; and, lest the Messinese should send to Palermo or Naples for help, all the Sicilian galleys then in harbour were burnt.

When the city was taken, and that was "in less time than a Priest could say matins," the banner of England appeared upon the walls. This moved the indignation of Richard's lukewarm fellow-pilgrim, who thought himself the only royal occupant, and therefore alone entitled to hoist a flag. To avoid war in Sicily, which would probably have made battles in Palestine impossible, our King yielded; some kind of compromise was made, and, to avoid future outbreaks of the kind, and at the same time to bring Tancred to terms, the Knights Hospitallers and Templars took possession of the city.

Then King Philip, moved by jealousy and envy, claimed half the booty, and indulged himself in very opprobrious language towards Richard, as if wishful to pick a quarrel, and probably hoping to expel him from Sicily by help of Tancred. On the other hand, the King of England, weary of the cumbersome alliance, determined to take that occasion to break it off, and ordered his ships to be ready

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to depart with all the troops and stores, professing that he would rather accomplish the pilgrimage with his own men only, than have any dealings with an envious ally, quoting a common proverb, that "it is better to be alone than have a bad companion."

Nor was this an unnatural desire; for to the jealousy of the French was added the hatred of the Sicilians. The Messinese magistrates, it was said, prohibited the merchants from supplying his army with provisions by open sale, in order that the men might be left at the mercy of the natives, compelled to disperse themselves for the purchase of necessaries, and to pay as much for them as the natives might be able to extort. But the nobles on all sides were earnest for peace, and laboured without intermission to effect a reconciliation.

On October 8th, the Kings of England and France, in presence of their Earls, Barons, clergy, and people, swore upon relics of saints that they and their armies would, in good faith, keep at peace throughout all that pilgrimage, both going and returning. The Earls and Barons next swore to the same effect. Archbishops and Bishops made the same promise "on word of truth."

Various regulations were made for the promotion of good order; one, especially, for the limitation of gambling, which the statutes allowed only to privileged classes. "No person in the whole army must play at any kind of game for gain, except knights and clergymen, who, in a whole day and night, must not lose more than twenty shillings. And if knights or clergymen play away more than twenty shillings each in one natural day, as often as they exceed that amount, they must pay a hundred shillings to the Archbishop, &c. But Kings may play as much as they please." These privileged persons might give license to their servants to play at hazard; but all members of the common herd were absolutely forbidden, under penalty of being flogged naked through the camp.

Between Richard and Tancred, also, was drawn up a charter of peace, on moderate conditions, with an engagement of marriage between a nephew of one and a daughter of the other; and the former sent a letter to Pope Clement bearing advice of the reconciliation. This peace,

however, was made very tardily ; and the King of England had almost assumed the attitude of a conqueror for several weeks. Outside the walls he built a lofty castle overlooking the city, in order to be ready to put down any insurrection of the inhabitants ; and this he called *Mategriffun*, or *Kill-Griffon*, to signify at once his contempt of that race, and resolution to extirpate them if they committed any provocation. This erection he demolished before leaving the island ; and many of the subjects of Tancred, who had been emboldened in the time of his difficulties to throw off his authority, returned to pay allegiance.

It should be observed, however, that the *Mategriffun* was not intended to be permanent. The huge pile was made of wood only, and so constructed, that it might be taken to pieces, and framed again in any other suitable situation, to serve as an engine of war. Accordingly, we find it afterwards reconstructed outside the walls of Acre, where it served to facilitate the operations of the siege, and expedite the capture of that city. But we must not, by breaking the order of time, anticipate a future stage of our narrative.

It is also recorded that, during his sojourn at Messina, our King abolished, by charter, the right of wreck which his royal predecessors had held as part of their prerogative, ordaining that every wreck and its cargo should be the property of its owner, if alive, or of his heirs. This was an act of benevolence worthy to be remembered ; and whatever may be said of the rashness or injustice of Cœur de Lion, and notwithstanding the aggravations of adverse historians, it is undeniable that he had the confidence of his army, and that, even after all the lengths to which he had carried his exactions for supporting the crusade, by the Saladin tithe, and by making oppressive bargains with the rich, his reputation was high in England. On the promulgation of his charter for abolishing the "wreck," it was affirmed that an old prophecy was fulfilled, which had been found cut in stone near the town of Here, (Hereford ?) where William Fitz-Stephen had lately built a house, with the figure of a deer on its front. The alleged prophecy is preserved, and may be given here as a specimen of the English of the twelfth

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century, now a dead language to the descendants of those who spoke it.*

“Whan thu seches in Here hert yreret :
Than sulen Engles in three be ydeled.
That han sal into Yrland altolate waie,
That other into Puille mid prude bi seue,
The Thridde into Airhahen herd alle Wrekey drechegen.”

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The construction of prophecies was one of the monkish recreations in the middle ages. Sometimes to flatter, sometimes to terrify, to awaken wonder, or to fan superstition, the more sedentary and ingenious framed sibylline sentences. And others, of higher sentiment, entertaining a conviction that the gift of prophesying might be attained by study and contemplation, or even received as a direct gift of God, put forth predictions or interpretations of sufficient importance to be placed on record, and quoted as illustrative of opinions or expectations prevalent at the time of their first publication.

Richard I., after overcoming the difficulties of his position in Sicily, and giving full scope to all his passions, thought well to assume, for the time at least, a garb of religion.

All the Archbishops and Bishops being assembled in the chapel † of one Reginald de Moyac, he came naked into their presence, fell at their feet, and confessed, in no measured language, the foulness of his life. From their hands he received penance, probably scourging with rods, light, indeed, but ignominious ; such a penance as his father had undergone in the cathedral of Canterbury, and his brother Henry in Normandy. And, for a short time, the clerics extolled the sincerity of his repentance, and the marvellous purity of his life.

At this time Italy was full of the fame of one Joachim, Abbat of Corazzo, a Cistertian monastery in Calabria, a man who had been on pilgrimage in Jerusalem, established a reformed community in the lonely mountains,

* Hoveden. Vinsanf.

† A temporary chapel, of such as it is likely that many were fitted up in the camp.

devoted himself to study, and obtained the patronage of a Pope, who had released him from every other obligation, that he might search and expound the holy Scriptures, a pursuit which, although generally discountenanced, was not yet forbidden to the people. Joachim had some peculiar views, not altogether irrelevant to those of the crusaders, and the penitent King sent messengers to invite him to come over to Sicily, and give him the benefit of his wisdom, and make manifest his prophetic gift.

The Abbat came gladly, was ushered into the royal presence, and, amidst a circle of high ecclesiastics, opened the sacred volume, which was a manuscript of the New Testament, or, at least, of the Apocalypse, written in Latin. All sat in respectful silence; for fame had reported him to be "endowed with a prophetic spirit, a man who foretold to the people things to come." The prophet first laid his finger on these words: "There are seven Kings, five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come." (Rev. xvii. 10.) And then, turning back two or three leaves: "There appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun," &c. (Chap. xii. 1.)

"The woman clothed with the sun," said he, "with the moon under her feet, signifies holy Church, enlightened by the Sun of righteousness, which is Jesus Christ our Lord, and clothed in Him. Beneath her feet lies this world; the world that, with its lusts and vices, ought always to be trodden down. On her head is a crown of twelve stars: now, the head of the Church is Christ; His crown is the Catholic faith which the twelve Apostles preached. 'And she, being with child, cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered;' for she always rejoices in them that are newly born, and travails, day by day, that she may gain souls for God, souls which the devil strives to get, that he may draw them into hell.

"'And behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns.' This dragon signifies the devil, who is well said to have seven heads; for the head of the devil is every wicked one, and the number seven is given, a finite for an infinite. For the heads of the devil—that is to say, the persecutors of the Church—are numberless.

Yet the number seven is exact; for there are seven persecutors of the Church, whose names are Herod, Nero, Constantius, Mohammed, Melsemut, Saladin, and Antichrist. Thus says St. John in the Apocalypse, that 'there are seven Kings, of whom five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come.' The five fallen ones are Herod, Nero, Constantius, Mohammed, and Melsemut. The one that is, is Saladin, he that now oppresses the Church of God, and with her the sepulchre of our Lord, and the holy city, Jerusalem, and occupies the land that was trodden by the feet of our Lord; but he shall shortly lose it."

This prediction was agreeable to the King, who could not refrain from interrupting the prophet with a question: "When shall this be?"

"When seven years have past, from the day of the capture of Jerusalem," answered he.

"Why, then," rejoined the King, "have we come so soon?"

"Thy coming," said Joachim, "is very necessary, because the Lord will give thee victory over His enemies, and will exalt thy name above the names of all the Princes of the earth.

"But it follows that one of them is not yet come. This is Antichrist. *Antichrist is already born in the city of Rome, and shall be raised on high in the Apostolic See.* And concerning this Antichrist the Apostle says, that 'he opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God. And then shall be revealed that wicked one, whom the Lord will slay with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy with the brightness of His coming.'"

This was new doctrine to the King, who repeated a string of idle tales, but all standard in the Church of Rome, concerning Antichrist. And the mitred theologians present fell upon Abbat Joachim with one consent, striving to convince him that Antichrist was not born in Rome, and never would be born there. But the Abbat kept his ground in spite of them; and, after a long debate, the party dispersed, many of them in sad perplexity concerning Antichrist. And a truth was told then, which has been repeated ever since, and, as often as

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disputed, proved again to the satisfaction of all but the adherents of the Roman See, that the Papacy is Anti-christ.*

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Lingering still in Sicily, the two Kings added nothing to their fame; but a few incidents occurred, characteristic of the subject of our present study, of the crusaders, and of the times. They must be very briefly told.

One Christmas-day, while Richard was entertaining, in the castle of Mategriffun, a noble company of members of his own court and that of King Philip, a cry of alarm came from the bay. The Pisan sailors, with others collected in the port, had attacked the seamen of the English galleys, who defended themselves, of course, and bloodshed was going on at a fearful rate. The party ran to arms, hastened to the beach, and, with the united forces of both camps, endeavoured to separate the combatants. But they were maddened on both sides, and ceased not to fight until night shrouded them in darkness. Next day, at mass, a revengeful Pisan stabbed an English sailor in the midst of the congregation; the Pisans and the English galley-men renewed the fight; and the two Kings, with a strong armed force, had hard work to part them, and compel good behaviour on both sides.

On the feast of the purification of the Virgin Mary, (February 2d, 1191,) after quaffing Sicilian wine in honour of the day, the King, so lately reformed by penance, and transformed, as the Priests boasted, into a model of piety, led his guests out, according to custom, to amuse themselves with looking on at the field-sports of the rustics outside the gates. Riding through one of the streets of the city, they met a peasant leading a donkey under a load of canes. His Majesty, little thinking what his freak would come to, drew out one of the canes; his guests followed his example, and in a moment they were tilting at each other in a sham tournament. A subject of his own, Walter de Barres, the knight who had once been worsted by the King, when Duke of

* Hoveden.

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Aquitaine, in single combat, found himself in encounter with him again, and, perhaps mindful of that day, plied his cane with greater vigour than became the occasion. Having broken their canes, the King attacked him furiously with his lance, but, by a stroke from his antagonist in return, was almost unhorsed; and it is hard to say which of the two was in the greater danger of death, when Richard commanded the other to quit his presence, and swore everlasting enmity to him and his. After intercession and entreaty for a long time, King Philip obtained a verbal pardon for the daring knight, who was then permitted to show his face again.

Better able than his royal brother to lavish gold, for he had exceeded him by far in diligent collecting of it, the English Monarch purchased the admiration of the whole combined army by such munificence as never had been known, and even laid Philip under obligation by adding many galleys to his fleet. The Priests opened their Bibles to look for a compliment, and found one: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." No one saw any impropriety, so far as we know, in this desecration of the word of God.

Some time in the month of February, Eleanor, Queen-Dowager of England, bringing with her Berengaria, daughter of Sancho, King of Navarre, a lady whom she desired to see married to her son Richard, came to Naples, but would not yet cross to Sicily. The King honoured his mother by sending over galleys to wait on her in the bay of Naples. At the same time there came intelligence of excesses committed in England by the King's Viceroy, which caused him perpetual disquiet, and tended to shorten the time of his crusade in Palestine.

It is remarkable that, during more than five months, spent in Sicily, the King of England had not seen Tancred, for their negotiations had been carried on by messengers. But on the 1st day of March he left Messina for a visit to Catania, on the eastern coast,—in which place "rests the body of the blessed virgin and martyr, Agatha,"—to speak with Tancred, who was there to receive him, and advanced from the gates to pay him honour. Together they went straightway to the tomb of Agatha, and were met by a procession of clergy sing-

ing hymns at the entrance of the temple. Together they knelt at the tomb, and thence proceeded to the royal palace, where the English Monarch received hospitable entertainment three days and three nights. On the fourth day Tancred offered costly gifts; but his guest would only accept a signet as a personal memorial, and gave him in return an old sword, said to have been found in the grave of King Arthur, favourite of the British bards. But Tancred induced him to receive a more substantial gift of four great ships, and fifteen galleys, for the service of the crusade; and when his visiter left Catania, rode with him two days' journey, as far as Taormina.

And here occurred an incident of profound importance. As Richard was about to leave Tancred, this King put a letter into his hand, written by Philip, and brought by the Duke of Burgundy, in which he called the King of England a traitor, assured Tancred that this traitor would not observe the treaty lately ratified, and offered to unite in making war upon him, or to join his forces in falling on his camp at night, and destroying him and his army at one stroke. Richard was astounded, and exclaimed:—

“I am no traitor. I never was, and never will be. The peace which I have made with you I am not going to break, in any way; nor will I violate our treaty as long as I live. And yet I cannot easily believe that the King of France did send you this letter, considering that he is my lord, [for Normandy, &c.,] and my sworn companion in this pilgrimage.”

Tancred assured him that he held in his hand the very letter of King Philip, and offered to bring the fullest evidence that the Duke of Burgundy had delivered it to himself, in the presence of one of his own Dukes. Richard kept the letter, and went on his way; but at a later hour of that very day, Philip also made his appearance at Taormina, rested until the morrow, and hastened back to Messina, where he encountered the displeasure of the Prince whom he had so perfidiously branded as a traitor. When charged with having written the calumnious letter, he sat mute for some moments, and then broke out into complaints. These complaints it would

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be tedious to relate. They led to further altercation, during which Richard plainly told him, that it was impossible for him to fulfil his engagement to marry the Princess Adelaide, (sister to Philip,) as there was no longer any doubt that she had born a child to his own father, while in his custody in England.

This could not be disputed; and therefore Philip yielded to the advice of the Count of Flanders, who had joined the crusaders in Sicily, and other friends, consented to cancel that engagement, a hollow reconciliation was admitted, and, on the 30th day of the same month, the French King set sail with his own fleet towards Palestine.

On that very day Queen Eleanor and Berengaria landed at Messina. The espousals of Richard with the beautiful Navarrese took place without delay, the marriage, however, being deferred; and Queen Joan, Dowager of Sicily, took the Princess into her care, until the solemnisation of the marriage. On the 4th of April, Eleanor left Sicily to return to England by way of Rome, where she was to seek Papal sanction for the consecration of Geoffrey as Archbishop of York, and endeavour to save her country from the anarchy that threatened.

And here we may notice an occurrence of which Queen Eleanor was probably witness at Rome. Pope Clement III. having died on the 4th of April, his successor, Celestine III., was installed with the then accustomed ceremonies. On the 15th day of the same month, Henry, Emperor elect, and Constance his wife, appeared before him, in the church of St. Peter, to solicit the favour of a coronation. Then "the Lord Pope, on the steps before the door of St. Peter's church, received an oath from the aforesaid King of the Germans, that he would faithfully preserve the Church of God and the ecclesiastical rights inviolate," &c. "Then the Lord Pope brought them into the church, and anointed him Emperor and her Empress. And the Lord Pope sat on his pontifical chair, having the gold imperial crown between his feet; and the Emperor, with head inclined, received the crown, and the Empress in like manner, *from the Pope's feet*. And instantly the Lord Pope *kicked off the Emperor's crown*, and threw it on the ground, signifying that he *has power to cast*

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him down from empire, if he should so deserve. But the Cardinals picked up the crown, and put it on the Emperor's head again." *

THE PASSAGE OF CYPRUS.

On the Wednesday after Palm-Sunday, 1191, one hundred and fifty ships of heavy burden, and fifty-three well-armed galleys, with some large *busses*, and three huge floating masses, called *dromons*, with lofty towers for bowmen, got under weigh in the port of Messina. The Lion of England, much to the joy of the Sicilians, left their shore to go to the holy war in Palestine. A fair and gentle breeze favoured them, and in a few hours not a sail could be seen from the Trinacrian hills, within the sweep of the eastern horizon.

First, one of the *dromons*, honoured with carrying the Queen-Dowager of Sicily, Berengaria, betrothed to the King, and a company of knights and servants appointed to wait upon them, hoisted sail, and led the way, with its prow eastward. In another vessel was the King, and in the *dromons* his treasure. The lighter vessels shortened sail, in order to keep respectfully in the rear of these; and the whole fleet was so arranged at the time of departure that, from squadron to squadron, the sound of a trumpet could be heard, and, from ship to ship, the voice of a man. A stiff breeze rose against them on Good Friday, spoiled the order of the ships, and disturbed the stomachs of the pilgrims. Wind and sea together baffled the strength of the helmsmen; *dromons*, *busses*, ships, and galleys, rolled their unwieldy sides upon the waves, and *aves* of distress were moaned out in dismal chorus with the whistling of the storm.

As the sun declined, however, the wind fell, and veered round to the west; and the sailors, taking courage, worked their ships once more. Richard, himself a good sailor, had preserved his tranquillity, and, seeing the dispersion of his followers, caused a lantern to be hoisted at the mast-head of his own ship, with a large wax-light, as a night-signal to the fleet, necessary enough when, as yet there were no compasses, nor lights in binnacles.

* Hoveden.

And thus, having taken in all his canvass, drifting slowly on before the wind, he gave them time to come up within sight, "so that he resembled a hen gathering her chickens." Until the Wednesday following all went on smoothly; and on that day the island of Crete, or Candia, hove in sight, and the King put into harbour there, to rest, according to custom, just as coachmen unyoke their panting horses, not running to the journey's end, but getting refreshment at every stage. He and his army landed for the night; but his repose was broken with anxiety, for, on counting the ships, twenty-five were missing.

Re-embarking next day, he put to sea again. The wind was fair, and, with expanded sails, the fleet dashed onward like a flight of sea-birds: and next morning, at break of day, they found themselves rapidly nearing Rhodes, where they dropped anchors, and waited for a calm, that they might keep their custom by going on shore to feel dry land. From Friday morning until Monday our young English sailors waited for a smooth sea, and then, by help of pilots, found out the way into the harbour, entered, and the King landed. Being somewhat indisposed, he spent ten days there, and collected information concerning a personage who boasted of being Emperor of Cyprus. Meanwhile the twenty-five missing ships hove in sight, and once more the armament appeared unbroken.

Next stage was from Rhodes to Cyprus; but winds and currents made sport of our pilgrims; and neither helm, nor oar, nor signal, could keep the ships within hail of one another, nor save them from a really calamitous dispersion. The long coast of Cyprus brought them up. Some were driven on shore here, and some there. Some sank, some were scattered in mid-sea; and but few of the Captains had succeeded in getting safe to anchorage.

Cyprus had been tributary to the Kings of Jerusalem; but Isaac, a Greek, a member of the imperial family, and namesake of the Sovereign then regnant at Constantinople, threw off subjection, and, refusing to send any more contributions to the Holy Land, proclaimed himself Emperor. He was an accomplished wrecker. The islanders, ever on the look-out for those whom the weather cast upon those rugged coasts, both satisfied

their savage propensities, and filled the imperial coffers with the more precious of the spoils. Grecian craft, abounding in himself and in the Griffons under his command, generally sufficed to inveigle and rob the living, while they heartlessly stripped the bodies of the dead, and emptied the wrecked crusade-ships of their cargoes. And when sea-worn pilgrims put into the ports, they were cheated to the utmost possible extent. The situation of Cyprus, in the highway to the seat of war, whither unskilful coasters groped their way, was eminently favourable to the vocation of its inhabitants; and when they saw ship after ship, from the fleet of King Richard, chased by the storm, and needing refuge in their creeks and bays, they counted on an abundant yield.

In the night of April 24th, the crews of three stranded ships were struggling with the waves. Many of them were drowned; and, among others, the King's Vice-Chancellor, known in the histories as Malus Catulus. His body, when washed on shore, might have been distinguished by the royal seal which was found on it; but a Cypriote took the article off, and sold it, and it was afterwards recovered and delivered to the King. Some escaped from death by floating ashore on fragments of the wrecks. Them the people received with apparent kindness, and conducted to a fort, under pretence of shelter; but there they shut them up; and when Stephen de Turnham, the King's Treasurer, sent them abundance of provisions, the Griffons took it at the entrance, and left their imprisoned guests to suffer hunger. Then, when hunger made them desperate, and they sallied from the fort, the natives attacked them, and many were killed on both sides. The soldiers on snip-board espying the assault, landed in considerable force, and a scene of bloodshed followed, like that in Sicily, although on a much smaller scale, and the Griffons were worsted.

Off Limisso the dromon with the two Queens lay at anchor, and Emperor Isaac used his finest ingenuity to persuade them to land; but they managed to protract their negotiation, in hope that the King might arrive to succour them from an attack afloat, or from bonds on shore. While the Queens were agitated with extreme anxiety, two sails appeared at a distance, like crows on

the wing, and, to their delight, bore down straight upon them. Others followed, and they soon found those vessels to be the main body of the fleet, with Richard himself, who put into the port, but did not land (May 6th).

Here he received intelligence of the treachery of the Cypriotes; and on the morrow sent two knights on shore to demand of Isaac satisfaction for the injuries received, and for the money plundered. The EMPEROR, pretending to be indignant at such a demand, refused to have any dealings with one that was no more than King, and loaded the messengers with abuse, who fully informed their master of his insolence.

“To arms!” cried he, at once, “to arms!” buckling on his own armour, and quick as thought jumped into a boat, sword in hand. The militant pilgrims followed, justified, for the first time, in an armed aggression. On the shore a strong array of Griffons awaited them, behind a barricade hastily thrown up, with doors and windows unhung from their houses, barrels, benches, ladders, planks, and whatever else could be heaped together. His Imperial Highness, mounted on a charger, led a brave-looking troop of horse, in particoloured coats and glittering armour. Like other savages, they set up a horrid war-cry, and from behind their entrenchment slingers discharged their missiles. The crusaders, not prepared for so sturdy a reception, began to quail; but Richard rose to the exigency, and inspirited his men by example as well as by word. Hundreds more hastened on shore to join the fight; and the Griffons, with emptied quivers, turned their backs and fled. From the Cypriote galleys, too, the affrighted archers plunged into the water, and most of them were drowned.

Again rallying on firmer ground, Isaac's army faced round, and, being reinforced from the city, poured showers of barbed iron, while Richard's host did the like, the deadly discharges hissed in the darkened air, and victory hung doubtful. Heavier engines were brought upon the field, and stone-showers rained heavily upon the astonished English. Then Richard, with his terrible sword, rushed into the thickest of the battle; his knights, feeling strength and courage multiplied, threw themselves headlong on the enemy; the cries of defiance weakened,

they tugged and panted, intent only upon death, shrieks and groans were heard, confused with clash of steel; and at last the crusaders, gaining by dint of arm an advantage over the Greeks, mowed them down like grass. The vanquished fled. The victors chased them into the city, and then through wide-opened gates pursued them far beyond. Richard, mounted on one of the Cypriote horses, galloped after the Emperor, whom only a swifter hoof saved, and loudly challenged him to turn back to single combat. The challenge he thought not fit to hear; and Richard, not choosing to be drawn into an ambush, wisely turned back, collected his men, and prepared for the conquest of Cyprus.

That night Richard lodged in his pavilion, and caused the horses to be landed, although the poor beasts were wearied with tossing in the storms; and the very next day the Greeks beheld, to their amazement, a company of about fifty horsemen close upon them, at a place about two leagues distance. Another war-cry startled the Emperor, who had fallen asleep; and in a moment he was on horseback, and the Greeks were giving a brisk discharge. Richard allowed them to empty their quivers before charging them in return; and just at that juncture, a certain military clergyman, cased in steel from top to toe, came, with his teeth chattering, and suggested to his "lord the King, that it would be a wise plan to decline for a time so large and powerful a multitude." "Sir clerk," thundered Cœur de Leon, "you had better go to your books, and keep out of the crowd, or you will be hurt." Some others were faint-hearted, too; but he saw that there was no more courage on the side of the Greeks, and, spurring his horse, rushed like wind into the midst of them, and his heavy sword, swift as lightning, hewed down the Griffons, right and left. The fifty horsemen flew after him; more and more fighting men were seen galloping to the scene of action; and the astounded Griffons betook themselves to flight, on horseback or on foot, as chance might serve.

Isaac, desperately brave, strove to keep his ground and rally the fugitives; but Richard, couching his lance, rode on him at full speed, and unhorsed him in the twinkling of an eye. Why he did not make him call for mercy,

GUY DE LUSIGNAN AT CYPRUS.

Vinsauf does not say ; but he did not ; and, recovering his feet, the dismounted Emperor escaped with the crowd, found a horse, and, putting spurs to its flanks, shot away out of danger. The imperial standard and the imperial tent served Richard as trophies of his valour ; and a rich booty gave new spirit to the pilgrims. That standard afterwards adorned the shrine of St. Edmund the Martyr. The King returned to his camp. The Emperor shut himself up in the fortress of Nicosia, in the centre of the island. Then the King proclaimed the choice of war or peace to the people of Cyprus, and offered favour to all that would follow him.

GUY DE LUSIGNAN AT CYPRUS.

Limisso is now the head-quarters of King Richard. The two Queens, glad to set foot on firm ground again, are lodged there ; and the standard of England is reared without contradiction on the walls.

Three strange sails appear in sight eastward. They turn out to be galleys ; but whence they come, or what they are, is a question debated with no small anxiety. Do they bring peace or war ? King Richard, knowing himself to be the chief depository of courage in this pilgrimage, and well assured of the power of his own example to create confidence in the army, takes a small boat, that cannot provoke an enemy, but may be welcomed by a friend, and is rowed out to speak the strangers.

Guy de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, Geoffrey his brother, Bohemond, Prince of Antioch, Raymond his son, Count of Tripoli, and some others, are on board the galleys. They have come to meet King Richard, resign into his hands the sovereignty they cannot exercise, at Jerusalem, or Antioch, or Tripoli, and offer him their services and fealty "against all men."

The King, without making himself known, leaves his new lieges, returns to land joyfully, and commands a supper to be made ready. Soon they land, and are welcomed at a royal banquet in Limisso.

And again he receives intelligence concerning Philip of France, which tends to aggravate the enmity that has been so often manifested. For although this King is

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making active preparations for war, by the construction of engines, he is also acting singly in anticipation of a future policy wherein his ally is not likely to concur. His plan is to depose Guy from the kingdom of Jerusalem, and give that crown—when recovered by conquest—to the Marquis of Montferrat. Richard is careful to conciliate, and even to reward, his visiter, and, because he is poor and needy, makes him a present of two thousand marks of silver, and twenty cups,—of which two are of the purest gold,—worth a hundred and five marks more.

MARRIAGE WITH BERENGARIA.

On Sunday, May 4th, being the feast of Saints Nereus, Achilles, and Pancras, Berengaria and Richard were married in Limisso by Nicholas, the King's chaplain. And on the same day Berengaria was crowned and consecrated Queen of England by John, Bishop of Ambrun, several other Prelates from East and West assisting. "The King was glorious on this happy occasion, and cheerful to all, and showed himself very jocose and affable." * As well he might.

An Englishman who now visits this wretched island of Cyprus, and strays to the insignificant Turkish town of Limasol, may be interested in remembering that there the lion-hearted Richard struck his first blow at the Greek, that there he was married, and that there England received a Queen.

CONQUEST OF CYPRUS.

However affable and jocose King Richard might be on his wedding-day, it suited not his temper to feast when either occasion or opportunity invited him to fight. Everything was ready in case of an attack from the enemy, and sentinels on every eminence waited to give notice of any hostile movement.

Isaac, on the contrary, lurking in the castle of Nicosia, and deserted by a great part of his army, thought it wisest to sue for peace, and, by mediation of the Masters

* Vinsauf: from whom, chiefly, I am now writing, and after him from Hoveden.

CONQUEST OF CYPRUS.

of the Hospitallers, proposed a conference. The King acceded to the proposal; and, mounted on a fine Spanish charger, caparisoned splendidly, and attended by a numerous retinue, rode to a plain near Limisso, and met the Emperor. After many proposals made and rejected on both sides, the Sovereigns agreed. Richard did not insist on his right of conquest, but consented to an advantageous alliance. Isaac offered to swear fidelity, to send five hundred knights to the land of Jerusalem to fight against Saladin under command of the King of England, and to make a full compensation for the robberies committed on the crusaders by his subjects.* He further engaged, it would appear, to go to Palestine himself, to deliver some castles to the King in security, and his only daughter as a hostage. He even swore that he would, from that moment, remain with the King, and not depart until all conditions were fulfilled. The Sovereigns exchanged the kiss of peace, and rode together into Limisso. Richard returned the imperial tent, and made his new ally some valuable presents; but the most precious hostage, Isaac's daughter, had not yet arrived.

Whether Isaac acted with Grecian mendacity, or was moved by fear, cannot easily be determined; but he ran away that very night. It is said by Vinsauf that a false knight told him that the King meant to seize him in his bed, and throw him in chains, and that in a fit of terror he threw himself on horseback and escaped in the dark, leaving his tents, a stud of horses, and his personal effects. Next morning the flight was known, and the King pursued him, in galleys, to Famagusta, a sea-port town at some distance on the same coast, leaving Guy de Lusignan to lead the army thither by land. But Isaac had fled into the woods in the interior, where it would be impossible to march the troops.

During some days that Richard remained at Famagusta with King Guy, ambassadors came from the crusader camp at Acre, to beseech him to complete his voyage without delay. The King of France, they said, would not proceed to take the place alone, time was passing, the strength of the crusade wasted, and they rebuked

* The sums mentioned by different writers are so various, that I do not mention any.

him for squandering time in the persecution of "innocent Christians," as they called the Cypriote plunderers, and not attending to necessary matters. He thought differently. It appeared to him very necessary to compel Isaac to release the imprisoned members of the English army, to enforce restitution of what had been lost by robbery, and to chastise his insolence and perfidy. Resenting their importunity, therefore, he gave them coarser words than well became a soldier of the Cross, but spoken under a feeling of contempt for King Philip who sent them, and then set out on march for Nicosia.

Richard himself was in the rear, to be on his guard against surprise, for it was thought that the Emperor lay in ambush by the way; and sure enough he did venture an attack with about seven hundred Greeks. But the pilgrims kept in order, and marched straight on under a heavy shower of arrows and stones, until they received command to return the like. At length Isaac himself, seeing the King advance, discharged two poisoned arrows at him, but missed aim, and this provoked him to a height of ungovernable fury. Spurring his charger, Richard hoped to dismount the Emperor as he had done before; but the superior speed of Isaac's horse once more saved him, and the crusaders reached Nicosia without further interruption, taking with them several horses and men whom they had captured in this encounter.

The citizens of Nicosia came out to meet the army, paid submission, and acknowledged Richard as their King. Cyprus, however, had to be conquered in detail. The Emperor held out as long as possible in some other forts, which Guy de Lusignan took, while the King of England lay sick at Nicosia; and in one of them was Isaac's daughter, who thus fell into the power of the enemy.

Then came ambassadors to Nicosia to bespeak clemency for their master. The vanquished Emperor, clad in mean attire, followed them into the presence of his conqueror, fell on his knees, and placed himself, unconditionally, at his mercy, only asking that he might not be put into irons. Richard granted his prayer as to the iron, but had him bound in silver chains; yet he treated him with humanity, and consigned his daughter to the care of Berengaria. The treasury of Isaac was so rich that the chroniclers liken

VOYAGE TO ACRE.

him to Croesus; but all this wealth became the property of Richard, who now exercised the sovereignty. He received from the chief inhabitants of Cyprus half their property, —I know not by what standard the calculation was made, —gave them in return the laws and ordinances which had been in force on the island in the reign of the Greek Emperor Manuel, and appointed two of his own most trusty servants to govern in his name. Then, after having rewarded his men for their good conduct during the last fortnight's service, he sent them back to Limisso, with instructions to the Queens to expedite preparations for the departure of the fleet. Isaac was put into Guy's custody; and it is remarkable that Guy and his descendants for several generations held the royalty of Cyprus, which they received after a brief occupation of the island by the Templars.

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On the 5th day of June, 1191, the Queen embarked at Limisso, and the King sailed out of the harbour of Famagusta in one of the largest and swiftest galleys. The royal vessels probably joined, and the whole fleet followed. The "brave and diligent men" whom Richard left in charge of the newly-acquired territory, were enjoined to send forward as large a supply as possible of wheat, barley, and live-stock of all kinds abounding on the island.

A report that the Saracens were on the point of surrendering Acre, excited the anxiety of Richard, who is said to have sighed out a prayer that God would not suffer that place to fall until he should be present to share the triumph.

As the ships ploughed the Mediterranean under the clear bright sky, impelled by a western breeze, Richard soon saw the thin outline of the hills of Palestine. Mariners familiar with that navigation pointed out the headlands as they rose successively to view,—first, the fort called Margat,—then Tortuosa, a city on the coast,—and Tripolis, another city,—and Nephyn (Biblis),—and Bocion,—and Beirout,—and further away Sidon, dimly rose to view.

But just then another object caught their eye. It was

a great ship, a dromon, carrying French colours. Richard did not know that his ally possessed so huge a floating castle, and some on board suspected the colours to be false. But the King bade one Richard de Barres, a brave Captain, to row ahead, hail the dromon, and ask the name of her commander. Some renegade, probably, who could speak French, but evaded the question, told De Barres that they belonged to the King of France; and this answer he brought back. Almost believing it to be true, the King urged his rowers, and they brought him near, for the wind, dropping, as usual, towards evening, did not serve the dromon to make head-way. There was no mark of anything either French or Christian on it, yet it was a vast mass, compact and strongly built, carrying three strong masts, and its sides painted with stripes of red and yellow. One of the seamen told the King that he had seen her at Beirout, and knew her to be laden with a hundred camel-loads of slings, bows, darts, and arrows. He had heard that seven Saracen Admirals were to embark, and eighty chosen Turks. It was understood that they had also a large quantity of Greek fire on board, in bottles; and there was a strange report of two hundred deadly serpents, to be carried to Acre and let loose in the Christian camp, with intent that the plague of serpents that befell the Hebrews in the desert should be repeated.

Other messengers were sent alongside to put the same questions. These brought back a different answer; for they reported themselves Genoese, bound for Tyre. "They are Saracens, my Lord," said one of the galley-men: "I give you leave to cut off my head, or hang me on a tree, if I do not prove them to be Saracens. Let a galley be sent quickly after them, for they are making way, and let us give them no salute, and then we shall see what they mean and what they are."

At the King's command a third galley was sent, and it kept close alongside the dromon, the men half resting on their oars, and saying nothing. Down came darts and arrows; and at this signal all the galleys of the fleet that were within hail or sight came thick upon her, and shot their arrows on her deck. But the Saracen archers, having an advantage of position, killed many of the Franks, who began to lose heart, and Richard had to row

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along the lines of galleys and use his fiercest eloquence to rouse their zeal. Inflamed with new spirit, the crusaders became furiously brave. One man jumped into the sea, dived under her stern, and, hanging on the rudder, managed to pass ropes round it, so that she could not steer. Some, laying hold on her cables, climbed up the sides, and would have boarded her, sword in hand, but just as they reached her lofty bulwarks, their hands were chopped off, or their heads, and they dropped into the water dead, or to be drowned. The pilgrims, maddened with revenge, forgot all danger, and rushed up her sides, reckless. One man boarded. He fought with courage that might seem fabulous. Others followed; but the fight was too unequal, and all the assailants perished. Then the King ordered them to change the method of attack.

The galleys rowed off on all sides, and left the dromon clear, but, turning round again, at a signal from the King's galley, the rowers pulled hard, and each heavy prow, armed with iron, came like a battering-ram into her side. The shock made every timber vibrate. It was repeated again and again. Becalmed and helpless, the big dromon lay upon the reddened pool. At each shock her hull quivered. The timbers yielded; the seams opened; she leaked all round; the waters rushed into her hold, and she began to sink. Then the slingers and the archers in despair threw away their weapons, and Admirals* and crew flung themselves into the sea, that they might die at once. But the crusaders laid hold on many, and dragged them into the galleys; and then the King, reconnoitring the capture, commanded thirty-five Admirals and engineers—if we may so call them—to be kept alive. The others were thrown back into the deep. The dromon went down, the crew perished, the ammunition was lost to the Saracens of Acre, to whose succour she had been sent, and Richard went into the harbour of Tyre, being conqueror of Cyprus, and again victorious on the sea. The engagement had been seen from shore, and we might suppose that Richard would have had an enthusiastic welcome. He ought,—coming as he did with

* *Admiral*, in the language of the crusaders, was equivalent with *Emir*, or Captain; one who commanded, whether on land or sea.

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the wealth of England and the flower of Normandy, being the first champion of Christendom, and terror of the Heathen,—he ought to have been welcomed with every demonstration of joy and of respect. The Tyrian “Christians” had no horror of war. They delighted in shedding the blood of Saracens. They ought, therefore, to have seated Richard at the choicest banquet they could prepare, and to have shown his men the most cordial hospitality.

He landed. The guards of the city told him that Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, Governor of Tyre, and the King of France, had both ordered them to shut the gates against him if he came on shore there. He withdrew, slept under his own tent for the first night spent in Palestine, returned next morning to his galley, and led the fleet to Acre.

THE LANDING AT ACRE.

Passing Candaleon and Casella Imbrici, he saw the lofty tower of Acre in the horizon. Then, by little and little, the other fortifications of the city rose to view. Soon they neared the shore, where was an array of military power so vast as not even Richard himself had ever witnessed. He had seen the little baronial bands of Normandy and Anjou, he had besieged castles, and stormed them too, he had broken lances in single combat, and had won pitched battles with the savage Griffons of Sicily and Cyprus. His knights had achieved wonders in England, fighting with other knights, and he had surprised his contemporaries by many feats of personal valour; but such vast belligerent masses from all nations of east and west as now covered the plain of Acre, and occupied the hills around it, his eye had never surveyed.

Here was the French army waiting. Here were many little armies, from different countries of Europe, each distinguished by its colours and devices. They sat down in camp before fortifications as yet impregnable; and long months had passed away with the Saracens of Acre in steady defiance of the Frankish hosts. On the hills were the myriads of Saladin, also in tents; and in the midst of those tents, glittering in Asiatic magnifi-

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cence, stood the pavilion of Saladin himself, that of Safadin his brother, and that of Kahadin, a pillar of Islâm. The eye could not reach the outskirts of their encampment. For the multitudes of crusaders the land yielded little nourishment, or none. Food had to be brought from Europe; and now they feasted, or again, if the supplies lingered, they suffered famine. Cyprus might serve them, at present, for garden and for granary, and for herds and flocks; but the sparse and immoral population of Cyprus did not so cultivate the soil as permanently to satisfy a very large demand beyond their own consumption. His own experience told him how jealousy weakens and disperses multitudes. He knew and felt profoundly that his great ally, Philip Augustus, was a rival, but not magnanimous enough to keep free from perfidy. He might have seen (but his foresight was not equal to his valour) that disease and famine, as well as discord, hovered over the doomed hosts like vultures waiting for the day of slaughter. But what he did see was a grand field for bravery; and what he did long for was glory in the slaughter of Saracens. He knew how to go into a battle; but for this campaign he had never known how to calculate the cost.

Here he landed, "on the Saturday before the feast of St. Barnabas, in the Pentecost week." Here he was welcomed. The war-worn pilgrims rended the sky with shouts; and as that part of his own armament which had arrived emptied itself upon the shore, and as every man, English, French, Italian, German, heavy in full armour, pressed towards the shore, eager to feast his eyes upon the Prince in whom he trusted for deliverance and victory, the ground trembled. The clang of trumpets, and noise of human voices thundering congratulations, alternated with a deep and heart-subduing grandeur, as if all Christendom had rolled an awful summons to the defilers of the holy land to surrender their usurped dominion; and as if heaven itself were bidding the man of Lion Heart to come, and see, and conquer. Never had Richard such a proud hour,—never did he hear such a solemn challenge.

The sun was dropping quickly in the west when the King landed. Philip was the first to meet him; and the

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calm air of that still summer night seemed as if it were hushed that nature herself might listen. The two Kings embraced. The French Monarch, too proud to betray any remembrance of the humiliation of his sister, once affianced to Richard, but now dishonoured and rejected, carried the newly-married Berengaria in his arms over the wet beach, and all past jealousy seemed to be dissolved in gladness. The constellations lit up in heaven—the grand forest-crowned hills—the broad sea—the frowning battlements—the hum of men—the fires of joy, with mailed pilgrims grouped around them everywhere, telling the romance of the past, and, as they emptied their cups, filling the future with visions of wealth—the wild song of the troubadour, and the cheers and the laughter of the watchers, for all were sleepless, drove slumber from Richard too. Yet he lay in his tent subdued by the grandeur of that deep and breathless night. It was the enchantment of a dream never dreamed before, and never to come back again.

Saladin had heard, hours before the landing of his new enemy, of the loss of the dromon with warlike stores and fifteen hundred souls, all destined for the relief of Acre, but all engulfed and gone. He, too, looked down upon the plain. It was bright with camp-fires and with torches. His own Saracens were fallen into an uneasy sleep. He slept not. The ascending hum of an invisible multitude was to his ear more impressive than the rush of battle. But Saladin was alone, none could read his countenance; but his biographer records that amidst the consternation of his officers he only continued calm.

SIEGE OF ACRE.

The two Kings who abandoned their dominions without any prospect of earthly compensation, and rather driven by the importunity of Priests than drawn by a religious feeling of their own, could not be expected to fight like those who hope to extend their power or to save their country. Our own King heard by every arrival from England that the men whom he had left to administer government, were plunging the country into misery by their contentions, and by an intolerable oppression of

SIEGE OF ACRE.

the people. The French King, too, longed to be at home again; and an event which occurred just as his colleague joined him,* stimulated his impatience. The Count of Flanders, who came in his own train, died. He seized his treasure, "and from that hour sought for an opportunity of retiring from the siege of Acre, and returning to his own country, that he might subdue Flanders to himself." †

Independently of this occasion of restlessness, "Discord, queen of hell, and her sister, livid Envy,"—as Bernard the Treasurer says,—kept up a constant misunderstanding between them. They never had acted in concert. They had only met to quarrel. It was their custom alternately to defy each other, and to swear upon relics to be friends; and every incident, great or small, tended to aggravate their mutual dislike.

Rising after the first festive night, Richard divided the prisoners taken from the Saracen ship with King Philip and the Counts of the army, and forthwith began to construct engines for battering the walls and throwing masses of stone into the city.

The Pisans, lured by the fame of his munificence, came to offer him their homage, which he accepted. So did the Genoese; but they had already sworn to Philip and the Marquis of Montferrat. He therefore declined the bargain which these proposed.

Hearing that King Philip, after coming to Palestine, had given to each of his soldiers three pieces of gold a month, he resolved not to be outdone in liberality, and offered four. Such a proceeding, in these days, would be thought dishonourable; but honour in that age of chivalry did not stoop to meddle in matters of this description, and Cœur de Lion hesitated not to overbid his fellow. Consequently, the whole army extolled his generosity, as they had before extolled it in Sicily; and Philip had the mortification to see his men deserting to the standard of his rival. As yet, the army was in health and good spirits, and a general murmur of impatience

* Hoveden says that the Count died on the 1st of June, a week before the arrival of the English fleet. Vinsauf places his death some time after the arrival.

† Hoveden.

called on the glorious and liberal Prince to lead an assault on Acre.

Philip had already attempted one, but without success; and his engines, constructed with great skill and labour, had been destroyed by Greek fire, before they could be made to tell upon the walls with effect sufficient to storm the town.

Richard hoped to succeed better; but a disease to which new comers were liable laid him aside, and he sank for many days under a languor that could not be resisted. Still, his engines rose under the hands of the workmen; and a large fort, or tower, like the Mategriffun which had overawed Messina, rose before the gate of Acre, landward. Still Richard languished in his tent, and he also objected to immediate action because a part of his army had not yet come.

As if to catch that opportunity for winning laurels to himself alone, the French King, by voice of herald, commanded the army to prepare for an assault. Then there was a grand display of arms and armour, of pennons and banners. The cavalry were well mounted, and each man thought himself a hero. From cross-bows and machines, and from the new engines, the besiegers poured in terrible showers of darts, arrows, and stones; and the Pagans were so hard pressed that they determined to make the appointed signal of distress which was to call down the host of Saladin, that husbanded its strength, lying at ease upon the neighbouring hills, except on emergencies, being well supplied with provisions from the interior, but preventing any supplies to the crusaders, except by sea, which came precariously; thus leaving the besiegers to be worn out by dissension and hunger. The besieged now gave their signal, raising a shout from every voice, beating kettles, and everything sonorous, and reiterating the noise, until assured that the cry of the city had come up into the ears of the great Sultan.

To guard against an attack from that quarter, Guy de Lusignan led his men, to keep the trenches that lay between the camp and the enemy, and there they fought to admiration, and drove back the Saracens from the barricades. With his own axe Guy killed ten of them "in a most glorious manner." But this partial advantage did

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not save the besiegers from overwhelming torrents of arrows and floods of Greek fire poured from the walls. The engines were consumed, thousands lay dead or dying in unutterable agonies under the action of that fluid, and the host was beaten back in dismay. Then the lamentations of those undisciplined pilgrims became as passionate as had been their joy when they profanely hailed Richard, but a few days before, as "Christ, come to bring deliverance to Israel."

Overcome by fatigue, disappointment, and shame, the French King fell sick of the same disease as his compeer; and thus both Monarchs lay hidden in their pavilions, leaving the disheartened army with "no chief to fight the battles of the Lord," and the Saracens now quite free from the momentary dread which their coming had occasioned.

Yet the horizon soon brightened, in the arrival of ships with a large number of Bishops and noblemen, each one attended with a retinue of pilgrims. King Philip first rose from his bed, and applied himself to the construction of engines in place of those destroyed, resolving to work them night and day. One of great magnitude, called *Bad Neighbour*, propelled its ram against the city-wall; and the beseiged played a powerful machine, called *Bad Kinsman*, that often made the joints of *Bad Neighbour* crack, until it fell to pieces. Then the King rebuilt it in a place more favourable to his purpose, and by its incessant blows made a breach in the wall, and shook the *Accursed Tower*,—the chief tower of Acre,—so called from a legend that it had been built with the pieces of silver given by the Priests to Judas. The petraries, or engines for hurling stones, erected by the Duke of Burgundy, the Templars, and the Hospitallers, constantly annoyed the Turks, doing less terribly what shells would now do on a great scale, and in quick time, that is to say, killing people in their houses.

One grand engine, called the *Petrary of God*, constructed at the common expense, dealt mortality upon the Turks beyond all the rest. Near it a preacher held forth daily, and collected money from his auditory to hire men to bring great round stones from the beach to keep up the assault. The constant battering by this means

made a breach in an outer wall of the Accursed Tower, and thus encouraged the Kings to continue their diligence in rearing similar structures. From one of them, framed at the expense of Richard, it is said that twelve persons were killed by the discharge of a single stone. That stone, as Vinsauf relates, was brought by the King from Messina, and its wondrous execution gained it the honour of being carried to Saladin for inspection. The Turks of Acre, however, vigorously answered to the attacks of their enemies; the men of Saladin challenged them to closer fight; and King Richard suffered more distress from vexation at hearing of the challenge which he could not accept, than from the fever that consumed him.

His rival, too, standing under a strong roof, covered with hides, used to beguile the weariness of the pilgrimage by slinging stones at the Turks when they appeared upon the wall, vent his mortification in cursing his men when he saw certain machines of his, "the cat" and "the sow," blazing under streams of Greek fire, as if the poor Frenchmen could have transmuted timber into asbestos.

One day, when Saladin had threatened that he would cross the trenches, the best and bravest of the pilgrims armed themselves, and marched out to receive him with force for force. The Sultan, however, did not come, but sent his Vizier Kahadin, with whose detachment a fierce encounter followed. The Moslem cavalry, dismounting, grappled with the crusaders toe to toe; swords, daggers, two-edged axes, and ponderous clubs, bristling with sharp iron teeth, left mortal wounds; and a horrible sound of blows, cries of defiance, shrieks of pain, and groans of men dying on both sides, made the camp quake. Added to the toil of battle was the burning of a summer sun, itself enough to make a Frank faint if the fury of war had not borne him onward. Another body of crusaders, hoping to divert the enemy, attempted an assault on the city, but only brought down a reinforcement from Saladin, and prolonged the struggle until night parted them.

Prodigies were performed on that day on both sides; and the chief result seemed to be that Saracens and crusaders thenceforth entertained for each other a mutual respect which tended to impart a character of chivalry to this crusade that may be taken as its single redeeming

feature; and, after all, the greater part of the credit must be awarded to those whom the soldiers of the Cross had regarded as only fit to be destroyed.

Still the engines did execution on the walls, and the Accursed Tower was nearly undermined, the foundation being supported by beams and blocks until a suitable time for consuming these materials by fire, in order that the structure might sink and fall. Knights purchased a little fame by heroic deeds, or by flinging themselves, in desperation or vanity, into the jaws of certain death. King Richard, still prostrate under a lingering disease, could only be carried into the camp; and there he endeavoured to inspirit his own men by letting them see him on a bed of state, covered with silk, and sometimes, as he lay, working an arbalest and shooting down Saracens that showed themselves upon the wall. Then, the logs being burned through, the foundations of the Accursed Tower subsided, and it hung a bilging mass, threatening to fall, yet not falling.

There is a pleasant story told of our Cœur de Lion and the Great Sultan, which I translate just as it stands in an eastern chronicle.

“The King of England sent a messenger to Saladin, to say that there could be no harm if they two met together somewhere apart, and conversed on the matter that lay between them; but, on the contrary, much advantage might accrue to both. But Saladin replied, that there was a great deal to be settled first; but that when peace was made, they might have a meeting; for, after eating and drinking familiarly together,” (as Arabs do on such occasions,) “it would be very unsuitable to fight.

“In those days the Englishman lay very sick, and the Franks carried on the war slowly, on account of his sickness. When he began to recover, he sent another messenger to Saladin, saying: ‘I pray thee not to take it amiss that my correspondence with thee has been interrupted; for I have been prevented by sickness. Now that I am better I have sent to thee, that, if thou wilt, I may send thee gifts; for it does not become Kings to slight each other’s gifts, messages, and tokens of love, although war does rage between them; for thus the laws of our fathers, the first Kings, teach us.’

“Saladin answered: ‘Well, if you will accept gifts from us for exchange, we will receive gifts from you.’

“The messenger replied: ‘We possess hawks, eagles, and other learned birds; but they are sick: we pray you to give us some fowls and young pigeons to feed them on, that they may gain strength, and then we will bring them to you.’

“Malec Adel, brother of Saladin, a jocose man, said to the messenger, ‘It is the King of England himself, sick, that longs for doves, and wants an excuse to send us hawks.’ Saladin, however, caused the messenger to be clothed in splendid robes, and sent back with him many fowls, and young pigeons, and turtle-doves.

“Again three messengers from the Franks came to Saladin, asked him for apples and snow, got them, and went back again. But it is related that the object of the King of England in sending repeated messages, was not to make those trifling requests, but rather that he might know the strength of Saladin, and of the Kings that were with him.”*

Knowing what, in the absence of his own example, had formerly charmed even the timorous into daring, he tried the virtue of money, and, by herald, offered two, three, or four pieces of gold to every soldier that could displace a stone from the wall of Acre. Death was almost inevitable to any man seen without protection, where an arrow from above might so easily transfix him; but many stones were extracted; and many dead bodies told how recklessly the chief lavished human life, even for the least advantage.

Provoked by this new method of siege, the Saracens made a bold sally, and, with fierce and mad revenge, mowed down the pilgrims, while others guarded the breach they had made, and smote the whole united army with astonishment. Meanwhile, at a place which they had countermined, they rushed out on the besiegers; and for a time Richard thought that the campaign would be lost before his eyes. But, strange to tell, the greater part of the army did not fight. At mid-day, when the Bishop of Salisbury, with his company, and the Earl of Leicester, and other two noblemen, leading their retain-

* Abulfaragii Chron., Syr., p. 415. Ed. Kirsch.

ers, only needed a re-inforcement to take the city, no reinforcement came, for the French pilgrims were at dinner, and therefore could not conveniently fight. And a desperate encounter in the breach only served to waste life, and prolong the battle. Truly the Pisans came at length, and strove to turn back the Saracens; but they were unable; and thus hosts that could parade their vows at home, had neither discipline nor power when they came upon the field.

The defenders of Acre, on the other hand, seeing their fortification so far weakened; observing how vast a multitude of pilgrims could contribute relays of assailants to keep up the unequal fight until their own strength was quite exhausted, and their force diminished by an hourly increasing number of dead and wounded, with all the terrible exhaustion that follows a long siege, with death, sickness, hunger, and disaffection swallowing up their very last hope; sent messengers to the Frankish camp to ask for a truce, that they might inform Saladin of their condition. If he did not send help, they said, they would surrender the city, asking only permission to depart in freedom, with their arms and property. The French King, and most of his friends, were willing to accept this proposal; but the King of England rejected utterly the idea of entering an empty city, which would have to be repaired and re-fortified, after spending so much time before it. The messengers returned with disappointment, and carried back to the fainting inhabitants a new burden of terror and despair.

To Saladin the report of this affair was delivered by other messengers, who bade them persevere a little longer, until the arrival of a strong re-inforcement which he expected from Egypt, and when he would attempt, with some hope of success, to storm the trenches thrown around Acre and the camp of the invaders, and which he had not yet been able to pass. If the re-inforcement came not within eight days, he promised, on oath, that he would then endeavour to procure them favourable terms.

Nothing was now to be heard but the rebounding of engines, and the hissing of missiles. As with the convulsive effort of a dying man, Acre gave the remnant

of its strength to keep the breach; and the besiegers hoped to diminish the chance of greater carnage on their own side by opening other entrances, and taking the place by storm. Confusion seized the inhabitants, and every night many contrived to let themselves down from the walls, come into the camp, and ask for baptism. This was granted, of course, without any question. No process of instruction, no ceremony of catechising, delayed the conversion, which the clergy deemed complete as soon as ever they had administered the sacrament.

And messengers went hourly to Saladin, reporting the course of affairs. Hearing of the weakness of Acre, the desertion of its inhabitants, and the imminent failure of its garrison, he resolved to sanction such proposals for surrender as might be accepted by the enemy.*

There are, as usual, some touches of romance in the chronicles which I cannot accept as worthy of belief. Perhaps the first of the tales following may have some truth in it: the second assuredly is only the record of a lie. But even the fabrications of historians have their history.

“In the city of Acre there was a certain devout man of God, concealed, however, through fear of the Pagans, who frequently sent out letters to the army of the Christians, written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; and by them he made known to the Christians the entire state and intentions of the Pagans. Hence, being forewarned, the Christians frequently escaped the snares of the Pagans. But the Christians were troubled not a little at not knowing the man nor his name. For he would never mention his name; but in all his letters confessed that he was a Christian, and always began by writing, ‘In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Amen.’ But it is marvellous that neither before, nor after, the taking of the city would he make himself known to the Christians.” †

The other story relates a fraud of the sort called “pious:”—

“On the 8th day of July Saladin burnt Cayphas, and destroyed the surrounding vineyards. On the night following, while many knights and squires of the Christian

* Vinsauf.

† Hoveden.

army were watching before the Accursed Tower, a light shone round them out of heaven; and in this light appeared to them the blessed Virgin Mary, mother of Christ. For fear of her the guards were affrighted, and became as dead men. But the blessed Virgin gently comforted them, saying, 'Fear not; for the Lord hath sent me hither for your salvation. And as soon as tomorrow's light shall dawn, go and tell your Kings, from Jesus Christ, my Son and Lord, and from me, that they may cease from battering the walls of this city. For on the fourth day from this time the Lord will give it into their hands.' And in the same hour, while the mother of Christ was speaking with the guards, there was a great earthquake in the city, which so terrified the Pagans, that they would have rather died than lived. Thus the Lord, when He comes to judgment, will be gentle to the just, and appear dreadful to the unjust. But the blessed Virgin, after that she had thus spoken, was taken away out of their sight, and with her departed the light which had shone round them.

"And when the morning came, the guards related to the Kings and to the Princes of the army the vision they had seen, and the words which the mother of the Lord had told them; and forthwith all these words were published to the army, and there was great joy among the people of God."*

Very probably some lady-pilgrim, being in the confidence of some Priest, or Prelate, did appear to the knights and squires, and did pronounce the words. Very probably lights were brought on the occasion. Such visions were got up when required. But if we would form a just idea of the religion of the crusades, we must not fail to observe that no public prayer to Almighty God is ever heard of, no act of private or open supplication, no religious observance whatever, beyond swearing on relics, or making a vow, or keeping a feast. And the feasts do not seem to have been kept religiously. Now and then some ostentatious penance delighted the clerical members of the pilgrimage; but there is not a trace of sanctity in either high or low, on all the pages that my eye has traversed. Throughout all classes of society

* Hoveden.

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there was an extinction of religion in the twelfth century, appalling to be thought of.

Saifeddin Ali Ebn Ahmed Maschtoub,—or, if the reader prefers, Maschtoub, Governor of Acre,—attended by a suitable train, presented himself before the Kings, in the tent of the Grand Master of the Templars, to negotiate a termination of the siege. They received him gladly, and settled the conditions following :—

Acre, with all the warlike stores and munition therein, and with all ships in the harbour, to be delivered up. Two hundred thousand pieces of gold, or besants, to be paid. Fifteen hundred prisoners of lower degree, collected from various parts of the country, and one hundred prisoners of rank, whom the Kings might name, to be restored. The holy Cross itself, taken by Saladin, to be given back. Hostages to be left with the Kings for the fulfilment of these conditions within forty days.

In consideration of these promises all other persons within the city were to go free, taking their moveables, their wives, and children. If the promises were fulfilled within forty days, the hostages were to go free ; but if otherwise, they were to be at the mercy of the Kings.

Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, in reward of his activity in promoting this treaty, was to receive from the Saracens a gift of ten thousand pieces of gold, and his knights four thousand.*

Saladin, be it observed, had no part in this affair. When he heard of the conditions made, he refused to sanction them ; and despatched a diver with a message to the Emirs of Acre, which the man was to have delivered at night, commanding them not to surrender on such terms. But before this could be done, he saw the flags of the crusaders hoisted in the city.†

A herald proclaimed that all hostilities against the Saracens of Acre were to cease. The gates opened. Servants of the Kings went into the city, and chose a hundred of the richest and noblest Pagans, whom they placed under guards, as hostages, and offered free habitation in the city to as many as chose to be baptized.

* Bohadin. Others vary, slightly, in the details ; but it is not necessary to recount these differences.

† Bohadin.

SECESSION OF KING PHILIP.

Several offered themselves for conversion, and assumed the Christian name; but, after using the leisure thus afforded for a more convenient departure, they slipped away quietly, and joined their countrymen in the camp of Saladin. The Kings, on hearing of this mockery, prohibited baptizing any more Turks.

Then the Saracens—all except the hostages—departed, looking cheerful and undaunted, to the amazement of the crusaders, and, on the 12th day of July, 1191, Richard and Philip led the army into Acre. Their banners, and those of the Princes of various nations, floated on the towers and walls. The royal palace was to receive the King of England, with his Queen and sister, and their ladies. The King of France fixed on the palace of the Templars, which had been occupied by Mussulmans four years. Next day the two Sovereigns divided spoil, according to their original agreement; but Philip did not meet his companion on that occasion. He sent Drogo, of Merlon, with a hundred knights, to take his share; and Richard employed Hugh, of Gurnay, with another hundred, to take his.

Saladin, when he saw the entrance of the crusaders into Acre, withdrew to a greater distance, and for a short time warlike operations were suspended. From his pavilion at Safuria Saladin sent presents to the Kings, and even made overtures of alliance with them against some enemies of his own;* but the proposals were not listened to. Then the conquerors of Acre had space left them for dissension, and failed not to make use of it.

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In the siege of Acre only, which lasted nearly two years, there had been a fearful waste of life. According to one imperfect report,† six Archbishops and Patriarchs, twelve Bishops, forty Counts, five hundred other noblemen, and a multitude of Priests and clergy, that never had been numbered, fell in battle or by disease. Of common men, then, who could estimate how many?

* Hoveden.—“*Contra Dominum Musse et filios Noradini.*”

† Vinsauf.

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The first three weeks after the capitulation were singularly eventful.

Each of the allied Monarchs hastened to take down the engines, which might otherwise be used against the newly-captured city by the enemy; and, while the workmen were busy in demolishing, deputies from the brother and son of Noureddin, the former Sultan of Egypt, came to offer their help against Saladin; but it appears that the prevailing abhorrence of Mohammedans would not allow the acceptance of their services. The same day the Cardinal-Legate,—for the Pope was careful to have a representative on the field of battle,—attended by seven or eight high Prelates, and a due number of clergy, visited all the mosques of Acre, and restored them by ceremonial purification to their original use, the celebration of mass. While they were busy in that easy reparation, the Kings took a survey of the walls, considering how they might be repaired and made yet stronger, to defend their garrison on the land-side, while the town lay open to receive supplies by sea from Europe.

Two days were then employed in allotting dwellings to the Pisans and other traders, to be the germ of a commercial population, and to contribute to a future treasury, by the payment of rents then stipulated.

But, amidst all these transactions, a number of the Counts and Barons, who had spent so much time in the laborious operations of the siege, reasonably dissatisfied at being neglected in the partition of spoil, and excluded from any share in the fruits of their own conquest, held a meeting beyond the trenches, to remonstrate with the Kings, who had put all the wealth into their own coffers; and sent messengers to say, that unless they were allowed some part of the gain, as well as in the toil, they would forthwith quit that service. The Kings returned a promise to do something for them; but that something was never done; and the discontented soldiers, no longer able to endure neglect and hunger, gradually disbanded, and came back to tell Europe how hard and thankless was the pilgrimage of the Holy Land.

The jealousy and dissatisfaction of King Philip were too strong to be concealed; and now that he had got possession of half the booty, he longed to be away. In

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Palestine, the man who owed him homage for half his dominions outshone him in courage, munificence, and all that could conciliate popularity. At home, Flanders might be his, he thought, in consequence of the Count's death, if he could but return and use the means necessary for its acquisition. Perceiving this, the King of England proposed to him that they should both swear to stay three years in the land of Jerusalem, in order to make a complete conquest. But the Frenchman gave a very good answer,—that he would take no more such oaths.

On the 21st of July the King of England, who had waited for his palace to be ready, first entered Acre, with the Queens; as did the French King also, he proceeding to the palace of the Templars. But the very day following, as if content with one night's lodging within walls in the land of Jerusalem, he sent four personages of his court with a request that Richard would release him from his engagement, and set him free to go home again. The answer was short and clear: "It will be a dishonour and a disgrace to my lord, if he goes away before the business is finished for which he came. But if he feels himself sick, or is weak, and afraid of dying here, let him do as he pleases." The French pilgrims, on hearing of the intention of their chief, besieged him with remonstrances, entreaties, and tears; but his purpose was irrevocable.

Subservient to that purpose was another, the settlement of his affairs in the crusade; and therefore he advised his adherent, Conrad of Montferrat, Prince of Tyre, who had refused the King of England a night's lodging within the walls of that city, to come with an apology and prayer to be reconciled. Conrad came, and on his knees begged pardon; and Richard, yielding to his native generosity, instantly forgave his "violence and malice."

Thus forgiven, Conrad could come again the next day, and, as competitor with Guy de Lusignan for the crown of Jerusalem,—that impalpable halo of regality which now plays around the brow of the Queen of Spain, devout persecutor of Jews, Turks, and Protestants,—met the two real Kings, who sat down to hear them plead their claims. It is not worth while to recite those claims just

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now; but we may say, that as neat a compromise was made as the politic ingenuity of the judges could invent.

Not so easily settled was another question then brooding between the judges themselves. Next day King Philip gave Conrad the half of the city of Acre belonging to himself, and repeated his request to the King of England for permission to go home. But Richard could not but hear that request with extreme displeasure. He would not have left England, or Normandy either, unless Philip had left France; for so jealous, powerful, and unfaithful a neighbour to his dominions could not be trusted there, unless he were at home to defend them. He, therefore, withheld consent until the other swore— notwithstanding his recent refusal to swear any more— “that he would well and faithfully keep the lands and men of the King of England until his return, and neither do them any harm or grievance, nor suffer such to be done by others.”

The Duke of Burgundy remained to represent France in this crusade; but a great part of the French army followed the example of their chief, on whom the bitterest execrations were bestowed, for playing the coward at the time when victory should have encouraged him to fight for the holy sepulchre. But neither entreaties nor maledictions moved him; and, condescending to beg two galleys of Richard to complete his flotilla,—who gave them freely,—and being sworn to keep peace with England and Normandy, he left the Sovereign of those dominions to fight alone, while he made haste home to trouble them.

On the last day of July he embarked at Acre, carrying with him half the Saracen prisoners taken in hostage, left these with Conrad in Tyre, and, after spending two days there, spread his canvass to an east wind, and gladly left Saladin, Richard, and Jerusalem and his oaths behind.

MURDER OF ARABS.

The time fixed for the payment of money, the restoration of captives, and the delivery of the Cross, had come; but these conditions were not yet fulfilled. Perhaps the restoration of captives, as well as an instalment of the money, was delayed in consequence of a punctilious

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dispute with Saladin about some acknowledgment which he desired, but which Richard refused to give. The Arab hostages remaining in Acre were therefore condemned to die, unless the money and prisoners were forthcoming within ten days.

Hearing of the sentence, Saladin sent to tell the King of England, and all the army of the Christians, that if they cut off the heads of his people, he would behead all the Christians that were in his power.

By way of answer, Richard went beyond the trenches, and there pitched his tent, surrounded by a few of the crusaders only, there being a deficiency of horses and arms. Thither Saladin sent messengers with valuable presents, praying him to prolong the term. But the King rejected the presents, and refused to wait beyond the day he had appointed. Saladin, on the other hand, had not been able to collect the money; and therefore the chivalry of which the King boasted ought to have taught him generosity towards a straitened enemy. As for Christianity, its graces were unknown to him and his crusaders.

Provoked by the refusal of his presents, and other expressions of hostility, the ferocity of the Saracen burst all bounds, and he commanded all the Frankish prisoners within reach, the very ones that were to have been set free from captivity within a few days, to be brought out and beheaded. It was done.

To avenge the slaughter he had himself provoked, Richard called the pilgrims to arms, moved in battle array towards the Saracen camp, and, in an hour, the two hosts were closed in sharp, but short, conflict. Many were the killed and wounded on both sides.

But the lion-hearted King, resolved to keep his word, waited on the same spot until the tenth day, the 20th of August, and then caused all the Saracens that had fallen into his power at the taking of Acre to be brought out, bound with cords, and enclosed within a sort of palisade, made of planks bound together with old ropes. On the helpless captives, pent up within this enclosure, that was deliberately prepared within sight of the enemy, the so-called Christians fell with drawn swords, strangled them, then cut off their heads, and left the charnel heap

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to putrefy unburied. Vinsauf, who saw the massacre, records that "King Richard, aspiring to destroy the Turks, root and branch, and to punish their wanton arrogance, as well as to abolish the law of Mohammed, and vindicate the Christian religion, on the Friday after the assumption of the blessed Virgin Mary, ordered two thousand seven hundred of the Turkish hostages to be led forth from the city, and hanged. His soldiers marched with delight to fulfil his commands, and to *retaliate, with the assent of Divine grace*, by taking revenge upon those who had destroyed so many of the Christians with missiles from bows and arbalests."

The Duke of Burgundy did the like within the city, and under the walls. But each of them preserved a few of the chief men, in hope that money would be offered for their lives. Amongst these were Maschtoub, late Governor of the city, and Carácoush, a man of eminence, who had been associated with the former in negotiating the capitulation.

About five thousand corpses lay exposed to the savage hatred of their murderers, who disembowelled them, found gold, which had been swallowed, probably, in hope of disappointing their greed, and "preserved the gall of the Pagans for medicinal uses." But, whatever peculiar quality there may be in the gall of a Mussulman, it certainly could not exceed their own in bitterness. Thus, alas! Richard and his counsellors attempted to vindicate the honour of Christianity, by a deed unsurpassed, in brutality, by any doings of the Heathen. The East resounded with indignation, and many books were written in Arabic to make known the wickedness of the Christians.*

A DISASTROUS MARCH.

From the tainted air of Acre the King withdrew by light of the next sun, leaving Queen Berengaria, the Queen of Sicily, and the daughter of the King of Cyprus, in charge of Bertrand of Verdun. On the night of the massacre, a herald had published his orders to the army to cross the river that lies south of the city, and proceed,

* Hoveden, Vinsauf, Abulfaragius.

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“in the name of the Lord,” to conquer Ascalon, and the maritime districts. Leading a part of his army, he rode out at the gate, and crossed the river; but the soldiery, glutted with spoil, and immersed in dissoluteness, were extremely unwilling to quit the town.

The galleys were laden with stores and munitions of war, and directed to move along the coast, within sight of the army, in order to keep up a supply of provisions, and render it unnecessary to impede the march by heavy baggage. Supplies were abundant, and promises of glory not less abundant; but the mass of armed pilgrims could not be moved. Exposed to the attacks of the enemy, who sent small parties of light horsemen to skirmish on the borders of his open camp, Richard had to wait four days until his own soldiers could be compelled, and some of the Frenchmen bribed, to leave the city. Then the host marched off the ground, the King himself leading the van, which was to consist, on alternate days, of the Templars or the Hospitallers. The Duke of Burgundy took the rear, and the Anglo-Norman standard rose proudly in the centre.

The standard was attached to the head of a staff, resembling the tall mast of a ship, and fixed in a ponderous wheeled carriage, made as strong as possible, and surrounded by the bravest guards, whose duty would be to defend it in the day of battle; for if it fell, or were captured, the army would inevitably flee. As the host advanced, so did the standard; and as it gave way, and retreated, so did the standard. To that centre of safety the wounded were brought, and, while the royal banner appeared at its head, all understood that the King was alive and safe. To lower it would be to make a confession of defeat.

A rough, unfrequented country along shore afforded no road, or scarcely any; the feet of both men and horses were wounded by thorns and stones, and the soldiers were stung by insects, and their skin scorched with the blazing sun. And Saracens, on swift horses, hung on the line of march, fitfully rained arrows in upon them, and then galloped out of sight. However, the people were kept alive by plentiful provisions from the galleys. Mosquitoes whizzed through their tents from sun to

sun; but a herald kept their spirits up by raising the cry, "Help! help! help for the Holy Sepulchre!" And then thousands, and tens of thousands, at the same instant answered, "Help! help! help for the Holy Sepulchre!" and creeping into such covering as could be found, they laboriously wooed repose, and, half-refreshed, obeyed the summons of another day for the exhausting march.

On one of those weary days, in a narrow pass, as they were marching in extended line, and the Duke of Burgundy, and his French division, were lagging in the rear, the archers thickened, until the number became terrific, and fallen horses and dismounted horsemen, and men transpierced and dying, and trodden corpses, multiplied each minute. Waggons immovable blocked the way, and made advance almost impossible, and resistance doubly difficult.

But when the enemy closed in upon them, each one fought for himself as best he might, until Richard, informed of the assault by a swift rider, galloped back, with the flower of the army after him, and his old antagonist, William de Barres, at his side, and cutting down, right and left, as many as his sword could reach, he avenged the fallen, and drove back the Pagans to the hills.

The itinerary, henceforth, presents a continuous tale of lamentation. Heat, thirst, fatigue, and hunger too, when separated from the fleet by the deflexion of the course at sea from the way on shore, with incessant skirmishing, wore out the army. Men reeled, fell, and died suddenly. As desperate as ravenous, the pilgrims cut up the horses as fast as the Saracens killed them, and fought for the flesh. One evening crocodiles devoured two soldiers who had flung themselves into a river to bathe after the sweat and dust of a day's march. Scorpions and tarantulas stung many; and, to aggravate their peril, the knights were obliged to pull off the chain-armour that, heated by the sun, burnt their flesh, and, deprived of that nearly impenetrable protection from arrows, many lost their lives who, otherwise, might have been uninjured. Some, unable to drag themselves onward, were put on board galleys; and other galleys were sent back to Acre with messengers to entreat the unwilling soldiers of

THE BATTLE OF ARSOUF.

the Cross to come and help their fainting brethren. A pretty strong reinforcement was thus obtained. Here and there, too, they had found less unfavourable resting-places; and at length the army of a hundred thousand men could enjoy respite in the shelter of a forest.

THE BATTLE OF ARSOUF.

While the Franks took rest, Saladin collected his forces, resolving to hazard a pitched battle at a moment when he conceived they would be too much wearied to stand before him.

Richard had intelligence of his movements,* and put his army in good order. The English marched in twelve divisions, each division consisting of five companies, and all so close together that an apple could not be thrown into the ranks without touching a man or a horse. The other nations were in equally compact array. Every precaution was taken to strengthen the van, and to protect the rear by the baggage-waggons that followed. On the right was the sea; and Henry, Count of Champagne, with his cavalry, covered the left flank, and kept a look out on the enemy. The King and the Duke of Burgundy, with a body of choice guards, rode up and down to reconnoitre the enemy, observe the order of their own troops, and keep all in readiness for battle.

The appointed signal was the sounding of two trumpets in the van, two in the centre, and two in the rear; and until this was given, the divisions were to move steadily forward, and not charge the enemy; nor was any one of them to lift a sword, or throw an arrow, happen what might. They resumed their march in good time on the morning of the 7th of September.

A little before nine o'clock, a large body of Turks, about ten thousand strong, advanced first, throwing darts and arrows as fast as they could pick them from the quivers, and shouting as loud as they could. Another host of Negroes, terrible by their blackness, with grinning faces, looked far more formidable than they were

* Bohadin (cap. 119) says that Malek Adel came to seek a conference with Richard, to propose some terms of pacification, and had it, but that it was ineffectual.

likely to prove in close combat, and made the hearts of the crusaders quail. Another multitude of Bedouin Arabs, extremely active, each with a round shield to cover his head from the barbed shafts of the enemy, plied his light bow with a dexterity that would have done wonders in his desert, where there were no coats of mail.

The army marched in excellent order, protected by helm and hauberk, and suffered little inconvenience.

About twenty thousand of Saladin's cavalry then closed in upon them. The horses were of eagle swiftness, and when they threw themselves impetuously upon the passive masses of crusaders, it seemed as if that one charge would suffice to break the ranks and drive them into the sea. But it was not so. The phalanx could not be broken; and the armour of the crusaders resisted the multiform weapons that were meant to pierce and mangle flesh, but did very little execution upon steel. Richard looked on proudly at the coolness and subordination of his army, such as it never had displayed before, and calculated the value of resistance against the force of attack.

The Saracens were thus beating the Franks, who began to feel oppressed by the weight of masses, hemmed in, and almost unable to advance. Knights reddened with indignation as they fancied that their inactivity resembled cowardice, and yet no one felt able to strike the first blow, so powerful was the spell of sympathy, and so strong their trust in the wisdom of their Captain. On the rear, especially, the pressure was heaviest; and at length it became insupportable, while fresh torrents of arrows came upon them, thick and rapid, like hail driven by the tempest. The high sun, too, and a hot cloud of dust thrown up from the baked ground, almost burnt and blinded them; and the density of their own compressed column, the wild shrieks of their assailants, and a fearful sense of helplessness, drove them to despair.

One brother Garnier de Napes, a Hospitaller, unable to restrain himself any longer, suddenly exclaimed, "O excellent St. George, will you leave us to be thus put to confusion? All Christendom is perishing, because it fears to strike a blow!" On hearing this, the Master of the Hospitallers rode up to the King, and implored him to give the word for battle. He represented that the horses

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were falling rapidly, and the cavalry would soon be all dismounted.

The King did not yet consent, and the Master rode back disheartened. But by this time the Hospitallers had lost their patience, and rushed into the midst of the Turks, and were hewing them down by scores; but the order of march was broken, the attack was partial and ineffective, and the King's plan so far failed. Without the appointed signal, and therefore with great irregularity, the whole body of crusaders turned upon the enemy; and then Richard himself hastened to do his best,—not by commanding, as a General, for that was now impossible,—but by plunging into the battle, and, as usual, carving his way through the thickest of the enemy.

The carnage was immense. Carcasses of horses and bodies of men cumbered the ground. Friends and foes mingled; and, in the confusion, Christian was killing Christian, and Turk cutting down Turk. Each one slaughtered as he could, and the thousands of combatants, maddened, trampled into the dust the promiscuous dead. Richard, however, and his companions, turned the tide of death upon the Turks. Cutting their way like reapers with the sickle, they spread panic round them, a flight began, and victory appeared to be with the crusaders. But again the fugitives rallied, at another point, and it was only by a prodigious effort of King Richard, William de Barres, and a few others, that the first advantage was regained, and the remnant of the crusaders found themselves masters of the field. They encamped that night by the town of Arsof, whence the battle may very fitly take its name.*

The Sultan rode off to the skirts of a neighbouring forest, on a hill-side, and sat upon the ground within a humble tent, mourning for the lost. Bohadin, his Secretary, sat beside him, striving to minister consolation; but he would not be comforted. His servants gathered round him, offering refreshment; but he long refused to break his fast, until it became necessary that he should appear in public, and then he tasted a little food, but, like one

* Not *Assur*, nor yet *Arsur*, but Arsof. Reland, (*Palæstina Illustrata*, p. 570,) after Golius, places it on the sea-shore, six miles from Jaffa.

that loathed it, eating bread as ashes, and, bearing every mark of dejection, went outside the tent. The few horses that remained were just then brought back from watering at some very distant stream; for the Franks had possession of the nearer waters. The wounded, also, were brought in great numbers; and he went about amongst them, shedding tears of pity, and directing how they should be treated. But it was a scanty remnant that he saw. "A vast multitude of foot-soldiers had perished on that day."*

And all this was said to be for the love of Christ! Deeply, indeed, was the name of Christianity dishonoured; and the enmity between Mohammedan and Christian, that ought to have been quenched in charity, burned fiercer than ever from that day of slaughter, and its fires are not yet extinguished. In the name of the Saviour of mankind, and in that of Mohammed, but in the same spirit, were employed the weapons of death.

The King wrote two letters by the first opportunity after this battle; a short circular to his Barons, and a long epistle addressed to the Abbat of Clairval, but neither of them very explicit. He acknowledged a great loss on his own side, but most of all lamented the death of a single favourite, one James d'Avesnes. His letters were dated on the 1st of October, at Jaffa.

A NEW TURN OF THE WAR.

As two ships that have run foul of each other, and are both disabled, put back to port instead of prosecuting their voyage, so the armies of the East and West, wearied by the campaign, minished by defections, and then exhausted in the battle of Arsouf, were not in a condition, on either side, to venture on another battle, but shunned each other.

Richard and his associates in command marched the remnant of their host to the river of Arsouf, after having rested a day or two, in order to attack Jaffa. A division of the Saracens made some resistance; but the Franks crossed the river without much difficulty, soon reached Jaffa, and sat down before the city. Unmolested by the

* Bohadin, cap. 120.

enemy, they pitched their tents, and enjoyed the delicious fruits that abound in Palestine in September,—figs, pomegranates, citrons, and grapes in fullest cluster. The English fleet, laden with provisions, came into the port, and the crusaders enjoyed luxury that surpassed even the indulgences of Acre.

But we need not linger in relating encounters of knights, skirmishes that supplied the place of more earnest warfare, nor even the feats of bravery related of Cœur de Lion himself. These things add nothing of importance to our knowledge either of the crusade or of its leaders; and I shall therefore be content to describe, in few words, the general progress of affairs.

Jaffa could not stand a siege; for Saladin had caused the walls to be broken down and the houses ruined. The city was deserted, and the pilgrims walked into it without finding a hand that could be raised against them. While they were busy in repairing Jaffa, intelligence came that Saladin had resorted to a new system of defence. Seeing that the strangers had no resources in the country for the supply of the vast multitudes which they thought necessary in order to its conquest, and that they could only hope to maintain their ground by the occupation of strongly fortified places on the coast, where munitions of war might be collected, and especially food saved in store for their subsistence, communication with Europe being kept open, he resolved to dismantle Ascalon, as well as Jaffa, and to rase all the towns between that coast and Jerusalem. Thus he designed to leave the way to the holy city desolate, and well knew that no Frankish army, severed from its fleet, could endure a march inland, and live in camp under the walls of so strong a city as Jerusalem one tenth part of the time that would be necessary for a successful siege. To cut off supplies from sea, to weary out any army by incessant skirmishing, and to make its very multitude a source of insufferable distress, he knew by experience to be most easy. Richard and the other European chiefs had spent months, and even years, in the siege of Acre, in order to secure a line of communication with Jerusalem; and no sooner was Acre taken, than, for the same reason, they therefore gave their entire diligence to renew its defences, and then proceeded

to take the other strong-holds on the coast, with intention to occupy them also.

During the lingering march to Arsouf, with its accompanying disasters, the garrison and inhabitants of Jaffa, the next post to be occupied, had made that place useless. Ascalon, also, was crumbling into ruins under the hands of the Saracens; and, at that rate, desolation, the last resource of barbarian strategy, would make the Syrian wilderness impassable.

Richard saw this procedure with alarm; for already his people had experienced the horrors of an incipient famine. The archers of Saladin found no difficulty in killing the horses that drew the baggage in the rear, and the living horses could hardly drag along the lumbering loads where there was no road, and the hot earth pulverised and yielded under the hoof. Cut off from the galleys, which could not land provisions anywhere, or, if landed, could not send them to the army on its march, the starving multitude had been compelled to eat horse-flesh, and the dismounted knights, hungry and faint, had only thus been able to keep themselves alive. One Syrian summer, with such difficulties, would be enough to annihilate the best-appointed armament. He therefore wished to hasten to Ascalon, prevent its utter demolition, drive out the occupants, and restore the walls. The English and Normans rendered a cool consent to this proposal, dreading the repetition of a battle, and unwilling to exchange present ease for the toilsome carrying of burdens and working day and night to repair the ruins. The Dukes of Burgundy and Austria, with their French and German followers, absolutely refused; and those who could not calculate events so easily as Richard, thought that as Jaffa, which they occupied, was nearer to Jerusalem than Ascalon, where the whole force of the East might hold out against them, argued that the wiser way would be to stay where they were.

King Richard was overruled; and the horde, again abandoned to licentiousness, became as vile as it had shown itself at Acre. Indeed, crowds of idlers of both sexes constantly came from Acre to Jaffa in galleys, and each new arrival made bad worse.

If he had proposed to march to Jerusalem, the multi-

tude would probably have shouted, "Help for the Holy Sepulchre!" and trusted to their own fanaticism for accomplishing the conquest. Some, indeed, were impatient to pursue the expedition; but their leaders agreed, at least, in perceiving that to be impracticable. Some minor operations were executed with tolerable success. Richard divided his time between fighting Pagans and hunting game; the latter amusement being by far the more dangerous, as he was then likely to be taken by surprise. Indeed this happened more than once; and but for the heroic devotion of those around him, added to his own mad bravery, he must have been cut in pieces, or carried away in chains to the tent of Saladin.

The confidence of his people being somewhat re-assured, our hero thought that he might make an overture for negotiation, without sacrifice of dignity. It was undeniable that both parties were nearly worn out. The many-tribed camp of the Mussulmans was breaking up by the secession of thousands after thousands of mercenaries and volunteers. The factions in the mixed army of crusaders, which have been already mentioned, became yet more turbulent; and clashing interests and adverse aspirations, with jealousy of the King of England, were known to occasion this Monarch great perplexity. Abul Faragius quaintly describes this affair, and Vinsauf contributes some additional particulars. I collate and follow them.

The King of England sent a distinguished embassy to the Sultan and to Safadin, his brother, to demand the surrender of the kingdom of Syria, with all that belonged to it, as held by Baldwin the Leper. He further demanded the tribute from Babylon (Cairo) which the Kings, his predecessors, had received, together with all the dues that had, at any time, belonged to the kingdom of Jerusalem. "Behold," said he, "your men and mine are perishing in this war. How long shall both our swords be bathed in blood? Restore, then, the places you have taken. Give back Jerusalem, the place that we reverence, the place for which we came, that we may be quiet, go home to our country, and no more trouble you."

The answer of Saladin was firm:

"These places were not yours originally. They belonged to the Greeks, from whom the Arabs took them

at their first going forth. When the Arabs lost power, you came and took these places from them; and we now do no more than claim and take possession of what is our own. And as for what you say of Jerusalem, that it is the place you reverence, it is also the place that we reverence. And we reverence it with far greater reason than you, because God, in his Koran, so commanded us."

Safadin, let us remember, was the General who had led in the battles of Acre and Arsouf; and the intercourse between him and Richard was so long continued, the cordiality of both so manifest, and the interchanges of presents—after the eastern manner—so frequent, that the people were all intensely scandalised. The King, however, did not fail to persevere, but sent another embassy.

"I propose that your brother, Malec Adel, should marry my sister," (Joan, Queen-Dowager of Sicily,) "who came with me to worship at Jerusalem. If, then, you will give up the maritime cities and castles to your brother with entire authority over them, but leave all the smaller towns to the Hospitallers and the Templars, we will enter into this affinity. I will also give my sister all the maritime cities which are in possession of the Franks, and my sister shall dwell in Jerusalem."

The Sultan would not listen to this marvellous proposal; but Malec Adel, who was not on the best terms with him, and had already exchanged civilities with Richard, became very urgent that he might be permitted to marry Joan. Saladin was inflexible, and much warm debate arose, in the course of which some clear-headed soldier is reported to have said: "We know that it will never be. That woman, daughter of a great King, will never consent to marry an Arab, as her brother very well knows. He is very jocose, we hear, and must have made this proposal in jest; and he is very cunning too. You had better not tease your brother any more."

Saladin, not less cunning, bethought himself again, and actually sent a messenger to signify that his brother was not unwilling to receive the lady to wife. Three days did the envoy wait the honour of an audience, and then was introduced to the expected brother-in-law of Malec Adel.

FIRST MARCH TO JERUSALEM ABANDONED.

"These three days and nights," said the royal crusader, "I have been labouring to persuade my sister; but she will not be persuaded, and persists in saying that she will only marry him if he first becomes a true Christian, and if not, *no*." The plenipotentiary looked abashed, and there his mission ended.

All this time the dismantling of the strong places was going forward, and hostilities were forthwith resumed.

FIRST MARCH TO JERUSALEM ABANDONED.

Assenting rather than commanding, King Richard and the Dukes moved out of Jaffa with the pilgrims to lay siege to Jerusalem. It was the rainy season, than which no time could be more unsuitable; but the multitude was bent on seeing the Holy Sepulchre, and finishing their pilgrimage in that meritorious achievement. The enemy left them to the weather, and did no more than throw a strong garrison into Jerusalem, Saladin himself being at the head, who gave orders to dismantle Daroum, another town on the coast.

The march out of Jaffa, more distinctly than any other part of the pilgrimage, resembled a primitive crusade. With a liberality that must have lightened the care of their leader, the English laid in their own provisions, and managed to carry them on the march, or progress. Even the sick, now sure of seeing Jerusalem, the "joy of the whole earth," refused to stay behind, and were carried in litters.

But their confidence quickly vanished; for as the escort of these invalids lagged behind, straggling parties of the Heathen cut them off. Drenching rain soaked the luggage and provisions; and a terrific hail-storm, such a one as the Prophet speaks of, sweeping away the refuge of lies,—any frail structure whatever,—whirled away the tents, tore up the very pegs, and, overflowing the lowlands, drowned many of the horses. The biscuits were soaked, the bacon spoiled; and so the loss of their viaticum became an intimation too plain to be resisted, that the journey had better be discontinued. The armour, too, which had been scoured clean and bright in honour of the occasion, lost all its glitter. Rusty helmets and

rusty mail spoiled the aspect of the knight, and even dimmed his perception of his own valour; and as the steel flashed not, not even when a fitful sunbeam danced between the opening clouds, his heart misgave him. Cold, wet, and hunger preyed upon their spirits. The Templars and Knights of St. John, even inured as they were to hardships, saw that the ill-conditioned host would be safer out of harm's way, but suppressed their fears for many days. Various encounters, however, broke the monotony of their condition; and the final determination was deferred until towards the middle of January, (1192,) when a council of war—if this modern designation may be suffered—declared that, instead of sitting down before Jerusalem, with no engines of siege, and exposed to stones, arrows, and Greek fire from those lofty ramparts, directed by the skill of Saladin, and to the weight of an innumerable army of Pagans on the outside, the pilgrimage should reverse its movement, fall back on Ascalon, and rebuild that city and its walls.

The order was given to a multitude that, covered with shame, and sickened with disappointment, could not but obey. They knew of no beaten road, and could only wade or clamber in the direction of the distant coast. Horses sank in the mire, beasts of burden dropped under their loads. The shivering riders, dismounted, scarcely found better footing; and the drivers, desperate, lifted up their hands to heaven, and vented imprecations and blasphemies from the lips that had so lately emitted hymns and ejaculated the accustomed war-cry, "Help for the Holy Sepulchre!"

Many of the English and Normans deserted, and what became of them it is impossible to say. The greater part of the French left with indignation, and went to be at ease in Jaffa, or Acre, or Tyre.

Richard, with the residue, managed to reach Ascalon, no longer a city of habitation, but a confused heap of ruins, affording scarcely any shelter, and no refreshment. Galleys were in the harbour with provisions; but they might almost as well have been in the Dardanelles, inasmuch as boats could only land in calm weather, and a strong Greek wind, as the Italians call it, made landing impracticable for a whole weary week, or longer.

CONRAD OF MONTFERRAT.

However, all hands went to work. King Richard, first, applied himself to the craft of mason, and by example encouraged Knights and Esquires, Bishops, Priests, and Friars, to keep up the spirits of the inferior folk, while they all wrought hard to fortify the place. At this we leave them.

CONRAD OF MONTFERRAT.

Now began grave events. The Duke of Burgundy, unable to pay his men, quarrelled with Richard, and went away with them to Tyre, to join Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, who had sat down there, leaving the toil of the campaign to others, and, being strongly attached to the King of France, hated Richard, and did all in his power to thwart his plans. Richard then sent to summon the Marquis to Ascalon, that he might aid in the common cause, and do something to deserve the kingdom towards which he aspired. But he refused with insolence. Soon after this the Pisans, friends of Guy de Lusignan and Richard, and the Genoese, partisans of Conrad and Philip, came to blows. Tyre was filled with the horrors of civil war; and, in compliance with a call from the Pisans, Richard hurried thither, and after much entreaty succeeded in persuading the factions to be at peace. He also held a conference with Conrad, whom he met in a neighbouring castle; but they separated without arriving at any satisfactory issue. The Marquis returned to Tyre, taking no part in the labours of the crusade: the Duke of Burgundy also remained there inactive, and even sent to Ascalon for the French that he had left there. They obeyed the call, and abandoned Ascalon on the Wednesday before Easter, but were honourably dismissed by the King of England, who gave them a strong escort, and even went with them a few miles on the march. Seven hundred French knights thus withdrew from their fellow-crusaders, not only weakening the garrison, but encouraging the enemy; and Saladin instantly recalled the troops which he had disbanded for the winter, in order to resume the war with renewed vigour.

Richard kept Easter with great festivity, and delighted his people with the munificence that always distinguished

him on such occasions. But troubles quickly multiplied; and, for the sake of greater clearness in describing them, we will depart from the exact order of events, and notice first what relates to Conrad of Montferrat.

When it became evident to the King that he must return to England, he called together the leaders of the army, told them that the affairs of England absolutely required his presence at home, and requested them to choose a King of Jerusalem,—that crown being elective. Much to his surprise, they chose Conrad, not considering their own friend Guy able to fight or govern with sufficient energy. Richard remonstrated. He reminded them that Conrad had already been carrying on an independent negotiation with Saladin: but they prayed, on bended knees, that, for the single reason of his superior ability and courage, their choice of Conrad might be confirmed; and Richard, perceiving the ground of their choice, consented.

A decree was immediately issued for the election of Conrad; and our King sent his nephew, Henry, Count of Champagne, with other noblemen, to bring the elect from Tyre with great honour, that he might be crowned in Ascalon, where the army had elected him. Great was the joy of Conrad on receiving the unexpected intelligence; and the city of Tyre resounded with every expression of gladness. Preparations were begun for a coronation to be conducted in the most splendid manner possible; and the Tyrian Franks already fancied that they could see their master enthroned in Jerusalem with his foot upon the neck of Saladin. Count Henry went back to Acre, there to make preparations for the expected ceremony; and Conrad delivered himself up to pleasure during the few days that would elapse before his departure. But that event never came.

On his way from a banquet given by the Bishop of Beauvais, two young men met him in an open place, and plunged their poniards into his body. He fell from his horse, and rolled dying on the ground. Some bystanders killed one of the murderers on the spot: the other escaped, and ran into a church for asylum, but was caught, and dragged through the city till he died.

Then came the question, Who employed these murderers?

Both of them confessed, before they were put to death, that they had committed the murder by command of their master, the Sheik, or "Old Man," of Messiat, the chief of the Ashashins, or, as the word is generally pronounced, *Assassins*. They had been in Tyre for six months at least, had obtained admission into the family of Conrad, and were considered faithful servants. Of this statement no one can entertain any reasonable doubt; and it is certain that the head of that sect did often employ his followers to assassinate persons with whom he had quarrelled. Whether a letter afterwards written by himself to Richard, exculpating the latter, is a genuine production, may admit of question; but the accusation brought against the King, by his enemies, of having bribed the Sheik to take the life of Conrad, is utterly unsupported by evidence, and without the slightest shade of probability. Richard was cruel, it is true, but not revengeful; and least of all can it be credited that he would condescend to avenge himself in secret, and by the hand of a hired murderer.

It is worthy of remark that Conrad himself did not appear to suspect Richard; for before his death he desired that no one should be acknowledged as King of Jerusalem of whom the King of England did not approve.

Henry of Champagne was at Acre when the tidings of Conrad's death reached him, and immediately returned to Tyre. The inhabitants received him joyfully. The nobles present chose him successor to Conrad in the expected kingdom, and Richard confirmed the choice; and, to make the title as complete as it could be, the nobles advised Henry to marry the widow of Conrad. This lady, Isabella, was sister of Sybilla, Queen of Jerusalem, because wife of Guy de Lusignan, to whom the honour of this royalty had hitherto been rendered, although he could not reach the throne. Richard approved of the whole transaction, and, to compensate Guy for the loss of an empty title, afterwards gave him the empire of Cyprus, which was transmitted to his descendants.

Thus did the only monument of the valour of our great crusader stand for nearly three centuries on the highway, so to speak, from the western world to Palestine, until the dominion of this island passed away from the Lusig-

KING RICHARD I.

nans to the Venetian republic. Subsequently, Cyprus fell into the hands of the Turks, who still hold it as part of the Ottoman empire, with scarcely a vestige of even nominal Christianity remaining.

BAD NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

Many messengers from England had brought accounts of the altercations of the two Justiciaries, the northern and the southern, each representing matters according to the party that sent him. Whatever might be the merits of the case, it threw the King into great perplexity.

About Whitsuntide, one Jean de Alençon, a clerk, came to tell him of the proceedings of his brother, the Earl of Moreton. This Prince had come over to England without asking leave of the Chancellor, in violation of the engagement he had consented to. He had driven out the Chancellor himself, seized the reins of government, taken measures to be declared successor to the crown in the event of the King's decease, and was in a correspondence with the King of France that was likely to issue in the loss of England to Richard, unless he could return, without delay, and employ his prowess in defence of his own interests.

The messenger communicated this intelligence in secret, together with the advices of Queen Eleanor and the most trusty of the King's servants. No one knew what these advices were; but the state of affairs at home soon became known through all the camp, and every one feared that the chief leader of the crusade would be induced to lay down the Cross in order to save his crown.

Secretly, he determined to return.

The Captains held meetings to deliberate on the course that should be taken in such an event; and the military representatives of England, France, Normandy, Poitou, Anjou, &c., agreed, that, whether King Richard returned or not, they would march to Jerusalem. So bold were they in council of war, whatever they might be in action.

The publication of this resolve enraptured the whole army. High and low rejoiced in common. Each one in his own way manifested an extravagant delight; and that night they kept a general wake, with bonfires, torches,

songs, dances, and every conceivable demonstration of assurance that Jerusalem was theirs.

Richard, however, bore no part in the council, nor shared in the untimely rejoicings, but lay sleepless on his bed. Not daring to incur the suspicion of faint-heartedness, he put on his armour next morning, and marched away towards Hebron, on the road to Jerusalem. He pondered the disasters already suffered in a foolish attempt to gain the Holy City, and revolved measures, not for the conquest of Jerusalem, but the preservation of England, and just suffered himself to move on with the multitude, well knowing that they would be far more likely to retreat than to advance.

Sluggish was the march. As they trod the thick weeds of the plain, they stirred up swarms of flies, that fixed fiercely on their skin, and reminded them of an Egyptian plague. Soon the poor pilgrims lost all their transitory courage, while the stings, fixed in hands, face, neck, and wherever there was a spot exposed, raised hard and burning swellings, with fever and a tormenting thirst. They halted, of course, and pitched their tents, hoping for a respite of the distress; and Richard was not sorry to see their courage cool.

But some of the clergy deserved praise for a higher degree of perseverance. These presumed to tender their good offices to revive the spirit of pilgrimage; and one of them, particularly, named William of Poitou, seeing the King seated in his tent, with his eyes fixed on the ground in meditation, ventured to appear at the entrance, standing in silence, and exhibiting that finest expression of medieval oratory,—a stream of tears.

The King, perceiving that he wished an audience, commanded him, on allegiance, to disclose his trouble, gave him permission, on oath, to say what he pleased with impunity, and then listened to a long address. The Chaplain delivered a remonstrance, suited to the occasion. He wept, because of the ill repute which the King had incurred with the army, on account of his desire to return home. He implored him, in the name of God, not to be diverted from the glorious conquest of Jerusalem by doubtful rumours, lest everlasting shame should cover him. And he depicted, with all his power of eloquence,

KING RICHARD I.

the disgrace that would fall upon the raiser of sieges, the captor of cities, and the unvanquished hero of so many battles, if he returned, ingloriously, while enemies yet lay enchained at his feet, while the Sultan trembled at his name, while the people of Babylon heard of him in mute astonishment, and his name struck the Turks with awe. Would the father, would the champion of Christendom, desert his people, and leave them to be devoured by the Heathen?

The words of the Chaplain were, in truth, those of the army; and Richard both listened and deliberated for some moments in silence, but gave no answer, and without divulging his intention marched back to Ascalon. His heart, they say, was changed "by the inspiration of God;" and he afterwards assured Count Henry, the Duke of Burgundy, and other nobles, that, come what might, he would not leave Palestine until the Easter following. This, however, was vowing more than could be performed.

MARCH HALF WAY TOWARDS JERUSALEM.

On the 4th of June, 1192, Philip the herald proclaimed to the army that the King would not depart until the next Easter, and bade them prepare to march upon Jerusalem.

Delighted as birds at the dawn of day, they packed up their luggage, and were soon in marching order. The Priests wrote prayers to be repeated, and, soon laden with a month's provisions, they sang the prayers, and set out from Ascalon. It was on the first Sunday after Trinity, a little before sun-rise, that the host put itself in motion, advancing slowly, because of the heat. The well-mounted knights checked their horses, that the poor might not be hurried, and had given the feebler ones horses and other beasts of burden to help them on. As usual on first starting, their armour was bright, the colours gay, the steeds high-spirited, and the array looked terrible when one thought how the Turks would fare if encountered by a people in such fine condition. They endured the first day tolerably well, and pitched at a place called the White Guard: but before the next sun-rise a knight and a squire died by the bites of two serpents; and the pil-

MARCH HALF WAY TOWARDS JERUSALEM.

grims prayed that God, in whose service they were taken, might give them absolution. The sting of a serpent, in such a case, would be accounted meritorious. The expedition rested at the White Guard two days.

On the 9th of June, the King rode forward to the castle of Arnald, and ordered his tent to be pitched on the right side of the castle, on rising ground.

Next day the French arrived, and the united army set out for Bethanopolis.* At this place it was thought necessary to stop, and wait the arrival of Count Henry, whom Richard had sent to Acre to bring the crusaders who, forgetful of their vow, were wasting time in idleness. A month was lost by this delay. This town, or castle of Bethanopolis, was situate at the foot of a mountain, on the road taken by pilgrims on their way from Ascalon to Jerusalem; and some incidents occurred worth noting here.

The day after his arrival, a spy brought Richard intelligence that a party of Turks was in the mountains lying in wait for any that might pass that way. On the 13th day of June, at day-break, he took a few horsemen and set out himself in search of them. If Bethanopolis be the place fixed by the French traveller just quoted in a note, our brave King could not have ridden less than fourteen miles from his encampment in search of those Turks, at great hazard of his life, when he found them at the fountain of Emmaus.† Twenty fell beneath his sword, many fled, and Saladin's herald remained prisoner. Three camels and some horses and mules richly laden were the spoil. But leaving these in charge of his company, he dared to pursue the fugitives, alone, or nearly so, killing some; and, singling out one that still appeared in sight, spurred on his horse, overtook him, and thrusting his sword into the man's back, cast him, dying, to the ground.

* Here is a valuable note from Michaud. "M. Poultre, in his manuscript history of the States of Syria, believes that this city, so named by the historians of the crusade, is the city of Eleutheropolis, situated nine or ten leagues east of Ascalon, on the road to Jerusalem, in a valley crossed by the torrent of Ascalon, seven leagues west of Jerusalem, and six of Ramla." (Book viii.)

† Sozomen (Hist. Eccles., lib. v., cap. 20) mentions this fountain, and attributes a healing power to its waters.

At that moment, as he raised his eye to survey the ground, and observe whether the enemy was anywhere within sight, he caught a view of the city that is beautiful for situation, the praise of the whole earth.

And why did he not pursue the victory, and take Jerusalem? Why did he turn away so coolly when his own arm had opened the way almost to the very gates? The fugitives, whom he had driven beyond the fountain of Emmaus, which is only seven miles and a half distant, ran into the city, and cried that *Melech Ric* was coming at full speed; and the Saracens, panic-stricken, no sooner heard that dreadful name, than they abandoned the defence, ran out at the gates on the opposite side of Jerusalem, which was left open to the enemy, whom they imagined to be approaching in full force. Saladin himself, says Vinsauf, asked for nothing but the swiftest charger, mounted it, and fled. Then might Richard Plantagenet, if the sight of Jerusalem had wrought its natural effect upon a mind so ardent, have pursued his course two or three miles further, and gained the city without striking a single blow. A word from him sent back to the camp at Bethanopolis would have brought up the English and French forces as quickly as feet could carry them, and on that day the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem might have been restored.

He was unconscious of the strange advantage. He did not know that at that moment Jerusalem was open; nor did he even make use of his knowledge that the way thus far was clear, and expedite the transit of the army. But the King of nations, who surveyed the whole, gave manifest proof that the war-cry which had resounded throughout the West,—“God wills it!”—was no more than an empty sound. For if it had been the will of God that Sion should be conquered by the sword for Christ, the last great effort to make such a conquest would not have been so signally frustrated at the very moment when it was all but achieved. And England was saved from the dishonour which might have befallen us if our Sovereign had planted his banner in Jerusalem,—a dishonour perpetuated in the royalty of Spain, where the occupant of the throne still numbers Gibraltar and Jerusalem among her vain titles.

MARCH HALF WAY TOWARDS JERUSALEM.

Skirmishes we need not linger to describe. One took place on the outskirts of the camp while the venturesome King was at the well of Emmaus, and others followed when parties of Saracens and Franks encountered each other in the neighbourhood of Bethaven. The interception and seizure of a caravan from old Cairo, conducted by eleven thousand Pagans, is marked as the chief event. Nearly all of this numerous escort were left dead upon the field, after a severe struggle against the force led by Richard in person. The defenceless drivers hastened to deliver themselves and their charge into the hands of the conquerors, bringing four thousand horses, three thousand camels, and many mules, and offering them to the men. Heaps of dead bodies lay upon the ground; and the King, with his knights and soldiers, returned to the camp, bringing spices and silks, purple and scarlet raiment, arms and armour of various kinds, money in gold and silver, cushions, tents, pavilions, biscuit, bread, wheat, barley, drugs, and sweetmeats. And stores of pepper, cinnamon, sugar, and wax, with precious articles of ornament and luxury in great variety, were unpacked and distributed among the pilgrims of all ranks. But the booty became cumbersome. The costly and ornamental part of it was useless, inasmuch as it could neither be stored up nor bartered for clothing or provisions. The camels and dromedaries devoured grain which ought to have been reserved for the sustenance of the people. Camel's flesh, in consequence, became an article of daily consumption. Its dryness was relieved, at least to the taste of the hungry Franks, by a liberal mixture of lard, and the new mess was consumed with voracity. Surfeiting and discontent naturally followed.

Already a siege of Jerusalem had been demanded by the body of pilgrims; but as the King and other leaders were reluctant to undertake an operation which their own oversight had made really difficult, the decision was referred to a commission of twenty persons, that is to say, of Templars, Hospitallers, French nobles, and natives of Syria, five of each. Jerusalem,—now defended again by Saladin and his men, who had recovered courage, returned to the city, and were strengthening the fortifications,—Cairo, Beirout, and Damascus, were all mentioned as

places that might be attacked. The court thus constituted decided for Cairo. The French opposed this decision; and it was while their opposition was waged, and the dispute consequent was running high, that the capture of the caravan occurred, and interrupted the dispute. And when the question was renewed, on intelligence that the wells or cisterns round Jerusalem were all filled up, and no water left but in the half-dry brook of Siloam, all agreed that it would be madness to sit down before Jerusalem only to die of thirst. Then there was discontent, as on the failure of the former march; and, in sight of Jerusalem, from which they were but four miles distant, the disappointed pilgrims gave vent to imprecation. The Saracens harassed them in retreat. Discord grew rife; and on the 6th day of July, when they were halting at a place midway between St. George and Ramla, desertion began, the discontented making their way to Jaffa. The French accused Richard of cowardice; and the Duke of Burgundy made him the subject of a satirical poem.

Saladin, delighted at hearing of dissension again among the crusaders, sent an invitation to volunteers throughout his dominions; and in a very short time twenty thousand cavalry, and a countless multitude of foot-soldiers, answered the proclamation.*

THE TRUCE.

Disheartened, for the moment, by the desertion of his men, and the secession of the French, who refused to act with him any longer, Richard sent to the Sultan proposals for a truce, in order that he might have time to return to England, and settle his affairs. But this encouraged the Sultan to bring down his newly-recruited forces on Jaffa; and after a siege of but four days, he stormed the city, and put to death all who could not save themselves by flight, killing the sick and the bed-ridden as they lay. The castle alone held out; and Richard, hearing of the catastrophe, sailed from Acre in great haste, landed from his galleys under a heavy discharge of arrows from the enemy, and by one of those desperate efforts of which he was so capable, dashed through the

* Vinsauf.

THE TRUCE.

thick host of Pagans, overawed them by his contempt of death, dealing death, as usual, right and left, put that body of the Saracens to flight, entered Jaffa, and raised the siege. A pitched battle outside the city soon followed, and Saladin was beaten.

It is related that Saladin, in admiration of his brave enemy, ridiculed those who had boasted that they would bring in Melech Ric, dead or alive. "Which of you," he asked, "first seized him? Where is he? Why is he not produced?" To which one answered: "In truth, my lord, Melech Ric, about whom you ask, is not here. Since the beginning of the world we have never heard of such a soldier, so brave, so skilled in arms. In every deed of arms, he is foremost—without an equal—first to advance—last to retreat. We did our best to take him, but it was impossible. None can escape from his sword. His attack is dreadful. It is death to meet him. In action he is more than man!"

Not, however, *more* than man. Excessive exertion in battle, followed by the stench of the corpses that infected the air of Jaffa, was too much for him, and, with many others, he fell sick, and seemed near death. But in that extremity nearly all deserted him; and if Saladin had not possessed too high a sense of honour to take advantage of the prostration of an enemy, he might most easily have seized him in his bed. The sworn crusaders were not so magnanimous; for, when he sent Count Henry to Cæsarea, to implore the French to send help for the love of Christ, they coldly refused. He called on the Templars and Hospitaliers to go to Ascalon and take charge of that city, and to garrison Jaffa, while he sailed to Acre in hope of recovery; but those religious chevaliers would not stir in defence of Christendom. And not only did they refuse to perform those duties, but they all deserted him, and left him, to live or die, without common respect or common pity. Count Henry of Champagne, Hubert Walter, Bishop of Salisbury, with a few others, were all that showed him any sympathy.

In that extremity he caused a herald to proclaim that whoever wished to receive the King's pay should give the King their help. The lure of pay attracted about two thousand footmen, and fifty knights, who came to

offer service. But this handful of mercenaries would avail very little, even with the Lion-hearted at their head, and nothing at all without him.

Then he resolved to ask Saladin for a truce, trusting that the nobility of principle which had restrained that Prince from touching him when he lay unguarded on a sick bed, would also lead him to acquiesce in his peaceable departure, under a suspension of hostilities. The request was sent to Saladin by his brother Safadin, whose friendly and chivalrous communications we have already noticed. Although an army was encamped within two miles of Jaffa, Saladin himself was at Jerusalem, where his brother spent, it is said, no less than seventeen days in conducting the negotiation to an issue satisfactory to both parties, and concluded a truce to the effect following:—

Ascalon to be dismantled, and not rebuilt by either party until the expiration of the truce. The Christians to inhabit Jaffa, Cæsarea, Arsouf, Cayphas, and Acre, without molestation during that time, having possession of their territory. Lydda and Ramla to be occupied by both parties. Peace between the Christians and Saracens, each to have permission to come and go where they pleased. Pilgrims to be allowed to visit the Holy Sepulchre, so called, in Jerusalem, subject to certain regulations, and without any exaction whatever. Freedom to trade. The period of the truce to be three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours.*

The form of ratification occasioned a momentary difficulty. Our King refused to swear, objecting that it was not usual to require Kings to take an oath. This is not intelligible to us who have already seen him swear so often; but the scruple of dignity was admitted; and Count Henry, with some others, swore for him. Saladin, of course, could not take inferior ground, and therefore he appointed proxies in like manner; Malec Adel, his two sons, and several others, swore for him.†

It is said ‡ that Richard had sold the island of Cyprus

* Vinsauf. Diceto.

† Bohadin.

‡ Vertot, "Histoire des Chevaliers de Malthe." Liv. ii. ERMEN-
GARD DAPS.

VISITS TO "THE HOLY PLACES."

to the Templars for three hundred thousand livres. This is not probable. Whatever may have been the negotiation between him and them, they could not retain their position on the island, which the discontent of the Cypriotes with their mode of government obliged them to abandon. The direct sovereignty thus reverted to the King of England; but as the island was too remote for management by a King who resided in Rouen or London, he gave the island to Guy of Lusignan, without asking any compensation,* and transferred the possessions in Palestine to the Count of Champagne.

VISITS TO "THE HOLY PLACES."

After the ratification of the truce Richard went to Cayphas, for change of air and medicine. By his messengers he told Saladin, that he had only asked for a truce in order that he might return to his country, collect men and money, and come back to recover "the whole land of Jerusalem" for his dominion. And Saladin swore, as his manner was, that if he must in any case lose his kingdom, he would rather lose it to so exalted a King, than to any other he had ever known.

The French at Acre, who had been feasting themselves at ease during the affair of Jaffa, now recovered some of their devotion towards holy places, and would fain have gone on safe pilgrimage to Jerusalem; but the King, considering that they had not taken any part in obtaining this privilege, sent to request Saladin that no pilgrims might be admitted, except those who presented passports from himself, or Count Henry; and, until the greater part of the Frenchmen had embarked for France, he did not allow any of their nation to join the companies accredited.

The pilgrimage was divided into three parts.

First, one Andrew of Chavegni received letters from the King, and led up a company: but the persons deputed to obtain a safe-conduct from Safadin fell asleep in a castle on the way, and there slept so long,—perhaps heavy with wine,—that the people outwent them, and were near presenting themselves at the gate of the city

* —"liberalitate mera dedit." Brompton.

without the necessary authority ; an indiscretion which might have cost them their lives. But Safadin coolly overlooked the irregularity, the Turkish soldiers grinned, the pilgrims were in extreme terror, and in the city some zealots proposed to put the infidels to death, in revenge for the mischief they had done in Palestine ; but the ill temper of the Moslems was overruled by a decision of Saladin and his chiefs, that, notwithstanding their demerits, the strangers should have strong protection, according to the letter of the truce. Safadin took them into his own care, and they returned joyfully to Acre.

Second, Ralph Teissun conducted his company to the Holy City ; and we have the advantage of a description of this visit from the pen of Geoffrey de Vinsauf, who went in it. He tells us that Saladin stationed strong guards along the roads where the pilgrims had to pass, and that, under that protection, they travelled without the slightest molestation. On getting sight of Jerusalem, they knelt down, and gave thanks to God, as is the custom of pilgrims. Those who had horses then galloped forward, that they might salute the Holy Sepulchre, without losing a moment. These were received with honour, and allowed to see and kiss the true Cross, as it was called ; but the pedestrians were left to find out the sacred objects as they could. They saw, as they believed, the Sepulchre ; went to Mount Calvary, and beheld a stone, which they were told was that in which our Lord's cross had been fixed on Golgotha. This they kissed with reverence, and then proceeded to a church built on Mount Sion, on the left side of which they were shown the spot whence the Virgin Mary ascended into heaven, according to a Romish fable, that exalts the virgin as equal with our Lord himself. On that spot they shed tears ; and then went to see the holy table at which our Lord condescended to eat bread ; a table strangely preserved, as we should say, amidst the burning and utter ruin of the city by the Romans, and its subsequent occupation by Pagans, only until the time of Queen Helena. This table they kissed fervently. Thence they hastened to the tomb of the Virgin Mary, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, and that also they kissed. And, finally, they surveyed the place where our Lord was kept prisoner,

TERMINATION OF THE CRUSADE.

and kissed the walls. The visit was hurried. They went in and came out on the same day, never to return again. And a report that the Turks had caught three of their brethren in the crypts, and strangled them, made them glad to be safe back in Acre.

The third company was led by the Bishop of Salisbury. Him Saladin caused to be formally ushered into the city, and conducted with ceremony to the holy places. It would appear that these remained some days in Jerusalem, and the Bishop was invited to lodge in the palace of Saladin, and be maintained at his expense; but he declined the distinction, and preferred to fare in common with the other pilgrims. After he had visited the places, Saladin invited him, and some of his attendants, to visit the palace, that he might observe their manners and deportment; and there he gave them a sight of the pretended true Cross. They had long conversation, when the Bishop was pleased to compliment the Sultan by naming him and Richard his master the two greatest men in the world. And the Sultan crowned his hospitality by desiring the Bishop to ask a favour. He asked, accordingly, that two Latin Priests might be permitted, with two Deacons, to perform service in conjunction with the Syrian Christians in Jerusalem, an equal number in Bethlehem, and also in Nazareth. Saladin consented; and the Bishop of Salisbury led back his troop to Acre, rejoicing in the attainment of a boon so precious.

One thing, however, must have embittered the recollection of Jerusalem in all their minds. They had seen Christian prisoners there in the most abject misery. Chained together in gangs, naked, their feet blistered, their shoulders raw, livid with stripes, and bleeding from the goads of their drivers, they were carrying loads for the workmen on the city-walls, and suffered all that contemptuous cruelty which the Mohammedan rabble have generally delighted to pour upon "infidels" and enemies.*

TERMINATION OF THE CRUSADE.

Nothing now remained but to escape from Palestine without delay. Some embarked before the King, and

* Richard of Devizes.

some immediately after. All the Anglo-Norman ships hastily spread their sails to the wind, and endeavoured to feel their way homeward along the northern shores of the Mediterranean, through the strait of Gibraltar, and by the coasts of Spain, Portugal, and France.

But there was no Commodore to lead, nor were there many skilled pilots to navigate. Some only of the return pilgrims, therefore, reached the various ports alive; some were lost upon rocks, some went down in mid-sea, some died of disease, and were thrown overboard. And even they who reached home found themselves bereft of most of their relatives, if not of all. Three hundred thousand were computed to have died in the siege of Acre only, during the two years of its continuance; and the number that otherwise perished by shipwreck, disease, and battle, is incalculable. Yet the notion that all these deaths were meritorious, and that even the most dissolute had earned the honours of martyrdom, blunted—although it could not destroy—the sense of shame and calamity that pervaded our country when men thought of this crusade.

After inviting his creditors, by proclamation, to apply for payment of their dues, and sending forward the Queens, Richard also embarked; and, if he had not won the glory he expected, at least he left Palestine an honest man. One of his last acts was to ransom William of Pratelles, the knight who, pretending to be King, was made prisoner in his stead, and so saved his life. The lamentations of the Christians of that country followed him; for they had no champion, nor would have any avenger, if Saladin should break the truce; nor was there any one, in any circumstances, who could successfully represent them in the field.

Lamentation, however, was not all. Many murmured at a departure which they thought precipitate, accusing him of impatience and impetuosity; and saying, perhaps with greater truth than appeared even to themselves at the moment, that if he had persevered, he might have obtained better conditions of a truce, and opened the way for a success that, after all that costly and ostentatious expedition, now seemed hopeless. And it is remarkable that, less than five months after the embarkation of the

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King for Europe, Saladin died; and the contention of his sons for the succession would have invited a renewal of the crusade, if the crusaders had been in the country, and united.

Richard, for his part, had forebodings of evil. His health was much impaired, his treasure exhausted, and his army melted away. One of the historians * relates that, in conversation with the Master of the Templars, he spoke of the ill-will that many bore him, and expressed an apprehension that he should not reach his kingdom without peril of death, or of captivity. He, therefore, took the precaution of travelling in disguise. He also requested the brethren to have him put on board a galley, dressed in the Templar habit, hoping that, in that character, he might evade the danger: and to this they assented.

Thus we close our review of the career of Cœur de Lion in his expedition to the land of Jerusalem, and must now narrate the disasters that befell him on his way homeward.

CALAMITOUS VOYAGE.

On the feast of St. Denys (October 9th, 1192), Cœur de Lion embarked in the habit of a Templar, without a fleet, and with very few attendants, and steered for Cyprus. Here he found the Queens, who awaited his arrival; and it would appear that at this time he finally settled Guy de Lusignan in possession of the island. Affairs being settled, ("dispositis rebus,") he sent his family on to Sicily, doubtless intending to follow them thither, under the same disguise. During the interval, however, the weather became stormy; but, instead of remaining in Cyprus until a favourable change, he grew impatient, and resolved to brave the sea. What befell him next, we know not. We only know that the wind was contrary, that the usual resource of rowing, if tried, could not avail, and that, instead of landing in Sicily, he was driven up the Adriatic, and sought refuge in Corfu.

Thus distressed, instead of making use of his own buss,

* Marinus Sanutus, dictus Torsellus. Hist. Orient., lib. iii., pars x., cap. 8.

he took a boat, and, crossing towards the Italian coast, found three galleys full of pirates, whom he hired to accompany him to Ragusa, for two hundred marks of silver, brought their galleys to the harbour of Corfu, and added his buss, as if with the intention of making up a convoy to resist some attack which he must have apprehended from the Greeks, and especially dreading the craft of the Greek Emperor.

During his passage from Corfu to Ragusa he changed his Templar's habit for the dress of a pilgrim. One Baldwin,* whom he engaged at Corfu, and twenty others, to accompany him, all took the garb of pilgrims, if indeed they were not pilgrims in reality; and his own appearance was in tolerably exact adaptation to the character. With a long beard, untrimmed hair, and coarse garments, he looked as unlike King Richard as could be desired. Then he was driven on shore; but it is not improbable that the wreck was voluntary, just that of his own vessel, while the pirates sailed past, having fulfilled their engagement by taking him to Ragusa, or near it.

Shipwrecked pilgrims, then, Richard and his company were for the time; but why he should have chosen to land there, when he might have gone to Italy, with greater ease, and have been welcomed by the Pope for his merits as crusader, it is at first sight impossible to conjecture.

But the explanation is found in a statement of Roger of Wendover, that he had been driven over to Barbary, and there heard that all the Princes by whose coasts he was to sail, or through whose territories he would have to travel, had conspired to make him prisoner, and that this determined him to pass through Germany, rather than venture on the shores of France and Spain. For, as it was thought impossible to perform a voyage without calling at many places by the way, no sufficient provision was made for feeding crews during a voyage down the Mediterranean, through the strait, and over the ocean. In time of war, then, or when people were disposed to be treacherous, it was not necessary to send out fleets to intercept passing ships. The least signal given to the

* Called by Hoveden, "Advocatus Bithyniæ."

CALAMITOUS VOYAGE.

populace at ports where those ships were compelled by necessity to put in, was quite sufficient, and strangers were straightway robbed, or murdered, for the sake of the spoil.

Philip and the French were circulating a report that Richard had caused the assassination of the Marquis of Montferrat, held friendly correspondence with Saladin and the Pagans, and had both said and done innumerable things which—the slanders being believed—covered him with infamy in the sight of all “good Christians.”

Now, it happened that Meinhard of Görz, the Lord, or Governor, of Ragusa, who lived in a neighbouring castle, was a nephew of Conrad, one of the worst men into whose hands the tempest-beaten King could fall. To him a messenger was despatched to ask license for a party of pilgrims, on return from Jerusalem, to pass through the country. In answer to the Governor's inquiries, the messenger said that one of them was Baldwin of Bithynia, and the other a merchant by the name of Hugh. This was Richard, who assumed the name of Hugh and the character of merchant, as well as pilgrim, in consistence with the custom of those who turned their pilgrimage to account by traffic. And, as it was customary for wealthy merchants to conciliate the good-will of persons in power by gifts correspondent to their station and ability, the messenger presented the Governor with a very costly ruby, set in gold, which the King had purchased, with other jewels, from a Pisan merchant. Looking attentively at the ring, the lord of the castle said: “He is not called Hugh, but King Richard. But although I have sworn to seize all pilgrims coming from those parts, and not to accept any gift from them, yet, for the worthiness of the gift, and also of him that sent it to one who is a stranger to him, I both return the present, and give him free permission to depart.”

“To depart” would have been to put to sea again; but Hugh did not do this. Already the profusion of his expenditure had excited the suspicion of the townsfolk; and the report of the messenger, on return from the castle, caused him to feel that if he would escape, no time was to be lost. He therefore left most of his attendants with Baldwin of Bithynia, charged them to stay there

four days longer, and spend money even more profusely than he had himself done, in order to draw off the suspicion that his imprudence had awakened. Then, mounting a swift horse, and attended by three knights and one servant only, a boy that spoke German, he rode away in the night, and pursued his journey with as great speed as possible, until they reached a village near Vienna. Meanwhile, Baldwin and the others at Ragusa were arrested and thrown into prison; but no one could tell in what direction to go in pursuit of Hugh.

But in that suburb of the capital of Austria, he could not be concealed. Being wearied with travel and anxiety, he wished to spend a few days there, and regain strength enough to traverse Germany, thinking that in a very humble lodging he might easily elude observation. But he had not yet learned condescension to the grade of pilgrim poverty. His German servant went every day to market, and unfortunately spent more money on delicacies than the curious villagers thought befitting a palmer on return from Palestine; and one day, through vanity, perhaps, the foolish lad stuck the King's gloves into his girdle, as if they were his own. Others knew better than he the value of such gloves; attention was roused, suspicions multiplied; and, as every one had heard that King Richard of England was a fugitive, tongues grew busy; and the Duke of Austria, who was at that time in the very village, heard enough to make him think that the stranger could be no other than King Richard.

Duke Leopold, calling for one Roger, a Norman, who had long lived with him and enjoyed his entire confidence, sent this gentleman to search all the houses where pilgrims were lodged, and endeavour to detect the King, either by his language, or any other sign. Roger went, accordingly, and soon found the object of his search. Remembering that Richard was his own Sovereign, he had resolved not to betray him; but, after much earnest entreaty, succeeded in drawing out an acknowledgment that he was the King indeed, and with earnestness, even to tears, besought him to quit the place instantly, and even managed to bring a fleet horse for the escape. Meanwhile the German servant had fallen into the hands of Magistrates, who put him to torture, and extracted all the information they

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wanted. Roger returned to Duke Leopold, while this was going forward, and told him that the report of the King of England being there was altogether false, for that the rich pilgrim was a very different person, one Baldwin of Bithynia. But the mask had been removed by ruder hands. The confession of the servant made escape impossible; and the Duke, pretending great anger, yet scarcely feeling it, commanded his prize to be taken.

The Magistrates were by this time around the house; but Richard Plantagenet, ever brave in proportion to his peril, refused to surrender himself to any of them; but said that if the Duke himself would come to the place, he would deliver his sword to him, and to him alone. They respected royalty, and refrained from a violence which might have cost both him and them their life. The Duke, who could not refuse to accept the honour, came to the place, and received the King of England into custody, on December 20th, 1192.*

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Duke Leopold had served in Palestine under the Monarch now his captive; and, instead of regarding him with the feelings due to a superior, and with the sense of honour which the crusader's oath might be imagined to produce and hallow, he rejoiced in this opportunity of gratifying a mean resentment. Richard had once, in a moment of anger, used some expressions offensive to the Austrian, and it is said that he had shown his flag some disrespect at Jaffa. Therefore, after receiving his surrender with forms of knightly courtesy, he gave him over to the custody of soldiers, shut him up in the castle of Dörenstein, near Vienna, on the Danube, and ordered watch to be kept over him with drawn swords, day and night.

Intelligence of the capture soon reached the ear of the "Roman Emperor," Henry VI., who demanded the prisoner from Leopold, by his exclusive right, as Emperor, to hold a King in custody. And he related the event to King Philip of France, in a letter dated December 28th, stating, at the same time, that the captive King was in

* Hoveden. Roger of Wendover.

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his own power. This he would say for the reason already given, and because Leopold was his liege; but he did not disclose the place of his imprisonment; and, this being the only channel of information by which the calamity was first made known in England, no one could even conjecture where he might be found. Many had gone over to Normandy to meet the King on his return, and these were the first who heard what had befallen him. Terror, shame, and indignation ran through the kingdom; but, instead of depressing the spirit of Englishmen, it roused them into manifestations of the most devoted loyalty.

Leopold, however, would not let go his prisoner, to gratify the Emperor, until he had effected a lucrative bargain in his own favour; but kept him close in the castle of Dürenstein until March 28th, 1193, when he gave him up to the Emperor for sixty thousand pounds of silver, Cologne weight.

From this place he was conveyed to Treves. How the three months of the Austrian imprisonment were endured, or how beguiled, we do not know. Remains of a castle on the same site indicate that it was then a place of great strength; and one Von Kuenring is named as the person into whose keeping the Duke placed him, at first. Where the whole time was spent we know not.

It is briefly related that wherever he went, when in Treves, a strong guard of soldiers with drawn swords, and some attendants, followed him. They even kept guards at his bed-side while he slept, who relieved each other through the night-watches. His countenance, however, was always calm, his conversation pleasant and even mirthful, and his actions of such a kind as became the first soldier of Europe.

Roger of Wendover leaves to others the relation of his jokes with his guards, and how he made them drunk, and assaulted their huge bodies by way of amusement. Jokes and freaks of the kind might have occurred sometimes; but the anecdotes passed over by this historian may be as well forgotten, for they do not bear sufficient marks of authenticity to be confidently repeated.

For a long time the Emperor would not see his royal prisoner, and confined his entire care to the acquisition

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of as much money as possible for the ransom; rejoicing moreover in the increase of his own importance in the world as keeper of so famous a warrior, and so great a Sovereign; and proud of such a hostage for the imposition of his own terms on any states that might compete for him. Besides, he had speculated in the affair by buying the betrayed stranger-King from Duke Leopold for sixty thousand pounds of silver, and he did not mean to pay out that money from his own exchequer.

Walter, Archbishop of Rouen, immediately on receiving certain information of the disaster, consulted his colleagues in the regency, and, by their advice, sent the Abbat of Boxley into Germany, with another of the same rank, to ascertain, if possible, in what place their master was held captive. At length, after traversing Germany in vain, they met him on his way to appear before the Emperor, who had accused him of certain real or imaginary offences against himself. The meeting took place at a village in Bavaria, much to the King's delight; for he found that he could speak to them freely on the affairs of England, and complain of the traitorous proceedings of his brother John, on whom he had heaped so many honours and so great wealth. Earnestly did he ask them of the state of his dominions, the fidelity of his "men," the doings of the French King, and the health of his friend the King of Scotland.

Unsuspected by the guards, or, at least, unchecked, the two messengers, or one or the other of them, contrived to steal conversation with their royal master during the three days that they joined company, and brought home an account of the stolen sentences which we regret to be so brief. "As they were talking together," it is related, "the King complained of the treachery of his brother John, the Earl of Morton, on whom he had conferred so many benefits and such unbounded honours, but who had given himself over to his enemy the King of France, broken the bond of brotherhood, and entered into a covenant with death and a compact with hell. On this the King manifested deep grief, but, suddenly rallying, broke off with an air of cheerfulness: 'After all, my brother John is not the man to get possession of the country by force, if there be any one to meet him with the least

resistance.' And during all the way, for three days, while they were on this journey to the Emperor, every one admired how prudently, elegantly, and courageously he carried himself, accounting him worthy to bear imperial dignity, since he was able to exercise so great self-command, and with undisturbed constancy could rise above the events of adverse fortune."

Then they returned to Normandy, without any certain result beyond the knowledge that the Sovereigns who had outraged the last idea of hospitality and good faith towards a royal brother seeking safe passage through their dominions, only waited for as high a ransom as they could extort, and that, meanwhile, he was utterly at their mercy.

To obtain the ransom-price was therefore the first concern; and the Archbishop wrote to Hugh, Bishop of Durham, desiring him to convene a council of the King's true lieges at Oxford, without allowing failure or postponement, on Sunday, March 7th. A comparison of dates shows that the King was not yet transferred to the close custody of the Emperor; but, from the letter now under reference, it is also evident that he was carried about the country at the pleasure of both Duke and Emperor, and not kept in the first prison exclusively. The probability is, that he was transferred from place to place in order to prevent communication with friends; and the manner in which Hoveden relates the unexpected interview with the two Abbats,—“when he discovered that the said Abbats came from England,”—appears to indicate that they also travelled under the general disguise of Ecclesiastics, and were following the captors as these moved from one place to another.

The Bishop of Bath, independently of the two scouts, had proceeded to the Emperor without delay, and attempted negotiations for a ransom, but, as yet, without power to bring his embassy to a conclusion.

No small aggravation of the King's misfortune was the account that he received from the secret visiters, which drew forth the expressions I have related. But, to understand the matter fully, we must note the conduct of Earl John.

About three weeks after the dispatch of the Emperor's

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letter to King Philip, John presented himself in Normandy, and was met by the Seneschal, and other distinguished subjects of his brother, who requested him to accompany them to Alençon, and assist in a deliberation concerning the King's business and his liberation. But his answer startled them: "If you will have me for your lord, and swear me fealty, I will come with you, and be your defender against the King of France; but if not, I will not go with you." The chief men of Normandy, on hearing of this traitorous overture, unanimously rejected it; "hoping that, by the help of God, their lord the King of England would return safe and sound."

Failing here, John went away to the King of the French, who had already advised the Emperor to keep Richard a perpetual prisoner as a public enemy, and "became his man for Normandy, and all his brother's other dominions beyond sea, and, it is said, of England also; and swore that he would marry his sister Adelaide, and made over to him Gisors and the Norman Vexin for ever." Philip, on his part, gave him, with Adelaide, his own share of Flanders, and swore to help him, with all his power, to get possession of England, and all the rest of his brother's territories.

Thus encouraged, John came back to England, bringing many foreigners with him, and got possession of Wallingford and Windsor castles, taking them by surprise. Then he hurried up to London, and called on the Archbishop of Rouen, and the other Justiciaries of England, to surrender their offices, and do him homage, affirming that the King, his brother, was dead. But they did not believe Richard to be dead, nor would they pay him homage.

Burning with anger, he turned away from those faithful men; and having collected a rout of discontented people, he put some of them into the castles, seized several others, strengthened their fortifications, and went on recruiting forces for a civil war. The Justiciaries, on the other hand, did their duty well, fortifying every strong place, both inland and on the coast, and presented a front so formidable that the French and Flemings, who had engaged to come over to the help of John, dared not venture, some few excepted, who came by stealth, but were seized on landing, and imprisoned. Philip, however,

went into Normandy, but encountered resistance everywhere, burning and killing as he could. The Earl of Leicester, who had lately returned from Syria, rallied his master's forces, and repelled this wicked aggression.

Months of confusion and alarm followed, both in England and Normandy. In England, after hard contention, the Justiciaries agreed to a truce with Earl John, leaving some of the castles in his possession, and placing some in the keeping of Queen Eleanor, to be restored to him again if his brother did not return by the 1st of November.

At Rome, if anywhere, Richard should have had a friend; but there was none at Rome to show him pity, and the heartless ingratitude of that court caused profound indignation throughout England.

Under this feeling, the Queen-mother thus addressed a really eloquent letter: "To her Reverend Father and Lord Celestine, by the grace of God Supreme Pontiff, Eleanor, by the wrath of God Queen of England, &c. She prays him to show himself father to a wretched mother."

She had determined to be silent, lest this application should appear insolent and presumptuous, lest the anguish of her soul should utter even one incautious word against the Prince of Priests. Grief is madness, and knows no lord, no equal, nor even spares the Pope himself. The arrows of God have pierced her. Indignation drinks up her spirit. She mourns a public loss. Nations are scattered, people are in grief, provinces are desolate, the Western Church is laid prostrate: therefore she implores help from him whom God has placed "over nations and kingdoms in all plenitude of power."

Then she pours forth a cry of supplication, as importunate and humble as if she were pleading at the mercy-seat of the Omnipotent, calling Celestine "father of orphans, judge of widows, comforter of mourners, and city of refuge to all." Then she rises into a strain of bold expostulation: "If the Roman Church sits with folded hands, and holds her peace at such wrongs done to Christ, then let God arise, let him judge our cause, let him look on the face of his anointed." She cites instances of priestly zeal to stir up the sluggish Pontiff, and passionately—but most unwisely—argues for the exercise of that

Papal power which, "at its pleasure, like the very finger of God, transfers kingdoms and empires, exalting or casting down whom it will." "I pray you," she writes, "let not secular pride deter you. Moab is proud, and his pride is greater than his power, but, on the contrary, very great strength is the name of the Lord."

In short, she asks him to excommunicate and to dethrone the Emperor of the Romans. At least, she insists, he should send an embassy of Cardinals to the Imperial Court, or he should not think it beneath his dignity to go himself, and demand, in person, the liberation of so great a Prince. "Whom you honoured so officiously when he was in prosperity, you ought not to forsake so indolently in his misfortune." She recounts the services of Richard, and those of his father Henry II., to the Apostolic See, and to its present occupant. She hints at the wealth she saw when at Castel Gondolfo,—wealth contributed by England,—and points out the grievances suffered at Rome from the father of the reigning Emperor. Before concluding, she roundly taxes the Pope with ingratitude; and then again ventures to express her trust that he will "look upon the face of his anointed, and give the empire to the King."

But this appeal drew forth no more than some empty promises.

Then she writes a second letter, in language of unbridled frenzy. The burning words cannot be separated from their context, and the whole epistle is too long to be translated to these pages. Reference is made to promises, thrice-repeated promises, to send Legates, but none have come. The Cardinals are bound now, rather than let loose, (*ligati potius quam legati*), as they would have been bidden to fly to England at the least word of invitation from her son in the time of his prosperity. Terribly she declaims against this ingratitude and selfishness; and closes her letter abruptly, when some dire denunciation was just bursting into utterance, but grief and horror choke her speech.

Even now it is not possible to read this letter unmoved. One is almost stunned with the cries of maternal anguish which break forth in some passages, while others are inimitably tender. She recounts all the sorrows of her

life; she recalls her deceased husbands, both Kings, her departed children, also crowned. She weeps over "King Richard bound in fetters;" and her heart is wrung at the vileness of his brother John, now laying his kingdom waste with fire and sword. And then—one shudders to repeat it—she ejaculates a prayer to "good Jesus! that He would hide her in hell until His anger be overpast;" for she thinks that even hell would be less terrible than what she suffers now.*

But Celestine is unmoved.

A third time she writes, with equal force; but neither shame, nor humanity, nor honour moves him. Honour, at such a juncture, might have been evoked in pagan Rome, but it could not be found in the Papal palaces.

After many fruitless applications, the Chancellor, and other supplicants, induced the Emperor to convene an assembly of Bishops, Dukes, and Knights, to consider the affair. Richard was brought before them, and accused of many things. By his advice and assistance rendered to an enemy, Henry VI. complained, he had lost Sicily and Apulia, which ought to have reverted to himself on the death of William the Good, and which Richard had promised to help him to recover from Tancred. This King, he said, had also unjustly dethroned and imprisoned the King of Cyprus, robbed his treasury, and sold his island to a foreigner. He had caused—it was further alleged—the Marquis of Montferrat to be assassinated; and, not content with one such murder, had sent the same assassins to kill the King of the French, with whom he had broken faith in their common pilgrimage. At Jaffa he had thrown the flag of his relative, the Duke of Austria, into the dirt; and when in the Holy Land, he had always treated the Germans with insolence.

King Richard heard the charges patiently, and then stood up to answer for himself, replying to them one by one. He adduced facts in disproof of the accusations, so far as facts could serve; and pointed out, by argument, the unreasonableness of those dark suspicions. Never, he said, had he been the plotter of any Prince's murder, and offered to prove his innocence by any ordeal that the Imperial Court would prescribe. The Emperor was then

* Rymeri Fœdera, tom. i., pp. 23—25.

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pleased to change his ground. Professing admiration of his eloquence, he called him forward, embraced him, and thenceforth treated him with familiarity. But still he kept him prisoner at Mayence until the price of ransom could be fixed, and the money found. A first amount, however, of 70,000 marks, was agreed on. And on the 19th of April, Richard wrote to his mother and the Justiciaries, saying that the Emperor and Empress treated him with great honour; that they were now in alliance with each other; that, if he were in England, he would have given much more money, and even his own body, to gain such an alliance; but that, until it came, he must be content to stay in Hagenau.

On the day of St. Peter and St. Paul (June 29th, 1193) at Worms, in presence of the great men of Germany and England, Richard submitted to do homage to the Emperor. Convicted of no crime, he could not be subjected to any penalty, unless the forms of justice were to be utterly set at nought. And as he had ever been at peace with the empire, he could hardly be treated as an enemy. Yet he was a captive; and the cupidity of those who had robbed him of his liberty was to be satisfied. If his high spirit did not at once bend so low as the exigency demanded, the entreaties of his mother determined him to yield. He surrendered his kingdom of England to the Emperor, did him homage for it, and then bargained to buy it back again for 140,000 marks of silver, Cologne weight, the Emperor giving him solemn investiture, and still receiving homage as the sovereign lord, with a yearly tribute of £5,000 sterling.*

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The stipulation being concluded, the Emperor sent over a "golden bull" to demand the money; and Richard wrote letters to his mother and to his subjects, exhorting her and them to spare no effort to raise it.

Then Pope Celestine III. also sent an apostolic letter to the English clergy, to say that he would lay the Emperor and all his dominions under a curse if he did not speedily release the King. And he further commanded Philip

* Hoveden. Brompton. Wendover.

Augustus to cease from persecuting King Richard, so long as he continued in captivity.

The collection began. None were to be spared from the exaction, neither clergy nor laity. All would acknowledge the duty to give to the utmost: for the deliverance of a captive was of universal obligation; and how much more so when the captive was their King! All were to give according to their power. Privileges, prerogatives, immunities of churches, all were then silent, and of no avail. Every dignity, every liberty lay mute. Even the Cistercian Monks, who had hitherto enjoyed sweet exemption from all burdens, were now made to pay a larger share than any other, in consideration of their long absorption of wealth without any contribution to the public exigencies. And the Monks of Semplingham, "drawn out and compelled, were made to hand over the fleece they had taken from the flock."

Rivulets of gold flowed into London from all parts of England; and people supposed that the sum wanted would be soon forthcoming; but, like those rivers which waste as they advance, the ransom-gold minished on its way through the collectors' hands, and these persons had therefore to go forth again and renew their labours. This time they fell on the wealthier ones, took by force what they could find, and gilded the extortion with the pretence that it was for the King's ransom. And when still the central treasury did not contain enough, the same functionaries went round again; and, considering that, according to the fathers, it is lawful to sell the most sacred objects in order to the redemption of a captive, they collected chalices and patens in the churches, or appraised them at a high valuation, and took money in their stead. Prelates' crosses, silver hinges from the coffins of saints, silver in all forms, was heaped up in London; and yet—so high were official charges—there was not enough. A considerable part of the sum specified, however, was ready to be sent over to the Emperor, when brave King Richard obtained a promise of extension of time for the remainder, and engaged to give hostages for the payment.

A bond, also, was drawn up to fix the terms of composition and mode of payment; and in pursuance thereof, the messengers of the Emperor, accompanied by other mes-

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sengers from the King, came to England, and received, in London, "the greatest part of the ransom, in weight and measure," which was sent out of England, and conveyed, at the risk of Richard, to the German frontiers, where Henry became responsible for safe transmission of the money to his treasury. By way of solace, the King was promised by his imperial jailer certain parts of his French dominions; but the transfer never was effected.

On the arrival of the silver marks, by advice of the Princes of the empire, Henry appointed a day for the deliverance of his captive, who sent to England for his mother Eleanor, (of Berengaria, his Queen, we hear that she remained in Italy,) for the Archbishop of Rouen, and several others, to come to him in Germany, be present at his liberation, and witness his crowning on account of the new dominions promised. Hubert, lately made Archbishop of Canterbury, he appointed High Justiciary of England, or, in other terms, Viceroy. To this Prelate he announced his coming liberty in a letter which must have been received with extreme joy, and may be read here with interest:

"RICHARD, by the grace of God, King of England and Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and Count of Anjou, to our venerable father in Christ and dearest friend Hubert, by the same grace Archbishop of Canterbury, health, and plenitude of true love. Because we are sure that you very much desire our liberation, and that our liberation exceedingly delights you, we therefore wish you to be partaker of our joy. Hence we have thought fit to signify to your kindness, that our lord the Emperor has fixed for the day of our liberation the next Monday after the twentieth day from our Lord's nativity, and on the Sunday next following we shall be crowned for the kingdom of Provence, which he has given us. Wherefore we have sent the letters patent of our lord the Emperor to you and our other friends and well-wishers in England. And, meanwhile, we desire you to comfort to the utmost of your power those whom you know to love us and wish our prosperity. Witnessed by myself at Spire, September 22d."

But the detention of Richard in prison for more than three months after the payment of the first money indi-

ated bad faith, and the King's hopes were dashed with fears.

At the time appointed for the opening of the prison-house, the Emperor came to Spire, where his prisoner was awaiting the release, and, instead of proceeding at once to fulfil his engagement, convened the Bishops, Dukes, and great men, and submitted the matter to their deliberation. While it was yet before them, messengers came from France, bearing these proposals from King Philip and Earl John:—

Fifty thousand silver marks from Philip to the Emperor, and thirty thousand from John, if he would keep the King of England in prison until the next feast of St. Michael the Archangel (September 29th). *Or*, if the Emperor would prefer, they would pay between them one thousand pounds of silver at the end of every month, so long as the King of England remained in prison. *Or*, if the Emperor would yet rather choose, Philip would give one hundred thousand marks of silver, and John would add fifty thousand, for the King of England to be delivered into their own hands, or, at least, kept in prison for one full year from that time.

These were tempting offers, and some time was necessary for the successor of the Cæsars to determine which particular form of corruption was most eligible. He therefore put off the day of liberty from January 17th to February 2d, fell into negotiation with the French Ambassadors, and further determined that the King of England should not be set free in Spire, but in Mayence, a place nearer the French territory, and therefore more favourable for any ulterior designs of the King's enemies. Of course this was not done without some pecuniary consideration.

At Mayence, then, on the 2d day of February, the Emperor and his Princes on the one side, and Richard, with his mother, the Archbishop of Rouen, William his Chancellor, and the Bishop of Bath, met in diet, the King being a prisoner at their bar, and those who attended him but supplicants on his behalf. But Henry endeavoured even then to find reasons for breaking his engagement, and bent every effort to invent some pretext for keeping him still in bonds. And after some debate he so

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clearly rid himself of all shame as to avow his cupidity; and put the French letters into his captive's hands, to show him how much was bid, and ascertain how far he would advance upon the sum already fixed and two-thirds paid.

Richard was thunder-struck, felt that in that presence arguments were vain, or prayers either, and for a moment gave himself up for sold and gone. However, he recollected that several of the first men of the empire were bound in surety for the Emperor, at least so far as oaths could bind; and on these he called to meet him and consult. They came, consulted, and resolved to insist that the Emperor should not sell their honour for silver, but keep to his bond, and give the King his liberty. Therefore, they went to Henry, stood around him in a body, reproved him boldly for his breach of faith, and did not leave the place until they had compelled him to break off the nefarious conspiracy, and release his royal prisoner. The King, according to the previous composition which an additional confinement of three weeks might justly have nullified, gave his hostages. The Archbishop of Rouen, the Bishop of Bath, Baldwin Wac, and many young noblemen, surrendered themselves; and their Sovereign, after suffering actual imprisonment for nearly fourteen months, was permitted to go free, on February 5th, 1194,—a Friday, “an Egyptian day, and thus in an evil day the Lord delivered him.”

On that very day he sent a messenger to Henry, Count of Champagne, his nephew, in Syria, and to other friendly Princes, to inform them of the happy event, and to say that, if God avenged him of his enemies, and gave him peace, he would come at the appointed time to bring them help against the Pagans. Various other acts of royal authority he forthwith performed; and the Emperor, no longer able to play the same game over him for money, went into the imperial diet, and issued letters requiring King Philip to restore to Richard whatever he had taken from him during the time of his captivity. The two Sovereigns were now become warm allies. The distinction of captor and captive seemed forgotten. A long train of German Princes crowded round him with ceremonious homage; the Emperor put a safe-conduct into his hand;

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and in company with the Anglo-Norman court, then gathered round him, he travelled at full speed to escape from a man in whose country he could not believe himself safe for one moment.

At Cologne the Archbishop received him with demonstrations of great joy, and sang a mass to his honour, with these words: "Now I know of a truth that the Lord hath sent his angel, and delivered me from the hand of Herod, and from the expectation of the people of the Jews." After entertaining the King with great festivity, the Archbishop accompanied him to Antwerp, where several English vessels were waiting.

That he might more easily make way among the banks or islands, and get through the sinuous navigation of the Schelde, he took a galley, called "the Trenchemer," by day, but for safety sake went on board a large ship at night, until a four days' voyage brought him to the port of Schouwen, where he remained five days, attended by his fleet, waiting for fair weather. Here, as it was reported that the Emperor, like another Pharaoh, had repented of having let him go, and sent a body of armed men to seize him, he preferred trusting himself to the uncertain elements, rather than to faithless men, and embarked in stormy weather. Scarcely, it is related, had the fleet got under weigh, when the German soldiers reached Schouwen; but not finding the King on dry land, durst not venture themselves upon the waters, but went back again as they came.* There is nothing improbable in this account; and, even if not all true, it serves to show the impression of danger which dwelt on every mind, and never left King Richard himself until he set foot on English ground, at Sandwich, on the morning of Sunday, March 13th, after a rapid run of twenty-four hours from Schouwen.

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Adam, a Monk of St. Edmund's, and emissary of that insignificant personage, Earl John, afterwards King John of England, found his way to London a few weeks before,

* Brompton.

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and scrupled not to publish the treason of his master at the table of the Archbishop of Canterbury; but the Archbishop caused information to be conveyed to the Mayor of London, who arrested him at once, and took possession of a parcel of papers containing the clearest evidence of treason. These were exhibited in a synod of Prelates at Westminster, and the sight of their contents drew forth a sentence of excommunication on the Earl and his adherents. The faithful Primate then took the field, as did the Barons of England, and compelled all the castles which had been left in the Earl's possession to surrender, except Nottingham, which alone remained to be taken when the King landed.

Great was the joy of that day; nor was any demonstration of it thought too great. The Archbishop of York came to meet his Sovereign, having the crozier carried before him, but would not travel on the King's highway until the King himself should open that way anew. But his Grace of Canterbury would not suffer an invasion of his own province, by the display of another Archbishop's cross, and sent his brother back to York again. Nevertheless, the intention was as good as if the performance had been complete.

Welcomed by a vast multitude, the King landed with his train, and without delay set out on foot for Canterbury, which he reached the next day, was met outside the city by a procession from the convent of St. Augustine, and conducted to the convent of the Mother Church, whence he proceeded humbly to the shrine of Becket, to refresh his merit for the crown. From Canterbury he proceeded to Rochester, where the Archbishop waited to receive him; and when they met, the King first leaped off his horse, and knelt upon the ground. Hubert did the same, and, after a reverential pause, they both raised their eyes, moist with tears, fell into each other's arms, and wept for joy.

Losing no time, they made good speed to London, which was adorned with all possible splendour to receive its Monarch; and, notwithstanding the calamities which had tended to impoverish the nation, the city was able to make such a display, that the Germans who had come over with the King, and expected to find England

reduced to the lowest degree of wretchedness, were struck with wonder; and one of them is said to have told him, that if the extent of his wealth had been suspected in Germany, the Emperor would not have let him go for so light a ransom.

We next find him at the altar of St. Edmund; then he pays adoration to St. Alban, and offers the banner of Cyprus at his altar; and from St. Alban's he goes to Nottingham.

The castle of Nottingham held out longer than any of the others; and while most of the rebels were wise enough to make voluntary submission, those of Nottingham kept sullen silence. Enraged at this contumacy, Richard marched thither with a great multitude of men, who ascended the hill, surrounded the castle, and then raised so loud a noise of horns and trumpets, that the inmates were moved with dread. Yet they could not imagine that the King himself was there; but pleased themselves with the persuasion that the Princes of the host must have pretended his presence, in order to alarm them. On this they gathered courage enough to send down a shower of arrows from the ramparts, and killed some men, who fell close by the King's feet. Richard had not wished to shed blood in England; but such an insult could not be overlooked; and therefore he put on his armour, and commanded his men to take the castle by storm. Attack and defence were both very vigorous, and many fell on both sides, the King fighting as usual with all his might. He transpierced a knight with a javelin, forced his way through the crowd, drove back the rebels, followed them to the castle-wall, and burnt down the outer gates. Still the rebels kept him out, and he gave directions to build engines of siege, and invest the castle in form. For the sake of terror, he caused gallowses to be erected, and hung some of the followers of Earl John; and it was not until three days of warlike preparation had shown resistance to be vain, that the Constables of the castle, and their companions, came out, and delivered themselves up to the King's mercy. It does not appear that he dealt hardly with them.

After spending a day pleasantly in the neighbouring forests, Richard held a grand council in the castle of

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Nottingham, imposed fines on the vanquished rebels, summoned Earl John to appear and take trial as a traitor, or be excluded from the kingdom, within forty days, never to set foot on British ground again; and committed the Bishop of Coventry, his chief abettor, to the judgment of the Bishops, because, being a Bishop, he could not be subject to a secular tribunal. He obtained the imposition of a tax of two shillings on every hide of plough-land throughout the kingdom; a tax called by our ancestors, *Tienmantale*, or "ten-men's tale." On the fourth day (April 2d, 1194) he held a high court of justice to redress grievances, and appointed the time and place for a second coronation.

Thus closed the civil war; and, the shame of captivity being wiped away, after keeping Easter joyously at Hampton, he proceeded to receive the second coronation.* At Winchester, therefore, a week after Easter, he was again invested with the insignia of royalty, with pomp unusual for such coronations, which had been accustomed, indeed, but were celebrated without any repetition of the anointing.

Shortly before the coronation a singular transaction took place between King Richard and King William of Scotland, when they were together, with the English court, at Northampton. A few days before this, William had asked for the dignities and honours that his predecessors enjoyed in England, extending his request for nothing less than the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancaster. Our King wisely answered, that he could say nothing without the advice of his Barons, whom he would consult. By their advice, then, he returned him, at Northampton, on the 12th of April, the answer following:—

As for his petition for Northumberland, it could not be granted at a time when almost all the French Princes were in arms against him, or the grant would seem to be made through fear, not favour. But, in presence of Queen Eleanor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Durham and Glasgow, and several others, both clerks and laymen, the King of England promised,

* Repeated coronations, as has been already observed, had not been unfrequent, but they were no longer customary.

and confirmed by charter, to King William of Scotland, and his heirs: 1. Honourable safe-conduct from the Tweed through England, county by county, whenever he came on the summons of the King of England. 2. On such occasions, one hundred shillings each day from the King's purse. 3. As long as he kept court with the King of England, thirty shillings daily, twelve loaves of the King's simnell bread (coarse), and twelve of the King's wastell bread (fine), four sesterces of the King's best wine, and eight sesterces of good common wine, two pounds of pepper, four pounds of cumin, two cakes of wax, or four wax tapers, forty great long pieces of the best King's candle,* and eighty pieces of cheaper candle. 4. Safe and honourable conduct, from county to county, back to the Tweed again, by Bishops and Viscounts, as on coming, with a hundred shillings daily from the King's purse.

How far this arrangement contributed to the happiness of the Scottish Monarchs on this side the border, it might be worth while to inquire. The beginning did not promise much; for, before many days were over, the servants of King William and those of the Bishop of Durham quarrelled. Durham himself espoused the cause of his servants, expelled the Scotchmen from his lodgings, and ate, it would seem, the dinner they had cooked for themselves. The Archbishop of Canterbury saw it needful to visit his episcopal brother, and advise him to leave the place clear for the King of Scotland, who was expected home from hunting, and would require his dinner. Durham would not stir an inch. King William came home with a keen appetite; but my Lord of Durham kept his place; and His Majesty rode away in high displeasure, commanded his victuals to be given to the poor, and lodged a sore complaint to King Richard against the insolent Bishop of Durham. And then the King sent for the Bishop, and gave him such a rebuke as he could most royally administer.

On the 12th of May he crossed the Channel once more to Normandy.

* —“quadraginta grossos longos colpones de dominica candela Pcgis.”—Hoveden. The Latin, the diet, and the manners of those 1ccrfathers of ours must have been equally coarse.

THE RESTORATION.

At this time his utmost efforts were spent in placing the sea-ports in a condition of defence, and improving the internal administration of the kingdom. With these brief observations we may dismiss a multitude of details that are chiefly important to the legal historian, and say that, although Richard Plantagenet was far more famous as a soldier than as a civil ruler, and was often to be blamed for severe exactions, he really desired to promote the welfare of his people, and gave no slight impulse to a course of wise and just legislation. Not the least honourable were some regulations that he made for the protection of Jews from the violence of the people, with salutary restraints from fraud on part of the Jews themselves. And it is not possible to peruse these rules without perceiving that our injured King had learned principles of equity while suffering injustice. Neither must we fail to acknowledge the goodness of God, in making the humiliation and the distress of England so far subservient to the future establishment of a system of laws and a standard of honour which, yet further elevated by living Christianity, have raised the nation to its present greatness.

Some of his proceedings, it must be acknowledged, gave dissatisfaction; and if subjected to the test of sound morality, would probably be condemned. When he was going to the East, as the reader will remember, he sold off a large extent of crown-lands for very trifling compensation. But it does not certainly appear that the alienation was intended to be absolute. Any judgment of his resumption of those lands must entirely depend on a knowledge of the conditions of sale, which I believe are not recorded. We have only a statement that at this time he told the buyers that it did not become the royal majesty to be put up for sale; that they had enjoyed the fruits of his lands, and ought therefore to be content; but that, if they had not yet received enough to cover the money they had given him, he would make up the difference; but, at any rate, must resume possession of his lands.

They were all astonished; but they submitted, and without exception resigned what they had purchased. The Bishop of Durham, who had bought the county and

KING RICHARD I.

earldom of Northumberland, thus lost his title, and again became a simple Bishop.

To the Cistercian Monks the King is said to have addressed such a speech as this: "We duly approve your devotion and liberality towards Us. You have rendered the very best part of your substance, namely, the fleeces of your sheep, for our liberation from captivity; and it is our intention, life being spared, to return you more substantial favour for this goodness. But that we may owe you perpetual kindness, you must give us yet again evidence of your affection towards us, and be content to let us have your wool for the present year; for, as we were sent home by the Emperor in a state of extreme poverty, we have relied upon you in this time of urgent necessity, and bargained with foreign merchants for the price of your wool, which will doubtless come into our exchequer next October, and we will pay it back to you with thanks." The narrator intimates that this promise was never kept.*

VISIT TO NORMANDY.

The King's course was ever stormy, both on land and sea; and if we follow him as he now sails across the Channel, we may well suppose that he leaves our cliffs behind him with few pleasurable thoughts.

His clergy are eaten up with enmity towards each other, and the Arch-Prelates of Canterbury and York have wearied him out of all patience by appeals concerning the right of one to carry his cross in the province of the other.† His royal ally has gone back to Scotland extremely disconcerted, because he will not sell him the county of Northumberland; for, since the execution and delivery of the deed above-mentioned, he has renewed his importunity. The Welsh and the Brabants at Ports-

* Brompton. But Brompton writes under a strong feeling of dislike towards Richard I.

† It is easy to smile at what may seem to have been a childish altercation; but we must remember, after all, that to be preceded by the cross, or to bless the people, were acts significant of the canonical jurisdiction of Archbishops and Patriarchs. To allow the ceremony was to permit the jurisdiction; and occasions might soon occur for its exercise, to the public injury.

mouth have had a pitched battle, numbers have fallen on both sides, and Richard has had to relinquish field-sports, gallop to the scene of blood, and exert his utmost authority to end the fray, if not to quench their malice.

Gladly would he have extricated himself from such perplexities, and, in hope of escape, he commanded his fleet to be laden with men, horses, and arms; but the wind blew stiff against him. Worn out with impatience, and in spite of the entreaties of the sailors, he refused to be controlled by sea or sky, and, going into a large boat, commanded the rowers to pull him across the Channel. They pulled, and the winds blew, and the billows rolled; and his men on board the ships wondered as they saw his barge, tossed like a cork, and in peril of sinking every moment. After a dismal night, the worn-out crew landed him on the Isle of Wight in the morning, and he was obliged, although a King, to find his way back again to Portsmouth.

At length, on the 12th of May, wind and weather permitted him to sail over to Barfleur, and there a gleam of sunshine awaited him. Landing his men and horses, he hastened to raise the siege of Verneuil, where King Philip was encamped; but that King, as cowardly as he was perfidious, decamped on hearing of his approach.

Earl John, too, met him with great humility, shed many tears of pretended contrition, confessed his wickedness,—which was too flagrant to be made any plainer by confession,—and thus appealing to his brother's generosity, received the kiss of peace; Eleanor their mother standing by, and imploring her injured son to refrain from vengeance. Richard yielded; but he would not consent to allow so uncertain a penitent the occupation of a single castle. During a short, rapid, and triumphant progress, every place that had revolted from his government surrendered, and Philip himself was soon in flight before him.

The battle of Fretieval on the 5th of July closed their quarrel for the time, leaving our brave King victorious. Many Frenchmen were killed, and many taken prisoners. The conqueror took the entire treasure of his fugitive enemy, the royal chapel, and the deeds of all his own recreant subjects who had made them-

KING RICHARD I.

selves over to the King of the French and Earl John. And he would have certainly killed Philip himself, if he had not been concealed in a church. On the 22d day of July he wrote a letter to Hubert of Canterbury, announcing the victory; and on the day following the Kings met, and agreed on a suspension of hostilities for one year. At the expiration of this time, warlike operations were renewed; and the five remaining years of Richard's life were spent in a succession of battles, truces, and treaties which might be related at some length, but the tale would be rather wearisome than instructive. We should find a repetition of incidents resembling those which have already been related, all characteristic of a barbaric age, and none of them reflecting much honour on the belligerent Princes.

The chroniclers, we must observe, attached little importance to the events of this period; and their pages are chiefly occupied with matters that I have studiously avoided admitting into my narrative, as they relate to the general history of England, to the affairs of communities, to charters of estates, and to the quarrels of the clergy, rather than to the personal history of King Richard and the crusade.

SICKNESS AND PENANCE.

It is remarkable, that almost after every heavy battle the King fell sick. It would seem that his exertions were preternatural, and that a collapse of nervous vigour was an inevitable consequence, and made him sickly in time of peace. The stimulant of battle became necessary to his health. His health seemed robust, but his diseases were acute.

During the first cessation of hostilities after the battle of Freteval, Richard fell sick, and remembered the faithful admonitions of a certain hermit, who had come into his presence, and, "preaching the words of eternal salvation," bade him be mindful of the overthrow of Sodom, and abstain from things unlawful, declaring that, if he did not, the just vengeance of God would come upon him. But the King, greedy after earthly things, and not caring for those things which are of God, could not so quickly

recall his mind from unlawful pleasures, unless he could have received some special gift, or seen a miracle. Indeed, he despised the person of the monitor, not understanding that sometimes God reveals to babes what is hidden from the wise. The hermit, therefore, left the King, and hid himself out of his sight.

"After some time, however, although the King had despised the commotion of that poor hermit, yet, by the grace of God, he retained some part of it in his memory, having confidence in the Lord," says Hoveden, "that He who called the publican and the woman of Canaan to repentance, according to His great mercy, would give him a repentant heart."

"Hence it came to pass, that on the Tuesday in Easter week" (1195) "the Lord visited him with a rod of iron, not to crush him utterly, but that, being smitten, he might come to himself again. For the Lord scourged him with a great sickness on that day, so that, calling together the religious men," (Monks,) "he was not ashamed to confess to them the foulness of his life; and, having received penance, took to him his wife again, with whom he had not lived for a long time, and casting away unlawful intercourse, he kept to her, and they became one again. And the Lord gave health to his body, as well as to his soul."

This burst of penitence—not the first recorded of him, by many—lasted for some time. Rising early every morning, he went to church, and came not out until he had gone through the appointed service. Mindful, also, of the sentence, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy, the Lord will deliver him in the day of trouble," he caused many poor persons to be fed daily, as well in his court as in the cities and towns, daily increasing the number of such pensioners as need required; for there was a dearth in the country at that time. And, besides this, he caused many chalices of gold and of silver to be made, and distributed among the churches which had been spoiled of their altar-plate in order to his ransom.

The restoration of chalices was not to be considered as part of his penance, inasmuch as they had been taken under a promise that others would be given in their stead as early as possible. Yet it is not likely that they would

* have been restored, if the King had not been brought into a penitential temper.

We cannot help observing a strong characteristic, not so much of the age as of the religion which, in that age, was absolutely dominant,—that good deeds were done by way of penance. Justice, mercy, and devotion, which are fountains of enjoyment to the renovated nature of a Christian, were so irksome as only to be performed in the season of whips and sackcloth.

APPEAL TO THE POPE.

So religiously-disposed a Prince might gracefully throw himself before the throne of the Supreme Pontiff.

Messengers from England laid his case before Celestine III. They represented that the Duke of Austria had made their master prisoner when on his return from a toilsome pilgrimage, undertaken in the service of "holy Church," sorely vexed him in a manner unbecoming so great a Prince, and then sold him to the Emperor of the Romans just as if he had been a bull or an ass. Then those two personages united to consume the very substance of his kingdom, by demanding an exorbitant sum of money for his ransom. Saladin the Mussulman, they said, would have been ashamed to treat so noble a Prince with the cruel indignity that those two Christians had shown to him; but would have pitied a warrior so far removed from his home and kindred, and would have respected the majesty of a King.

They represented the displeasure and grief of the King, that in a time of peace, and when the Pope's protection was granted to all pilgrims for a period of three years, under penalty of excommunication, they should have dared so to treat him. They, therefore, presented to Celestine their master's prayer, that His Excellency would give orders for the Duke to release the hostages which were left with him for the payment of the remainder of the ransom, withdraw his claim for the money, and also repay him the money he had extorted, and make due atonement for the injuries inflicted on the King and on his subjects.

This message was delivered to Celestine in consistory.

He received it graciously, inasmuch as it came from a King actually reigning, and not from a soldier of the Church in the hour of misfortune, stood up with all his Cardinals, and pronounced a solemn excommunication of the Duke of Austria by name, and, in general, of all who had laid violent hands on King Richard and his men. The excommunication was followed by an interdict on the whole duchy of Austria. The usual miseries consequent on an interdict followed. The harvest failed: the Danube overflowed: disease and famine invaded the land. Or, if we could examine this passage of history by lights which we have not, it would probably appear that some irregularities of season, which a contented and industrious population might have been able to contend with, became as heavy as a plague to a people wrought upon by a cursing priesthood; and the stench of unburied bodies was alone sufficient, in the best of seasons, to produce a pestilence.

Let us not fail to observe that the Emperor, although chief offender, was not included by name under this anathema, such utterances of Papal censure having the character of political manifestoes rather than of spiritual sentences.

The Duke of Austria himself, when in the height of perplexity, received a severe kick from his horse. The leg became inflamed,—perhaps the bone was fractured,—no art of the physicians could assuage the torment. Holding an axe on the limb with his own hand, amputation was performed, in a manner then accustomed, by driving the iron through flesh and bone by strokes of a blacksmith's hammer. The Duke died, being absolved by the Bishops when in the article of death. But they would not suffer the body to be buried until his son released the hostages, and allowed them to return to King Richard. Then the corpse, already in the last degree of putrefaction, was thrown into a grave.*

The clerical historians tell us, that this death came by the judgment of God on the Duke because of his cruelty to their master. That he was cruel and unjust, and worthy of such retribution as bad men may expect, there can be no doubt. But violent deaths were excessively

* Roger of Wendover.

frequent in that age of violence; and we must not forget to say, that, about the same time, Henry of Champagne, Richard's relative and friend, died in Palestine by a fall from a window. "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

TOURNAMENTS.

While Richard was engaging the Pope to help him out of his embarrassment in Germany, he was also cultivating the best possible understanding with the Emperor, no better disposed, in reality, than the Duke, but who had taken care to make sure of the larger share of the ransom, and therefore might well afford to call himself an ally of the Monarch whom he had injured.

Profiting by the succour of the Pope and Emperor, and by the truce with Philip, our Cœur de Lion set about the twofold work of keeping up a martial spirit in his people, and quickening returns to his treasury. He would fain prepare for a recurrence of war, and lay up in store means for its better prosecution, whether at home or abroad.

All this was accomplished by the clever expedient of granting, or rather appointing, tournaments. Five pairs of towns were matched against each other in different parts of England. Earls, Barons, and Knights, desiring to joust, were to pay the King fees according to their rank. Followed by retainers, they would be sure to crowd to the five centres of attraction from every part of the country. The whole of those military spectacles were conducted under the strictest discipline of chivalry. In other words,—and bating the beauties of romance that attach to that word chivalry,—we may say, that the King, exceedingly skilled in the arts of war, and scarcely less clever in one branch of financial art, raised a volunteer militia on their own charges, employed the nobility and knighthood of the realm to train their bands, keep up their own martial spirit and appointments, and diffuse the same spirit among the people,—and raised a handsome contribution of money at the same time.

I have copied from two ancient manuscripts—changing only the orthography—a warrant from the King to Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Justiciary of England, for the holding of those tournaments, and the

TOURNAMENTS.

regulations to be observed, which the reader will do well to peruse, and, if he be interested in observing the admirable policy of that measure, to study.* It must only

* The Form of the Writ sent by King Richard to the Archbishop of Canterbury for granting a Tournay.

RICHARD, by the grace of God, &c., to the Reverend Father in Christ H., by the grace of God Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England: Know ye that we have granted Tournaments to be kept in five places of England, between *Salisbury and Wilton*, between *Warwick and Kenilworth*, between *Stamford and Warnford*, between *Brackley and Wyburgh*, between *Blie and Tickhill*, so that the peace of our Lord be not broken, or the proceeding of justice impeached, or any damage by that means brought unto our forests. And that Earl who cometh thither to Tourner shall give us twenty marks, and a Baron ten marks, and a Knight that hath lands four marks, strangers excepted, who shall not be suffered to Tourner. Wherefore we do command you that at each such Tournament you send thither two of your clergy, and two Knights, to take oath of each Earl and Baron for satisfying us of the said money before each Tournament begin. And that they permit no man to Tourner without such satisfaction, and there to enrol how much and of whom such money is received. And to receive ten marks thereof for paper: for which the Earls of Swerey, (?) of Clare, and Warren are pledged.

Witness myself at the Bishop's Town, (Ville Levesche, †) this 22d of August (1194).

Orders to be observed in the Tilts aforesaid.

WHEN any Prince, Earl, or Baron, or other Tilter, departeth to or from the place of Tournay, he shall take nothing in his journey without leave, whether it be meat, drink, or anything else, but shall buy all his provision in open market, neither shall wrong any in his Tournay either by him or his. And shall to his power suffer none to be injured either by him or his. And if he find any so offending, such offence shall he endeavour to amend, either by him or his. But if he cannot amend it, he shall show the same to the Barons, who have sworn to the King's peace kept by the Tilters, and according to their discretion it shall be amended.

All Earls, Barons, and other Tilters of England whatsoever, being willing to joust, shall swear to be loyal to our lord the King, and his Chief Justices by him appointed, and inviolably to keep his peace during their coming and going to and from the Tournay to their power. And, namely, not to endamage his forests and market-towns. And that neither by themselves or their dependants they permit injuries to be offered. And if any wrong be offered, forthwith to show it to the Barons who have taken the said oath, and in their discretions such wrong shall be redressed. And if any Tilter, or his servant, or any who shall be indebted to another, shall yield unto him lawful surety,

† Harleian mss., 293.

KING RICHARD I.

be noted, that the good conduct enjoined in the writ was not realised; and that the chronicles tell us, that the young nobility cared little for a short imprisonment, or a fine, if they could but give free play to their passions during the enthusiasm and licentiousness of the tourney.

DEATH.

Nothing was more probable than that one who had lived in the thick of battles from his youth, should be killed at last. And so it befell Richard Plantagenet.

From Hoveden, to whom I have been so largely indebted in the latter part of the present study, I chiefly take what may be fitly called the last chapter of the life of Richard.

On the feast of St. Hilary, (January 14th, 1199,) the Kings of France and England, the former of whom had lately suffered a sore defeat, met for a conference, between Audely and Vernon; the King of England, sailing up the river Seine, but unwilling to set foot on shore, spoke from his barge with the King of France, who sat on horseback on the bank of the river. Then they appointed a day for another conference, to be held in the presence of a larger number of their courts. The result of that meeting was a truce for five years, to be continued "in good faith, and without ill temper." The usual oaths were taken, the Sovereigns parted, and their armies were disbanded.

But as one "Marchadeus," with his company, was making his way homeward through France, five French Counts, through whose domains he had to pass, fell upon him with an armed force, and killed many of his men. The King of France disclaimed the outrage, and swore that he had no part in it; and Richard, wishing to believe him, for the sake of the truce just negotiated, went quietly away towards Poitou.

both at his coming and returning; which if he refuse to do, let him be strait bound, and not permitted to Tournier.

All Tilters must likewise swear, before they have given the King surety for his money, the assize of him required: wherefore, if any enterprise to enter the Tilts before such surety be given, his body to be arrested, and delivered to the King's Bailiff to be sent to the Chief Justice. (Harleian mss. 69, Plut. lv., B., fol. 62.)

DEATH.

Philip, however, instantly proceeded to fortify a new castle, and destroyed one of Richard's forests in its neighbourhood. This induced him to declare that he considered the truce to be broken by those acts, and would renew the war, unless the new castle were demolished, and peace confirmed by a fresh negotiation. This partial reparation was made, and Richard once more returned to Poitou.

No sooner, however, had he sat down with hope of peace, than Philip found out a new method of annoyance, by sending him a letter, said to be written by Earl John, proffering a return of the allegiance which he had once given the King of France, and which, if genuine, was equivalent with an invitation to that King to break the treaty just made, and to invade his brother's territories again.

Richard believed what he read, although it is probable that the letter was a forgery; in the heat of passion disseized John of all his lands on both sides the Channel; and when the Earl, astounded at the sudden visitation of displeasure, asked the reason, he gave it him. Two knights, therefore, went to the court of the King of France, and offered to prove the Earl's innocence by any trial that that court would prescribe. But neither the King, nor any of his courtiers, would accept the challenge; and, consequently, Richard received his brother again into his confidence, and showed himself extremely cold towards King Philip.

While this vexatious affair was going on, Wildemar, Viscount of Limoges, found a rich treasure of gold and silver on his estate,—for in those days, as in the time of our Lord, treasure was often hidden in the earth,—and sent a considerable part of it to King Richard. The King, ever athirst for gold, refused the part, and demanded all, saying that it was his by right, as indeed it was; but the Viscount professed to think otherwise, and refused to give it up. To obtain this money, Richard marched with a strong force, and besieged Wildemar in his castle of Chaluz, where he supposed the treasure to be deposited; and when the knights and servants came out in a body, and offered to surrender the castle on condition of being spared life and limb, and allowed to march out under arms, he refused, and swore that he would take the

castle by storm, and hang them all. They returned, therefore, and prepared to defend themselves, and sell their lives as dearly as possible. Perhaps, in the heat of passion, he fancied that it was a point of honour to commit the finishing of this business to the sword.

On the same day the King and Marchadeus—the latter, as we may well suppose, willing to revenge himself of the treachery of the French Counts—went together to reconnoitre the castle in order to find some weak place where they might carry it by assault. As they were thus engaged, an arrow, discharged from a cross-bow by an expert Bowman named Bertram of Gourdon,* wounded the King in his right arm. On receiving the wound, he leaped upon his horse, in great anger commanded Marchadeus and his men to attack the castle with all their power, and not to cease until it was taken, and rode to his lodgings.

They did so. It was soon taken; and then Richard bade them hang up every person in it, except the man who had discharged the fatal arrow.

Meanwhile, the King had put himself into the hands of a surgeon, who, in trying to extract the arrow, drew the shaft, but left the barb behind. After mangling the arm by many clumsy incisions, the butcher-like leech did get out the iron, but left a complicated and mortal wound.

Sinking as he was with loss of blood, the King devised the realm of England to his brother John, with all his other lands; commanded those present to acknowledge John as their Sovereign; directed that his castles, three-fourths of his treasure, and all his jewels, should be given to Otho his nephew, King of Germany; and the remaining fourth part of his treasure distributed among his servants and the poor.

Then he caused Bertram to be brought into his chamber, and asked the man what harm he had ever done him, that he had killed him. "You killed my father," said Bertram, "and my two brothers, with your own hand; and now you want to kill me also. Then take ven-

* Others name him differently. Diceto calls him Peter Basil, and Gervasius John Sabraz. But this is a point of no importance, and we may therefore follow the fullest of the narratives, and leave the others.

DEATH.

geance on me in any way you please ; for I will gladly suffer the severest torments that you can invent, so long as you perish, who have brought down so many and so grievous ills upon the world." But the King, touched by his intrepid honesty, changed his purpose, commanded him to be set free, and only said, "*I forgive thee my death.*"

Never had Richard Plantagenet appeared so great !

The young man's fetters were struck off. The King bade them give him one hundred shillings English money, and not trouble him on account of what he had done. Thus forgiven, he left the chamber.

Last of all, Richard gave direction concerning the disposal of his mortal remains. His brains, blood, and bowels were to be buried at Charroux, because, writes Wendover, he said that the people of that place, for their treachery, deserved nothing better. His heart at Rouen,—“his invincible heart,”—because of the fidelity of the citizens. His body at Font-Evraud, near the feet of his father, whose destroyer he confessed himself to be. Then he expired, on the 27th day of March, 1199, twelve days after the fatal arrow-shot, and was buried in those three places as he had willed.

Marchadeus, incapable of the magnanimity of his departed master, had seized Bertram. No sooner was the King dead, than he flayed him alive, and then hanged him.

It now remains with the reader to estimate the character of Richard I. I have exhibited the facts of his history with the utmost clearness of which I am capable, avoiding, so far as possible, what is obscure and contradictory in the chronicles, and abstaining from needless disquisitions. Having so done, I also refrain from any attempt to paint his character ; only observing, that if his martial temper sometimes degenerated into savageness, the state of society was altogether so barbarous that this can be no matter of surprise. But if he had been educated and lived under the influence of pure Christianity and of Christianised society, the magnanimity and frankness that were generally apparent in his conduct may justify

us in believing that he would have been one of the best men that ever wore a crown. In that case, he would have shuddered at the massacres of Jews; and we should never have heard of such deeds as his murder of the hostages at Acre.

Earl John, his brother, succeeded to the throne of England; but his reign was inglorious, as his life was criminal. The act which makes his name proverbial cannot be related more distinctly than in his own words, which speak for themselves too clearly to need comment; and they shall be set down here as a foil to the brighter memory of his brother:—

“John, by the grace of God King of England and Lord of Ireland, from this hour forwards shall be faithful to God and to St. Peter, and to the Church of Rome, and to *my Lord* Pope Innocentius, and to his successors lawfully entering. I shall not be in word nor deeds, in consent or in counsel, that they should lose life or member, or be apprehended in evil manner. Their loss, if I may know it, I shall impeach and stay, so far as I shall be able, or else, so shortly as I can, signify unto them, and declare to such person the which I shall believe will declare the same unto them; the counsel which they shall commit to me by themselves, their messengers, or letters, I shall keep secret, and not utter to any man to their hurt to my knowledge. The patrimony of St. Peter, *and especially the kingdoms of England and Ireland*, I shall endeavour myself to defend against all men to my power. So help me God, and these holy Evangelists. Amen.

“These things were done on the eve of the Ascension of our Lord in the year 1213.” *

* “The words of fealty made by King John to the Pope.” Copied from Harleian mss. 293, Plut. lxii. i., fol. 79.

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